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THE
NAVAL GALLERY
OF
GREENWICH HOSPITAL;
COMPRISING A SERIES OF
PORTRAITS AND MEMOIRS
OF CELEBRATED
NAVAL COMMANDERS.

BY
EDWARD HAWKE LOCKER, Esq. F.R.S. F.S.A.

ONE OF THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE INSTITUTION.

HARDING AND LEPARD,

MDCCCXXI.

LONDON: PRINTED BY WILLIAM NICOL, AT THE

Shakspeare Press.

TO THE
KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.


SIRE,

THE accession of YOUR MAJESTY to the Throne of your Fathers, has opened the most cheering prospect to your subjects, and especially to those of the Honourable Profession in which during a course of active service in every successive rank, YOUR MAJESTY acquired that intimate knowledge of its true interests, which was applied with so much zeal and solicitude in the important station of Lord High Admiral.

In an undertaking designed to do honour to the Royal Navy in which I have passed through a long and arduous service, I should have hesitated to submit it to a judgement so well skilled as YOUR MAJESTY's in Naval affairs, were I not encouraged by the gracious readiness with which your Royal Patronage was conferred on this Work, and in now laying it at YOUR MAJESTY's feet, I may be permitted thus publicly to express the profound gratitude for this distinguished favour, which binds me with increased attachment to YOUR MAJESTY's service, as a loyal subject and faithful servant.

EDWARD HAWKE LOCKER.

Royal Hospital, Greenwich,
January 1, 1831.



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MEMOIRS
OF
CELEBRATED NAVAL COMMANDERS,

ILLUSTRATED BY
ENGRAVINGS FROM ORIGINAL PICTURES

IN
THE NAVAL GALLERY

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THE Work here offered to the Public has been curtailed of its fair proportion owing to the declining health of the Author, and other circumstances which have obliged him to limit his labours to a single volume. The original plan would have extended it to at least four volumes ; and these Memoirs when chronologically arranged, and illustrated by the whole series of Pictures in the Gallery of Greenwich Hospital, would have presented a connected history of the Royal Navy of England, in a biographical form. He much regrets that a design which promised so well, and which was prosecuted with so liberal a spirit by his Publishers, should now be reduced to a selection of detached Memoirs, which perhaps will be read with interest only by those who are more or less connected with the persons and the transactions here recorded.

But although the Author has been thus disappointed in his wish to complete the whole undertaking, he enjoys the higher satisfaction of having succeeded beyond his hopes in the formation of a Naval Gallery. His ancestors for some generations having served with honour in the Naval Profession, and being himself associated with it during the greater part of his life, he no sooner became officially connected with Greenwich Hospital, than he formed the design of founding there a Gallery of Paintings illustrative of the eminent services of the Royal Navy. In the year 1823, he accordingly proposed the scheme to the late Directors of the Institution, suggesting that the " Painted Hall," (originally erected as the Refectory of the Pensioners, but which had then remained unoccupied

ADVERTISEMENT.

nearly a century,) offered the most appropriate receptacle for a Collection of Paintings and Sculpture ; and after obtaining the concurrent opinion of Sir Thomas Lawrence, Mr. Chantrey, and Mr. Smirke, as to the fitness of the building for this object, it was finally adopted. As the Institution at that time possessed only a few pictures, and its funds could not be employed in the purchase of Works of Art, he made great personal exertions to secure the success of the Gallery, by obtaining donations to the Collection, and so well succeeded, that within three years he had the gratification of seeing the walls covered with portraits of most of the distinguished Naval Commanders, and representations of their actions.

Through the medium of his much-valued friend Lord Farnborough, he had in the first instance submitted the plan of the Naval Gallery to his late Majesty King George the Fourth, who was pleased to entertain the proposition most graciously, and immediately commanded that the whole of the Naval Portraits in the Royal Palaces of Windsor and Hampton Court should be removed to Greenwich ; and in succeeding years, the King further contributed several valuable pictures from his private collection. To the effectual influence of Lord Farnborough, the Gallery was also indebted for four large historical paintings, recording the principal victories of the last war, which the Directors of the British Institution for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts, ordered to be painted and presented to the Naval Gallery. His Lordship, with many other liberal donors, following the munificent example of their late Sovereign, have presented all the pictures which have been since added to the Collection.

The same spirit which prompted these donations will doubtless extend to others, and gradually enrich the Gallery with works still wanting to render it complete, especially historical subjects in

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which it is chiefly defective. Many of our readers who are familiar with the annals of the British Navy, will have seen, in some of the private Collections of this country, works of great merit peculiarly appropriate to Greenwich Hospital, and though the proprietors of such pictures have not been persuaded to present them to this National Depository, we cannot doubt that liberal patrons as well as able artists will hereafter be found to contribute other pictures, representing the most brilliant exploits of our seamen which have not hitherto been so commemorated, and that the Naval Gallery will thus become a splendid memorial of their services.

Such a Collection cannot fail of attracting public interest, and it deserves mention that not less than fifty thousand persons annually visit the Painted Hall, where the small fee required for admission now produces an amount which forms an important item in the Revenues of this Noble Institution.

E. H. L.

Greenwich Hospital,

1st August, 1832.

C O N T E N T S.

1. Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham, K. G. Lord High Admiral.
2. Robert Blake, Admiral and General of the Parliament Forces.
3. George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, K. G. Lord General of the Forces
by Land and Sea.
4. Edward Montague, First Earl of Sandwich, K. G. Lieutenant Admiral
of England.
5. Sir George Rooke, Knt. Lieutenant Admiral of England.
6. Vice Admiral John Benbow.
7. Edward Russell, Earl of Orford, Admiral, First Commissioner of the
Admiralty.
8. George Byng, Viscount Torrington, K. B. Admiral, First Commissioner
of the Admiralty.
9. Edward, Lord Hawke, K. B. Admiral, First Commissioner of the
Admiralty.
10. Sir Charles Saunders, K. B. Admiral, First Commissioner of the
Admiralty.
11. Rear Admiral John Kempenfelt.
12. Alexander, Viscount Bridport, K. B. Admiral.
13. Captain James Cook.
14. Hon. Samuel Barrington, Admiral.
15. Cuthbert, Lord Collingwood, Vice Admiral.
16. Lieutenant Governor William Locker.
17. The *Harry Grace à Dieu*, a first rate Ship, bearing King Henry VIII.
to Calais, 1520.
18. The Defeat of the Spanish Armada, 1588.
19. The Victory off Ushant by Earl Howe, 1794.
20. The Victory off the Nile by Sir Horatio Nelson, 1798.





Engraved by M. P. Wall.

CHARLES HOWARD, EARL OF NOTTINGHAM, K.G.

LORD HIGH ADMIRAL OF ENGLAND.

PAINTED BY ZUCCHERO

PRESENTED TO GREENWICH HOSPITAL BY HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE THE FOURTH

CHARLES HOWARD,

EARL OF NOTTINGHAM, K. G. LORD HIGH ADMIRAL
OF ENGLAND.

AT the period when this distinguished nobleman was raised to the supreme command of the Royal Navy of England, that Navy had as yet few of the characteristics of a regular service of arms. So often as the nation was threatened by foreign invasion, or was engaged in hostile expeditions against other states, the sovereigns who preceded Elizabeth on the throne of England, levied contributions of ships and seamen from their subjects. At that time the Cinque Ports of Hythe, Sandwich, Queenborough, Rye and Dover, facing the coast of France, possessed the most immediate commerce with foreign nations. London, Bristol, and Harwich indeed shared in this traffic, but Portsmouth and Plymouth were as yet little more than fishing towns; and Liverpool, which now almost equals the Metropolis in the extent of its trade, was not called into existence for a century afterwards. On occasions of naval warfare, the principal maritime towns were required to furnish an established quota of vessels of suitable burthen, and of mariners to navigate them. The King appointed officers and soldiers to embark on board them for the sole duty of fighting the battle; and at the conclusion of the service these troops were re-landed, and the ships being disarmed were restored to their owners, to be employed in the more peaceful occupations of commerce. The ships which actually were the property of the Crown were few in number, and maintained rather as a part of the royal state of the monarch, than for the protection of the realm. When he embarked in person, crews were hired to navigate them, and, while so employed, were paid and clothed as a part of the royal household. The admirals and captains appointed by King

CHARLES HOWARD,

Henry the Eighth, were allowed a suit of scarlet and gold, powdered with the royal initials, and this was continued in the two subsequent reigns, for which one or more of the warrants may still be seen in the British Museum.

The name of Howard stands high, both in date and in renown, on the annals of the English Navy. Among those who were most celebrated as naval commanders, in Henry's reign, were the noble brothers Sir Edward, and Sir Henry Howard, each of whom successively bore the office of Lord High Admiral, and by their eminent conduct greatly contributed to the future glory of that service, which in after times became the pride and protection of the British nation. We think it was the first of these distinguished officers, of whom it is recorded, that while in the act of boarding the French Admiral he fell between the two ships, and was seen to brandish his golden whistle (then the emblem of high command) while still cheering his crew, and then sunk to a seaman's grave! These valiant men were uncles to the Lord William Howard, who being created Baron of Effingham, succeeded to the office of Lord High Admiral, and by his marriage with Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Gamage of Glamorgan, became the father of the subject of this memoir in 1536. In training to service at sea, Charles Howard, while yet a boy, accompanied his father in many of his expeditions; who, in one of these, having but twenty-eight ships under his flag, fell in with the grand Spanish fleet of one hundred and sixty ships, bearing Philip the Second of Spain to his fatal nuptials with Queen Mary of England. The royal standard of Spain was flying at the mast-head of the Spanish Admiral, who was disposed to pass the English fleet without observation, but Lord William firing a shot, insisted upon their striking colours and lowering their top-sails, in acknowledgement of the English sovereignty in the narrow Seas; and this being conceded, he, not till then, fired the salute due to the betrothed husband of his own Sovereign.

On the accession of Elizabeth, he presented his son to the Queen, who received him with marks of unusual courtesy out of the favour

EARL OF NOTTINGHAM, K. G.

she bore to his father. On the rebellion of the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland in the North, the Earl of Warwick was despatched to suppress it, and Charles Howard served under him with much credit as General of Horse. In 1571, he was appointed with a squadron of ships to convey Anne of Austria to Spain, and soon after was chosen to serve in Parliament for Surrey; but his father dying the following year (1572) he inherited his title and honours, and acquired with them the office of Lord Privy Seal, which the Queen immediately conferred on him; further favours were soon bestowed, for, not long after, he was made Lord Chamberlain, elected Knight of the Garter, and on the death of the Earl of Lincoln in 1585, appointed to the high office of Lord High Admiral, which seemed thus to have become almost hereditary in his family.

The Queen, who possessed remarkable sagacity in weighing the character of her public servants, saw the full value of Lord Effingham's straight forward, undisguised and upright spirit, which bore a striking contrast to the deep designing ambition of the Earl of Leicester. She therefore formed the wise resolution of advancing her Lord Chamberlain to the higher trust of Lord Admiral, thereby investing him with a power and dignity which served as an effective counterpoise to the dangerous popularity of her favourite. This mark of favour was highly acceptable to the seamen, by whom Lord Effingham was much beloved, while it marked her entire confidence towards him at a period when the safety of her Crown, and the political and religious liberties of her people, were endangered by the secret, and at length avowed purpose of Philip of Spain, to make himself master by force of arms of that kingdom, which he had formerly hoped to gain by his marriage with her unhappy sister.

The immense preparations for the equipment of the "Invincible Armada" (for such it was emphatically pronounced by the Pope, when he sent a consecrated banner to Philip on the occasion) prevented the possibility of its destination being kept secret; but as the time drew nigh for making the attempt, reports were so ingeniously contrived as to lull the suspicions of some of the English

CHARLES HOWARD,

ministers, by which even Walsingham was disposed to believe that the lateness of the season would necessarily postpone the expedition until the following year. Blinded by his confidence in the channel through which this information was conveyed, and over careful to save the public purse, Walsingham wrote to the Lord Admiral expressing his opinion, accompanied by the Queen's commands that he should send four of his largest ships into port to be dismantled, and their crews discharged till the ensuing spring. That vigilant and sagacious officer had early taken command of the fleet, and employed the most strenuous exertions to bring together such a force as might enable him to discomfit the enemy whenever he appeared. Whether he was better informed, or more sagacious than Walsingham, as to this matter (probably both), he felt too much the importance of the crisis to yield to his opinion. Knowing the inadequacy of his force, and judging that season, the height of summer, would be most likely to afford them a safe passage to the English shores, Lord Effingham withheld his obedience to the royal order he had received, requesting only that the four ships might remain with him at his own charge, if it should still be thought expedient to spare the public expense.

While thus actively preparing his ships at Plymouth, and anxiously awaiting the reinforcements which he hardly expected, tidings were brought to him by one Fleming, a Scotch pirate, who had fallen in, a few days before, with the Spanish fleet steering for the English coast. The Lord Admiral by extraordinary exertions got out of port the same night, with only six ships, "labouring even with his own hands" to encourage his crew; and the following day, having increased his force to thirty ships, though these were some of the smallest of the fleet, he stood out to meet the enemy, resolving at all hazards to stop their progress until the expected reinforcements should join him.

The unanimous exertions which were made by the whole nation to meet this crisis of their liberties, did great honour to the English people. The City of London, and other great mercantile towns,

EARL OF NOTTINGHAM, K. G.

freely contributed their ships, while large sums were gratuitously raised to equip vessels upon private adventure, all classes thirsting to have a share in the glory, and some, perhaps, of the spoil of the invaders. The Lord Admiral had resolved to concentrate his principal force at the entrance of the British Channel, placing Lord Henry Seymour with twenty-three ships off the coast of Flanders, to prevent the Prince of Parma from fulfilling his pledge to join the Spaniards with an auxiliary force. At length on the 20th of July, 1588, the long expected Armada was descried off the Eddystone rock, advancing in form of a crescent, the horns of which were seven miles asunder: their whole force amounted to one hundred and thirty ships of war, carrying thirty thousand troops, and having a large fleet of transports under convoy, charged with arms, and *other implements* of conquest and persecution designed for the good people of England, when they should have effected their landing. Lord Effingham allowed their fleet to pass, and then having the advantage of the wind, he with his little fleet fell upon their rear, and attacked them with such spirit as to throw them into great disorder, and crippled many of their sternmost ships. On the 23d, he made a still more successful attack on them, and Sir Francis Drake captured a rich galleon, and immediately gave the treasure as an encouragement among his crew. In the next encounter on the 26th, another large ship was taken: thus he followed them up Channel, continually harassing their rearward ships, but reserving his more important attack until they should reach the Straits of Dover, where he knew they would be met by the squadron of Lord Henry Seymour. During this interval the Lord Admiral distributed rewards to those who had bravely acquitted themselves, and conferred the honour of knighthood upon the Lord Thomas Howard, Sheffield, Hawkins and Frobisher, who had already gained high credit by their gallantry. On the 27th of July the Armada anchored off Calais, and so well had his instructions been obeyed by the junction of the ships from the distant ports, that Lord Effingham now found himself at the head of near one hundred and

CHARLES HOWARD,

forty ships of various descriptions, which though much inferior in size and strength to those of the Spaniards, enabled him to make his great blow against them. Seeing that the largest of their ships were drawn up in a close line in front of those of inferior force, he caused eight of his worst ships to be filled with combustibles, and at midnight sent them under the charge of Captain Young into the midst of the enemy's fleet. This was the first time that fire ships were employed; and so resolutely and skilfully was this service performed, that terrible execution was done among them, not only by the flames but by the disorder into which the whole fleet was thus thrown, every one endeavouring to save themselves by flight. In the panic thus produced, they, hoping to be joined by the Prince of Parma, fell back upon Gravelines, where they anchored again; but the Lord Admiral following close upon them, they made a desperate effort to repass the Straits of Dover, and there they were met by a violent gale which drove them on the coast of Zealand. The Duke of Medina Sidonia now summoned a council of war, at which it was resolved to abandon the expedition as hopeless, and return north about to the coast of Spain, the Duke himself *leading the retreat* with twenty-five ships, closely pursued by the Lord Henry Seymour, who forced them to throw overboard all their horses and mules, by which with great difficulty they escaped: several however were driven back into the Channel, where they were lost or taken. Another division of forty ships made for the coast of Ireland, where a dreadful storm swallowed up thirty of them, and thus many thousands of their people miserably perished. Of the whole of this mighty armament not fifty ships reached their native shores; and even there the same tempestuous weather awaited them, and wrecked many which had previously escaped the battle and the storm off the British islands.

In this protracted contest we cannot but admire the deliberate courage and skill with which the Lord Admiral adventurously put to sea, with a handful of ships, to retard the progress of his numerous foes, until the reinforcements, which his sagacity had provided, should

EARL OF NOTTINGHAM, K. G.

arrive to his support. It afforded also a noble specimen of the generous ardour with which the whole people of England came forward to resist the Invader. Persons of the best blood in the land equipped vessels at their own charge, and embarked with their friends and adherents to encounter the glorious perils of this patriot cause. But had the Spaniards known the value of union and prompt obedience to their gallant Admiral Don Martinez de Ricalde, they would have turned at once upon their brave pursuers while they were yet a little band, wholly unequal to grapple with such an overwhelming force; and even when the Lord Admiral had received his reinforcements, and attacked them upon the shoals of Calais, had they not yielded to the panic councils of the Duke de Medina Sidonia, they might by uniting their whole strength have forced their way through the lighter ships of the English line, and still regained the coast of Spain. But in the whole of the infatuated career of this presumptuous Armada, we see the hand of an overruling Providence strikingly displayed in its progressive ruin. Its object, at once unholy and unjust, called down the signal vengeance of Heaven, and great as were the deeds of the English fleet, they were as nothing compared with the irresistible fury of the elements which fought for England. Our ancestors breathing the pure spirit of that blessed Reformation which was so recently achieved for them, with one accord proclaimed the mighty hand of God which had gotten them this marvellous victory; and while they acknowledged their obligations to their gallant countrymen, who were the *instruments* of its accomplishment, no presumptuous voice then claimed the glory of the conquest, but all united in that noble thanksgiving

“Non nobis, sed Domini gloria.”

We heartily wish this were the prescribed motto of all our *modern* gazettes.

Queen Elizabeth rewarded her heroic Lord Admiral with a pension for life. His first request upon being admitted to her presence was worthy of himself; he prayed her Majesty's pardon might be granted to the pirate Fleming, who had atoned for his

CHARLES HOWARD,

lawless traffic by bringing him the important tidings of the enemy's approach.

In the year 1596 "the Conquest of Cales" was projected by the Queen's ministers,—achieved by Effingham and Essex, as Commanders-in-chief of her Forces,—and sung by all the poets of her romantic Court. When the expedition arrived off Cadiz, the sober judgement of the Lord Admiral was too deliberate for the eccentric Earl, his colleague, who growing impatient for action, they had well nigh quarrelled while forming the necessary arrangements. When all was prepared the signal was made for the fleet to advance, while the two commanders embarked in their barges to reconnoitre the point of assault. The Lord Admiral having finally settled the mode of attack, "Essex, in an extacy of delight, flung his hat into the sea," took the lead in the disembarkation of the troops, and being among the first who scaled the walls, he planted the English banner upon the first bastion with his own hand.

Returning successful from this highly popular exploit, which the whole nation joined their maiden Sovereign in lauding to the skies, her Majesty now advanced her Lord Admiral to the dignity of Earl of Nottingham, recording in the royal patent her reasons for so doing in the following terms :

"That by the victory obtained, anno 1588, he had secured the
"kingdom of England from the invasion of Spain, and other im-
"pending dangers—and did also, in conjunction with our dear
"cousin Robert Dudley, Earl of Essex, seize by force the isle, and
"the strongly fortified city of Cadiz in the further part of Spain, and
"did likewise entirely rout and defeat the fleet of the king of Spain,
"prepared in that port against this kingdom."

The favour of the Queen was warmly echoed by the House of Lords, on the Earl's taking his seat among them upon his advance in the Peerage, and Elizabeth soon gave a further proof of the high confidence which she reposed in him. Philip the Second baffled, but not deterred from his scheme of invading England, assembled another great fleet at the Groyne. But a nearer and more unlooked-for danger

EARL OF NOTTINGHAM, K. G.

threatened her at the same time from Ireland, where the Earl of Essex, whom she had but recently sent thither as her Lord Lieutenant, conceived some strange affront against his royal mistress, and being ever "sudden and quick in quarrel," he began to intrigue with certain of her avowed enemies whom he had been expressly sent to reduce to obedience, and shewed every disposition to employ his own troops against her authority. In this crisis of affairs, Elizabeth, whose favourite maxim of state-policy was, ever to be beforehand with her enemies, instantly demanded of her good city of London sixteen ships, and six thousand men for her army. Similar instructions were despatched with the like speed to other parts of her dominions, and as promptly complied with by her loyal subjects. Thus within a fortnight the Queen found herself supported by such a formidable force by sea and land, as secured her from any designs of her enemies, foreign and domestic. Her Majesty thereupon appointed the Earl of Nottingham to the supreme command of the fleet and army of the realm, with the title of "Lord Lieutenant General of all England." Essex now perceiving his danger, suddenly quitted his command in Ireland, and hastened to London, where, though the Queen placed him under some restraint, it was generally supposed (nay, feared) that she would receive him once more into her royal favour. But this extraordinary man, under an infatuation quite irreconcilable with his acknowledged abilities, still madly persisted in his resolution of compelling the Queen to concede to his most unreasonable humour, and endeavoured to assemble about him a force sufficient to give weight to his demand. But the citizens of London were faithful to their royal mistress; none but a few of his own retainers could be found in the whole metropolis to join his most wild project. With these, as a last act of desperation, he barricaded himself in Essex House, on the Strand, where he bade defiance to all attempts to seize him. Notwithstanding all that he had thus done to exasperate his enemies, and exhaust the Queen's patience, her tenderness for his personal safety was strikingly shewn in this crisis of his fate, by sending her Chancellor and Chief

CHARLES HOWARD,

Justice, with some others of her more trusty councillors, to expostulate with this impracticable man; but no sooner did they present themselves at his gates, to open their peaceful commission, than he placed them in close custody, which violent and ungrateful proceeding occasioned the greatest alarm and uneasiness in the Queen's mind. In this difficulty she once more looked to her faithful servant the Lord Admiral for assistance, saying, "he was born to serve and to save his country," and thereupon she gave him full authority to adopt whatever measures he might judge fitting to restore the public tranquillity. Nottingham lost not a moment in obeying these instructions; in a few hours he reduced Essex and his partisans to such straits, that finding his own house no longer tenable, he fled into the city, where he presently was forced to yield himself prisoner to the Lord Admiral, who treated him with that lenity and personal kindness which emanated from the habitual generosity of his disposition; nor did his good offices decline towards this unhappy man until he had finally expiated his offences on the scaffold. The Queen survived the shock she felt on the fall of this once distinguished favourite only till the following year. On her death bed she gave a last proof of her confidence in Nottingham, by communicating to him her purpose (which till then she had confided to no one) as to the succession of the King of Scots to the Throne of England.

On the accession of James, the royal favour continued to flow with undiminished warmth towards the Earl of Nottingham, who was continued in his high office of Lord Admiral; and the King soon after despatched him on an embassy to Madrid, in order to conclude a treaty of amity with Philip the Third. While resident at that Court he maintained the dignity of his mission with a splendid retinue of six Peers and fifty Knights; and having succeeded in his mission, and experienced much favour from the Spanish King, he shortly after returned into England.

The Earl had now attained an age beyond the usual span of mortality, and finding infirmities growing on him, he proposed to resign

EARL OF NOTTINGHAM, K. G.

into the hands of his royal master the highly important trust which he had held during the long space of thirty-two years, and his Majesty presently conferred it upon his favourite, Villiers Duke of Buckingham. King James has been charged by Sir Anthony Weldon with having *forced* the Earl to this act of resignation; Camden and Dugdale however, who in other matters at least are higher authority, declare that it was the Earl's own seeking. That as he possessed but a small fortune, he stipulated for his pension of £1000. per annum; that he should be excused a debt of £1800, due to the Crown; and lastly, that he be allowed to take his Earl's place in the Peerage as the lineal descendant of Mowbray Earl of Nottingham, and not as a new creation.

The only imprudent act which is recorded in the life of this faithful public servant is his marriage, in very advanced life, with the youthful daughter of the Earl of Murray. Upon succeeding to the office of Lord High Admiral, the Duke of Buckingham immediately paid his respects to his venerable predecessor, and took that opportunity of presenting to his young Countess a purse containing no less a sum than three thousand pounds! This rich gratuity on such an occasion certainly gives strong encouragement to the suspicion that the resignation of his office was not *quite* a simple transaction. If, as was asserted, the pension, the release from the Crown debt, and his precedence in the Peerage were the terms of his retiring, why this *douceur* (for such it appears) from his successor? who, as a further mark of conciliation, continued Sir Robert Mansell in the office of Vice Admiral of England, although he had been gradually advanced by the Earl to that important station from his "menial service."

Lord Nottingham survived his retirement from public life several years; and having at length attained the great age of eighty-eight, he expired on the 14th of December, 1624.

High as was the descent of this remarkable man, he appears to have owed (under Providence) all his success in life to that inflexible integrity, plain sound sense, and steady resolution which distinguished him among a crowd of courtiers, who pursued the path to

CHARLES HOWARD, EARL OF NOTTINGHAM, K. G.

royal favour with more of policy than of simplicity, and more of the grace of flattery than of virtue. Chivalrous courage, personal accomplishments, and a taste for the pedantic extravagancies of poetical literature, were the ordinary passports to a gracious reception at the Court of Elizabeth, who trifled and argued with a readiness which won scholars as well as courtiers to trumpet forth her various talents and learning. But she drew a broad line of distinction between the favourites of the Court, and her advisers in the closet. It was in the selection of her confidential ministers that she displayed her singular sagacity; and while her wisdom was shewn in giving her entire confidence to Nottingham in the defence of her kingdom, it was still more eminently proved by the choice of such councillors as Burghley, Bacon and Walsingham. To the knowledge, sagacity, and integrity of such men she owed the marvellous prosperity of a lengthened reign, during which her Throne was repeatedly threatened with imminent danger, from which their foresight and wise counsel happily preserved the Queen, as well as the people committed to her sovereignty.

The very valuable whole-length Portrait, probably by Zuccherò, which has been engraved for this work, was removed from one of the private apartments of the palace of Hampton Court, by order of King George the Fourth, to be placed among the number of his Majesty's donations to his Royal Hospital at Greenwich. It bears the following inscription on a scroll at the foot of the picture:—

“ Carolus Baro Howard de Effingham, Comes Nottingham, summus Angliæ Admirallus—Ductor Classium 1588. Obijt annò 1624. Ætat 88.”



Engraved by J. Cochran.

ROBERT BLAKE.

GENERAL AND ADMIRAL OF THE PARLIAMENT FORCES.

PAINTED BY H. P. BRIGGS ESQ. A.R.A.

PRESENTED TO GREENWICH HOSPITAL BY SIR ROBERT PRESTON, BART

ROBERT BLAKE,

GENERAL AND ADMIRAL OF THE PARLIAMENT FORCES.

THIS extraordinary man was the son of Humphrey Blake, a gentleman descended from an ancient family seated at Plansfield, in the parish of Spaxton, Somerset. He had made a competent fortune, in the Spanish trade, with which he purchased a small estate at Bridgewater, where this, his eldest son, was born in August, 1598. He was educated at the free school in that town. Having lost his father at an early age, he entered himself in 1615 at St. Alban's Hall, Oxford, but soon after removed to Wadham College. While a student he was not negligent of his books, although he delighted in field sports, especially fishing and fowling. Lord Clarendon, who has drawn his character with the discrimination which distinguishes the pen of that virtuous historian, informs us that "he spent his time mostly with good fellows, who liked the moroseness and freedom with which he inveighed against the licence of the times and power of the court."

This spirit was probably fostered, when at home, by his witnessing the severity with which Laud, then Bishop of Bath and Wells, pursued the Non-Conformists, and confirmed his early predilections in favour of the Republican form of Government; for many of his fellow members at Wadham became noted Puritans in the subsequent struggle. He might also be somewhat soured by losing a fellowship at Merton, for which he stood in 1619, owing to the strange prejudice of the Warden, Sir Henry Savile, who refused him as a candidate "by reason that his person was not handsome nor proper, being little of stature."

ROBERT BLAKE, GENERAL AND ADMIRAL

On the 10th of February, 1617, he took his bachelor's degree, but it does not appear that he remained at the University for that of Master of Arts; and the only record of his literary attainments is a poem in honour of Camden, printed in 1623. Clarendon says, "he was enough versed in books for a man who intended not to be of any profession, having sufficient of his own to maintain him in the plenty he affected, and having then no appearance of ambition to be a greater man than he was."

When the civil war commenced between the King and his Parliament, Blake took arms on the side of the latter, and became a captain of dragoons. In 1643, he served under Colonel Fiennes in the defence of Bristol against Prince Rupert, and being entrusted with one of its outworks, he maintained his post with dogged resolution, even after his commander had consented to a surrender. The Prince, on entering the town, had resolved to hang Blake for his obstinacy, had not his friends interposed, and even then they had much ado to prevail on him to quit the place. Popham being then Governour of Lyme, Blake served as Lieutenant-Colonel of his regiment, and being well known in Somersetshire, he afterwards joined with Sir Robert Pye in surprising Taunton, and the Parliament appointed Blake to be its Governour in 1644. Prince Rupert having resolved to recover a place so important to the King's interest in the west, hastened with Lord Goring, and a strong body of troops, to invest Taunton. Colonel Windham, who had previously held it for the Royalists, and was well acquainted with Blake, undertook to treat for the surrender. His answer to the summons was like himself, *short and sturdy*.—"These are to let you know that as we neither fear your menaces nor accept your proffers, so we wish you, for time to come to desist from all overtures of the like nature to us, who are resolved to the last drop of our blood to maintain the quarrel we have undertaken, and doubt not but the same God who has hitherto protected us, will ere long bless us with an issue answerable to the justice of our cause,—to Him alone we shall stand or fall."

OF THE PARLIAMENT FORCES.

The Royalists thus defied, knowing the grievous scarcity of provisions in the garrison, pressed the siege with great vigour, and having effected a lodgement renewed their proposals for a capitulation. Blake laconically replied, "he would sooner eat his boots first," and making a desperate sally on the besiegers, he drove them out of the suburbs, and gained admission for a strong reinforcement of troops, bringing ample supplies for his relief. In the subsequent operations of the rival armies, Taunton continued to be a principal object of contest. Blake's condition at one time was so neglected by the Parliament, that he was driven to the point of surrender, but in pressing the siege the royal army had been greatly weakened by the force detached for this service, which tempted General Fairfax to risk the fatal battle of Naseby, and thus Blake's obstinate defence of Taunton proved the total ruin of the King's affairs.

Conscious of these obligations, when the undisputed authority of the Parliament was thus established, they voted a present of three thousand pounds to Blake's brave garrison, and five hundred pounds for himself, accompanied by orders to reduce great part of his force, which Cromwell already viewed with jealousy. Nor was this feeling unreasonable, for the openness with which he expressed his severe disapprobation of the harsh measures adopted towards the unfortunate King after he fell under the power of the Parliament, excited great distrust of Blake's future conduct, who was often heard to say "he would as freely venture his life for the King as to serve the Parliament." At that juncture he stood so high in the public opinion as to be regarded second only to Cromwell, who, conscious of his stern integrity and great abilities, took the earliest opportunity of persuading the Parliament to appoint him to a command in the fleet, thus removing him to a distance from the scene of his own intrigues for arbitrary power, against which Blake would have proved a powerful if not insurmountable obstacle. But whatever were his private opinions of those men by whom the commonwealth was then established on the ruins of the monarchy, no sooner was the work accomplished, than Blake seemed to reconcile himself

ROBERT BLAKE, GENERAL AND ADMIRAL

to the new order of things. Having consented to be joined in commission with Dean and Popham in the chief command of the fleet, he accepted his commission on the 12th of February, 1648-9, and thenceforward devoted himself with hearty zeal to serve the State afloat, but still shewing a generous conduct towards the Royalists whenever they fell into his power.

The first service on which Blake was employed was the pursuit of Prince Rupert, and his brother Prince Maurice, to the coast of Ireland, where they were acting in co-operation with the Royalists, under the Marquess of Ormonde; and while Dean and Popham took their stations off Portsmouth and Plymouth, Blake blockaded the two Princes in the harbour of Kinsale, and was daily joined by deserters from their ships. In this emergency they pushed out before him and sailed for Lisbon, where the King of Portugal forbade him to attack them. On this he seized four of his richest ships, and threatened to capture the whole fleet coming from Brazil, unless the Princes were compelled to quit the port. This was no idle threat, for in October, 1650, he intercepted and took the greater part of that fleet richly laden, destroying their Admiral's ship and some others. The Princes then retired to Cartagena, and afterwards to Malaga, Blake following in close pursuit, and in January, 1651, without asking leave of the Spanish Vice Roy, he attacked them in that port, and destroyed every one of their ships, except the *Restoration* and the *Swallow*, which bore the flags of the two Princes.

It was probably on this occasion that some of his sailors being on shore at Malaga, insulted the host in the streets, for which they were severely beaten by order of the priest; this being reported to Blake he sent a trumpet to the Vice Roy, demanding that the priest should be immediately sent on board his ship, or he would burn the town in three hours. The Vice Roy, assured he would be as good as his word, prudently committed the terrified Padre to the clemency of the English Admiral, who, received him with respect, and immediately sent him back with a message, saying, "that if his riotous sailors had been sent on board with the complaint, he would have

OF THE PARLIAMENT FORCES.

severely chastised them for their impiety ; but he would have all the world know that an Englishman was only to be punished by an Englishman." This answer being afterwards reported to Cromwell, gave him great delight.

On the eve of the French war, which was then commencing, Blake, on the 7th of February, 1651, fell in with one of their ships, and inviting the captain on board, explained to him the state of affairs, and demanded if he were willing to surrender. The officer, though in his power, gallantly refused, on which Blake bade him return to his ship and fight her as long as he was able. The contest between them lasted upwards of two hours, at the end of which the French captain was compelled to surrender ; and being brought once more into Blake's presence, kissed his sword, and presented it to his brave conqueror.

In March of that year an Act was passed renewing the commission to Blake and his two colleagues. He proceeded to reduce the Scilly Islands which had been hitherto held for the King by Sir Richard Grenville,—Guernsey also, which was bravely defended in like manner by Sir George Carteret, surrendered to his arms. For these services he received the thanks of the Parliament, was made a Councillor of State, and on the 25th March, 1652, he received a commission by which he was appointed sole Admiral and General at Sea for nine months. Upon the prospect of a rupture with England, the Dutch, confiding in the superiority of their naval force, ordered Van Trump to proceed into the Channel with forty-five ships to insult the British Admiral whose whole fleet consisted of twenty-three ships exclusive of a squadron of eight others under Major Bourne.

The two fleets having met, Van Trump refused to shew the accustomed respect to the English flag by lowering his topsails. Blake thereupon fired a gun to leeward, which the Dutch Admiral answered with a broadside, the shot from which broke the windows of Blake's cabin as he sat carousing with his officers. On this unprovoked attack, the indignant Admiral "curled his whiskers," as he

ROBERT BLAKE, GENERAL AND ADMIRAL

was wont to do when enraged, but presently cooling, he said jestingly to his companions, “ he took it very unhandsome that Trump should thus treat his flag-ship like a house of ill-fame, by breaking his windows,” and then bore down upon the Hollanders with such a furious onset, that notwithstanding their great superiority, they were compelled to retreat with the loss of two great ships. On the 28th September 1652, Blake, bravely seconded by Penn and Bourne, engaged De Witte and De Ruyter off the North Foreland, and defeated them with the loss of three of their ships, which were found so shattered when the English took possession, that after removing the few survivors, they are said to have “ left the hulks to serve the dead men for a coffin.”

After this success Blake being ordered to detach several of his ships on other service, Van Trump and De Ruyter, with eighty ships pushed over to the Downs, resolved to attack him while thus weakened. Having consulted with his officers, he nevertheless determined to fight, and went out to the back of the Goodwin Sands to engage them. This battle took place on the 29th November, and lasted from two in the morning until six at night. Blake with his flag on board the *Triumph* was in the hottest of the combat, but at length seeing himself out-numbered by nearly two to one, he drew off his fleet into the Thames, two of his ships having been taken and four destroyed. Van Trump bought this victory dear, but was so elated with his success that he sailed through the English Channel with a broom at his mast head, to signify that he had swept the seas of the whole English fleet.

The English Admiral having repaired his damages, and being reinforced with many fresh ships under Monk and Dean, who were now joined in commission with him, they put to sea with eighty ships in search of Van Trump, whom they encountered on the 18th February 1653, having seventy ships under his command besides a convoy of three hundred vessels under his charge. Blake led the attack in the *Triumph*, with a division of twelve of his ships, and plunged into the centre of the Dutch fleet, but he was so hardly

OF THE PARLIAMENT FORCES.

pressed there at all points, that the *Triumph* received seven hundred shot in her sides, and was only saved from capture by the desperate valour of Blake and his crew, and the gallantry of Lawson who came to his rescue. The battle raged with the utmost fury, the hostile ships grappling at close quarters, till at length the Dutch gave way and retired. Blake was shot through the thigh, and halted ever after on that limb. His Captain and his Secretary were killed at his side. The darkness only closed this bloody conflict for the night. Blake having landed his wounded men at Portsmouth, pursued after Trump, and came up with him at three in the afternoon of the following day, when the engagement was renewed, the Dutch retreating with heavy loss towards Boulogne. This running fight continued through the night; and next day, the 20th of February, the two fleets were once more engaged in close action until four in the afternoon, when the Dutch reached the Sands of Calais, anchored there, and afterwards tided home from thence to their own ports. In these three days engagements they lost eleven men of war, thirty merchant vessels, and acknowledged the loss of fifteen hundred of their men slain. Blake's loss in men was also very heavy, but lost only one of his ships.

In the following month of April 1653, Cromwell having turned out the Rump Parliament, took upon himself supreme power with a Council of officers which was called the Little Parliament, in which Blake had a seat, and was continued one of the "Generals at Sea." On this occasion Blake, Dean and Monk, with the rest of the Admirals and principal sea officers, published a declaration of "their resolution notwithstanding the late change to proceed in the performances of their duties, and the trust reposed in them against the enemies of the Commonwealth. And General Blake was of opinion on the Revolution which happened afterwards, that 'twas his and his men's duty, to act faithfully abroad in their stations, so as might conduce most to the public peace and welfare, whatever irregularity there was in the Councils at home, saying to his officers; 'It is not for us to mind state affairs, but to keep foreigners from fooling

ROBERT BLAKE, GENERAL AND ADMIRAL

“ us.’” We may observe on this declaration, that Blake’s policy was wise and just.—The Rump Parliament had shewn a disposition to perpetuate themselves, and the conduct of the Committee appointed by them as a sort of Admiralty Board, had greatly dissatisfied the officers of the fleet. The States of Holland expected that the dissolution of the Parliament would have proved highly to their own advantage, but they found to their cost that Cromwell’s usurpation had not alienated the fidelity of the fleet, in pursuing the war against them with the utmost vigour. Blake and his colleagues with one hundred ships, stood over to their coast, compelled their fleet to retreat into the Texel, where Monk and Dean kept them for some time blockaded while Blake went to the northward. Meanwhile Trump having got together one hundred and twenty ships came out on the 3d of June and gave battle to Monk and Dean off the North Foreland. In this conflict General Dean fell, and also one of their Captains. The following day Blake having rejoined them with eighteen ships, resumed the action and gained a complete victory, insomuch that if the Dutch had not saved themselves again on Calais Sands, their whole fleet must have been destroyed or taken.

In this battle the Dutch loss was very great—six ships sunk—eleven taken, and 1350 prisoners. “ The English lay on their coasts, and intercepted their whole trade, which so brought down the stomachs of the Hollanders, that they were fain to send ambassadors to England to negotiate.”

Blake’s health was now so shaken by his constant labour and anxiety, that he was compelled to remain for a time on shore, and thus he had no share in the last great victory over the Dutch fleet on the 29th July, 1653. But the Parliament, conscious of his eminent merits, voted to him a gold chain, in common with those Admirals who were present in the battle, and when he came to London on the 10th October, he took his seat in the house, and received their solemn thanks for his former services.

Oliver having called a new Parliament of four hundred members,

OF THE PARLIAMENT FORCES.

Blake sat again for his native town of Bridgewater. On the 6th December he was constituted one of the Commissioners of the Admiralty, being treated with marked respect by the Protector, to whom he shewed his ready allegiance, though probably no great affection, by reason of his constitutional preference of a Commonwealth to the power of any individual ruler.

In November 1654, Cromwell, desirous of gratifying him with a service suited to his taste, despatched him to the Mediterranean in command of a strong fleet, with instructions "to support the honour of the English flag, and to procure satisfaction for any injuries done to our merchants." On his arrival at Cadiz he was received with high respect. A Dutch Admiral in that port declined to hoist his flag while Blake was present, and a French Admiral having detained one of his small vessels, instantly dismissed her, on learning to whom she belonged, and on releasing the Captain he drank Blake's health under a salute.

The Algerines suspended the cruising of their corsairs, and sent their prisoners to Blake, upon his demanding from the Dey every British subject in his power. Being content with his submission, he proceeded in the spring of 1655, to Tunis, with the same purpose. But the Bey relying on the strength of his forts, had the rashness to set him at defiance, whereupon Blake battered down his castles and burned every vessel in the Goleta. Warned by the fate of his neighbour Tripoli sent his submission, and Venice, a costly embassy, for the terror of the Admiral's name had now overspread the whole Mediterranean.

In the midst of this general homage to Blake's authority his health gave way to the undermining effects of scurvy and dropsy, and he wrote to England desiring that an able officer might be joined in commission with him, lest the public service should be endangered by his death. Admiral Montague was thereupon despatched to him with a strong reinforcement of ships, with which they blockaded Cadiz for several months. In September 1656, while Blake was watering his fleet on the coast of Portugal, Captain

ROBERT BLAKE, GENERAL AND ADMIRAL

Stayner, who remained with a division off Cadiz, had the good fortune to intercept the Plate Fleet, from America. The Vice Admiral with several of his ships laden with many millions of dollars were taken, and the Rear-Admiral's ship was blown up. These important prizes were sent to England under the conduct of Montagu, for Blake, notwithstanding the rapid decay of his health, refused to quit his station, his zealous spirit retaining its original vigour unabated.

Having soon after obtained intelligence that another Plate fleet richer than the first had put into the Island of Teneriffe, in the month of April 1657 the Admiral proceeded thither with twenty-five of his ships, and found the Spaniards under Don Diego Diagues, with sixteen large ships strongly moored under the protection of the heavy batteries of Santa Cruz. Blake summoned the Governour to surrender them, but he being a brave and able officer, and confiding in the strength of his defences, "sent him a short answer."—On this Blake having already made his arrangements, and appointed certain of his ships to engage the attention of the Forts, made the signal to Captain Stayner in the *Speaker*, to lead him down to the attack of the enemy.—As the English ships advanced to the attack, the Spanish Admiral received them with a tremendous cannonade, but such was the fury of the assault that after sinking two of the largest ships, they boarded and destroyed the whole of the remainder, with a dreadful slaughter of their crews, and having accomplished this bold achievement, Blake, taking advantage of an unexpected change of wind, brought out all his own ships safe through the formidable fire of the batteries, with a loss of only two hundred of his men killed and wounded in this desperate conflict. Lord Clarendon says, "it was an action so miraculous that all men who knew the place wondered how any sober men, with what courage soever endued, should ever have undertaken it, and they could hardly persuade themselves to believe what they had done. Whilst the Spaniards comforted themselves with the belief that they were devils, and not men who had destroyed them in such a manner."

This daring exploit doubtless suggested to our illustrious Nelson

OF THE PARLIAMENT FORCES.

an hundred and forty years after, a similar enterprize at Santa Cruz, under circumstances less propitious. Nor is it any impeachment of his bravery or that of his companions in arms, that they should have failed in doing that which Blake accomplished, as it seemed, almost by a miracle. When the news of Blake's success reached London, Oliver's second Parliament was sitting, who immediately ordered a public thanksgiving, and voted their thanks to the Admiral with a diamond ring of the value of five hundred pounds.

The receipt of these honours proved to be his last news from England, for on his passage home he had reached so far as the Lizard Point, when finding himself to be dying he summoned on board several of his commanders, to whom he imparted his farewell advice for the well being of the fleet, and drawing towards his end "he willed them with all speed to bear up for Plymouth," yet hoping to breathe his last sigh on English ground—but the lamp of life expired as the ship entered the harbour, and thus his noble spirit forsook his enfeebled body on the 17th August 1657, to the inexpressible grief of the whole Navy and Nation of England.

His remains being brought round into the river Thames by order of the Protector, were laid in state at "Greenwich House," and being thence removed with great pomp to Westminster, at the public expence, were interred in the Chapel of King Henry the Seventh.

The year after the Restoration, the bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and others of the regicides who had been buried in the Abbey, were disinterred and treated with great ignominy; the remains of Blake, though not thus insulted, were also removed, and reinterred in the adjacent churchyard of St. Margaret, to the no small indignation of the Puritan party. In the *Life of Blake*, written by Dr. Johnson, he makes the following just observation upon this posthumous affront to the memory of so great a man. "Had he been guilty of the murder of King Charles, to insult his body would have been a mean revenge; but as he was innocent, it was at least inhumanity, if not ingratitude." An oriental proverb says, "let no man pluck a dead lion by the beard."

ROBERT BLAKE, GENERAL AND ADMIRAL

The heroic spirit and great abilities which distinguished this renowned commander, secured to him the admiration and attachment of all his followers. His anxiety for their welfare gained their affections, while his generous and disinterested conduct secured their gratitude. It was his constant custom to throw into the common treasury all the share of the immense booty to which he was entitled by his captures ; so that at his decease he left behind him only five hundred pounds beyond his small hereditary estate, which never yielded him above two hundred pounds per annum. Dying a bachelor, he bequeathed this property to his brother Benjamin Blake, who suffered such heavy penalties as a Non-Conformist in the succeeding reign, that he was compelled to sell the estate to pay them, and retire in great poverty to Carolina, where he died. Blake's high sense of public duty was indeed strikingly shewn in his conduct towards this brother, whose courage having failed him in the bloody fight at Santa Cruz, (which might have shaken the firmness of bolder hearts than his,) the Admiral instantly deprived him of his commission, and sent him back to England as an example of inflexible impartiality to the whole fleet, however this did not alienate his affection from one whom he dearly loved, though of a spirit less warlike than his own.

The character of Blake was so free from all artifice, so upright and ingenuous, that throughout his whole brilliant career of service he was highly esteemed and respected by friends and foes, as well foreign as domestic. His daring courage, and fidelity to all his engagements, won the regard of his brave rivals Trump and De Ruyter. His simplicity of purpose, and his hatred of all intrigue, maintained his credit amidst all the crooked and perverse councils, through which he steered a straight forward honourable course at home. When the time came that he must chuse his party, upon the overthrow of the constitution, he, as a staunch republican, sided with the Parliament ; but when Charles, deprived of his crown, became the object of their malignant persecution, he openly condemned their heartless conduct, and warmly avowed his willingness

OF THE PARLIAMENT FORCES.

to save the life of the royal victim. When that bloody sacrifice was made to appease the clamours of the worst of the people, and Cromwell's subsequent usurpation freed the nation from the tyranny of a band of demagogues (of all modes of despotism the most hateful) Blake wisely consented to the Protector's rule, recurring to a maxim ever on his lips, saying, "it is our duty to fight for our country into whatever hands the government may fall."

That inflexibility of purpose and chivalrous enterprise which were dimly shadowed forth in his morose humour and love of field sports and odd adventures while at college, burst out with all the vigour of maturer genius when he took arms at the commencement of the civil war. He seized the sword with the grasp of a practised soldier, and inspired his followers with that unhesitating confidence in their leader, which is the just tribute paid to men born to command. When the secret jealousy of Cromwell removed Monk into Scotland, and appointed Blake to the command of the fleet, thus requiring him at the age of fifty, to commence a new career of glory on another element, it is truly admirable to behold the buoyancy of his powerful genius in thus accommodating itself instantly to naval command. By the magic of his talents and example, he raised the character of his officers and seamen, and by leading them on to enterprises which they would have previously regarded with doubt if not dismay, he thus exalted the glory of the English navy to a height which it never before attained.

No lineal descendants of Blake's family are known to exist. We have seen many *reputed* portraits of him, but none of sufficient authenticity to be admitted into our Collection. In the absence of any such, the spirited whole length picture from which our Engraving is taken was executed by Mr. Briggs of the Royal Academy, expressly for the Gallery, and presented by the venerable Sir Robert Preston, Bart. late one of the Directors of Greenwich Hospital. The head was copied from a contemporary print of this illustrious Commander, stated by Granger to be "done from a painting by Captain Thomas Preston, late in the possession of Mr. J. Ames."





Engraved by W. P. Wood

GEORGE MONK, DUKE OF ALBEMARLE, K. G.

LORD GENERAL OF THE FORCES BY SEA AND LAND

PAINTED BY SIR ELLER LEY

PRESENTED TO GREENWICH HOSPITAL BY KING GEORGE THE FOURTH

GEORGE MONK,

DUKE OF ALBEMARLE, K.G. LORD GENERAL OF THE
FORCES BY LAND AND SEA.

THERE are few characters in our national history which have been drawn with a greater variance of opinion by the respective authors, than that of Monk, the prominent instrument of the Restoration. Ample materials for debate and discussion were indeed ready for the service of either side. Prejudice and partiality had by turns prevailed, at one time exhibiting him as a renegado Roundhead, and at another as the steady patriot, who, dissembling his real purpose, was ever a Royalist in his heart. When a political ferment subsides, attempts are sometimes made to restore the principal actors in the drama to their natural characters, in order that we may judge them impartially; but in truth it is never very easy to remove first impressions, which though formed in the fervour of party contest, settle down into fixed opinions, and are much easier to controvert than to eradicate: and thus the contradictions in the character and conduct of Monk have been dealt with by the advocates and enemies of the parties which he successively supported; nor is the controversy respecting him even yet wholly set at rest. In the course of this short memoir, we are not without hopes of enabling our readers to decide upon his merits; and for this purpose we will invert the usual order of biography, by stating the leading points of his character before we proceed to relate the principal circumstances of his conduct, for which we think they will offer a solution.

The most remarkable quality in Monk's character was *reserve*. It cost him no effort to conceal his own opinions while he was diligently observing the conduct and conversations of others: in this

GEORGE MONK,

he was much befriended by a dull heavy aspect. When we doubt a man's sentiments, we consult his looks for an explanation ; but a glance at the Portrait prefixed to our memoir will shew, that they who consulted Monk's countenance, were not likely to find a key to his thoughts, for it had no " play of feature." He was a man of few words, slow speech, and sluggish temper ; and moreover, he was endowed with but moderate abilities, and less education : though ardent in the field, he was cold in council ; and while all acknowledged his courage, none shared his affections, or even his confidence. He was bred a Royalist, and would have continued a consistent one, had not the total overthrow of the monarchy cast him into the interest of the Parliament, and the confidence of Cromwell. But it cost him no pain to relinquish his connection with the Cavaliers, and under the Parliament and the Protector he would have been content to serve, had not the unexpected death of Oliver and the total incapacity of Richard Cromwell revived the hopes of the Royalists, and thus opened to Monk a nobler enterprize, which by a concurrence of circumstances, over which he had at first very little controul, made it easy to him, who was then at the head of a well disciplined army, to hold the balance between the two parties, until he distinctly saw that the Royalist cause must succeed if he threw his sword into that scale. Thus without risque to his fortune or reputation, and supported only by the phlegmatic firmness of purpose which was the basis of his success, he became the ostensible restorer of the monarchy, and gained all the credit which not even the most devoted of the friends of Charles could have hoped to surpass. We now proceed to our narrative.

George Monk was of an ancient and honourable family, which was settled as early as the reign of King Henry the Third at Potheridge, Devon. He was born on the 6th of December, 1603, being the second son of Sir Thomas Monk, whose immediate ancestors had so wasted the family estate, that he possessed not the means of suitably educating his children. George being destined from childhood to the profession of arms, received only such scanty instruction

DUKE OF ALBEMARLE, K. G.

as in those times was deemed a sufficient qualification for a pair of colours. On the expectation of war with the Spaniard, King Charles the First visited the naval preparations at Plymouth, and Sir Thomas being anxious to make his court to his Majesty, but afraid of an arrest for debt, paid a large fee to the Under Sheriff to secure his personal freedom for one day; but this roguish officer having accepted a larger bribe from one of the creditors, he executed the writ, and the disgraced Knight was carried off to prison in face of the whole county. The pride of his son George, then seventeen years old, was deeply offended at this transaction; he expostulated with the pettyfogger to no purpose; whereupon he inflicted upon him so sound a drubbing, that the memory of it did not pass away for the rest of his life. The noise of this exploit promptly required that George Monk should withdraw from the place, and he was induced to enter as a volunteer, with his relation Sir Richard Grenville, on board the fleet which under the Lord Wimbledon set sail shortly after for Cadiz.

In the following year he served as an ensign in the fatal expedition to the Isle of Rhé. In 1628, being now of mature age, he passed over into Holland to serve as a Captain in the regiment of the Lord Goring, who gave him the command of his own company. There Monk gained considerable experience in the science of war, together with much credit by his personal conduct in several sieges, as well as actions in the field, acquiring thereby a thorough knowledge of his profession. Being at length dissatisfied with the Dutch service he threw up his commission, and returning to England he was appointed Lieutenant-colonel in the army of the Lord Newport, who was sent to put down the rebels in Scotland. In 1641 the Earl of Leinster gave him the command of his own regiment at the commencement of the civil war in Ireland, and on his return from that distracted country in 1643, he was presented to the King at Oxford, who received him very graciously, and sent him back with the rank of Major-general of the Irish brigade. But not long after he and several of his officers were surprized and taken by Sir

GEORGE MONK,

Thomas Fairfax, and sent prisoners to Hull; from thence they were transferred to London, where Monk remained a close prisoner in the Tower for several years. During this captivity he was reduced to great straits; his father was no more, and his brother could afford him only very scanty supplies—but his generous Sovereign hearing of his need, sent him a hundred pounds in gold, no mean sum at a time when Charles's own necessities were so pressing.

At length the complete triumph of the Republican faction quenched the hopes of the Royalists, and in 1647 an offer was made to Colonel Monk to serve in the Parliament forces in Ireland, under his relation Lord Lisle. This he accepted, and, on being released from the Tower, he paid his reverence to Drew, Bishop of Ely, to whom, on taking leave, he is reported to have made this remarkable speech:—"My Lord, I am now going to serve the King, the best I may, against his bloody rebels in Ireland, and I hope I shall yet live to do further service to the Royal cause in England."

In the course of a long protracted service in that Island, he was finally appointed by the Parliament to be their Commander-in-chief of the northern district, where he prevailed over his rebellious opponents at Ballyshannon and other points, and surprized Carrickfergus, where he made prisoner General Monroe, with all the troops with which he was preparing to proceed into Scotland. The Parliament now gave him their confidence, voting him their thanks, with a purse of £500. and appointed him Governor of Carrickfergus. In the progress of the contest in that Kingdom, he was so ill supplied with money for his troops, that he was constrained to enter into a truce with the arch rebel Owen Roe O'Neill, whom he had been ordered to subdue. This step had well nigh ruined him with the Parliament, who instituted an enquiry into his conduct, which through the interposition of his friends at home ended only with a reprimand, though even this reproach it is said he never forgave them in his heart.

About this time, the death of his elder brother gave him possession of the small family estate at Potheridge, and thereupon he acknowledged his marriage with one Anne Clarges, a blacksmith's daughter,

DUKE OF ALBEMARLE, K. G.

whose profligacy as his mistress degenerated after marriage into the most rapacious avarice, and by her entire influence over Monk made him a partaker (if Mr. Secretary Pepys may be credited) of some very gross acts of injustice.

Cromwell, having returned from the Irish war in 1650, engaged Monk to assist him in quelling the Royalists in Scotland, who were now struggling hard to bring about the restoration of Charles the second. He gave him a regiment, and appointed him Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance, and thus was he fully embarked once more in the service of the Commonwealth. Cromwell, with all his ability as a soldier, not having been bred to arms, never had those advantages of acquiring military science which Monk had enjoyed while serving in the Low Countries. He seems greatly to have miscalculated the campaign in Scotland, where the Royalists began to make head rapidly against him, compelling him to retreat to Dunbar, and pressing hard upon his rear. In this emergency it has been said that his spirits began to sink, and as some proof of his indecision, he called a council of war, in which opinions were much divided. Monk sat with his constitutional taciturnity while others debated. On this Oliver required that he should deliver his opinion as to what was best to be done. Thus called upon, Monk spoke as follows:—"Sir, the Scots have numbers and the hills, those are their advantages. We have discipline and despair, two things that will make soldiers fight, and these are ours. My advice therefore is, to attack them immediately, which, if you follow, I am ready to command the van." Cromwell was much struck with the sound sense and resolution of this blunt proposal. He instantly decided on the attack, and accepted the gallant offer of Monk, who led the troops with such effect that the Scottish Royalists were entirely routed, and this gave a complete turn to the campaign. Oliver nevertheless took to himself the lion's share of the renown, though the army agreed that the battle was mainly won by the skill and valour of Monk. During the ensuing summer he was left in Scotland to bring that part of the country into subjection, for which object he resorted to very

GEORGE MONK,

severe measures. He stormed the town of Dundee, where he put to the sword six hundred of the garrison, and is stated to have caused Lumsdaile, the Governor, and several of his officers to be put to death in cold blood after the place surrendered. This, and other acts of inhumanity to the conquered party, rendered him an object of bitter hatred among the Royalists, and of disgust to General Ludlow and others of the more temperate of the Parliament forces.

The fatigue and anxiety which he suffered during this bloody campaign, at length, produced a violent fit of sickness, upon which he obtained leave to return to England, and went to Bath to recover his health; and upon proceeding afterwards to London, he found himself appointed one of the Commissioners for an union between England and Scotland, which appears not to have been then ripe for this great national benefit.

Cromwell had been long silently pressing his darling object of overthrowing the power of the Parliament. He had availed himself of the mutual jealousies of their leaders to diminish their influence, and render their authority unpopular; and having with consummate craft and dexterity won over the principal officers of the army, he suddenly dissolved the Parliament by a military coup-de-main, and at once usurped the power of the State, appointing a council of officers to assist him in the government of affairs, which was called "the Little Parliament," and of which Monk was a member. On the death of Popham, he was included in a new commission with Blake and Deane, as "Generals at Sea," and joined them in publishing an address to the fleet, acknowledging Cromwell's supreme authority, and calling upon the seamen to obey it also.

With them he shared in the bloody encounter of three days with Trump, in February, 1653, which we have already recorded in the Memoir of Blake. On the second of June following, Blake having separated with a part of the fleet, Monk and Deane were embarked together, and were again warmly attacked by the Dutch Admiral, and surrounded by several of his ships at once. In this emergency Deane was struck down by a chain shot, and fell dead at the feet of

DUKE OF ALBEMARLE, K. G.

his colleague. At a sight so disheartening the crew began to waver, when Monk, with admirable presence of mind, threw his cloak over the dead body, and waving his sword, rallied the seamen with such spirit that they drove back their assailants, and breaking their way through the enemy's fleet, rejoined their comrades. [We can hardly conceive a more striking incident for an historical painting. The point of time seized by an artist of genius, could not fail of producing a highly animated picture, which in addition to its heroic sentiment, would combine so much of interest from the grouping and antiquated costume of the figures, as well as the powerful effect of which the whole subject is capable, that we strongly recommend it to our artists, and to the *patrons of art*.] Blake, having now rejoined them with eighteen fresh ships, renewed the contest with such fury, that neither Trump nor De Ruyter could withstand the encounter, and retired to their own coast after losing six of their ships, and leaving eleven others in the hands of the victors. De Witte, who had distinguished himself in the action, no sooner reached Holland, than he employed every exertion to drive the English from their coast, and Van Trump, with ninety ships, having united with his squadron sought another battle, which took place on the 29th of July, and was contested with increased obstinacy. Blake was now absent from illness, but his old ship, the *Triumph*, was fought as if he had been there to animate his crew. She was attacked by several fire ships in succession, and was at length so completely in flames that half the crew leaped overboard, but those who remained at length succeeded in extinguishing the fire. About noon the gallant Trump was shot through the body, which so discouraged his followers, that they now began to give way, and soon after retreated to their own coast. In this signal defeat the Dutch lost twenty-six ships, and nearly five thousand men killed and wounded. Several of the English fleet were merchant vessels, which in the emergency had been pressed into the service. Monk, suspecting that their captains would not be disposed to incur much damage to their own ships and cargoes, ordered them severally

GEORGE MONK,

to exchange ships, by which shrewd contrivance, having no longer any personal interest except that of acquiring reputation, they fought as stoutly as any in the fleet. The Revolution, which bore Monk's flag, was so shattered that she was towed out of the line. In his letter of the 2d of August, he says he "had the good fortune to bring down three of the five Dutch flags, viz. Trump, Evertzen, and De Ruyter." The Parliament, on receiving the tidings, voted gold chains to be given to Monk, Penn, and Lawson; and took that occasion to present one also to Blake, as an acknowledgement of his great previous services. On the 25th of that month they performed a still more becoming duty, by ordering a General Thanksgiving throughout the land for these signal victories. When Monk came to London he met Cromwell at a great civic feast, on which occasion he put the chain about his neck, and made him wear it during the repast. The Dutch were not less mindful of the merits of their Admirals, and raised a splendid monument at Delft over the remains of the brave Van Trump. Peace being then concluded with them, and Cromwell having possessed himself of all the power without the regalia of sovereignty, he shewed his policy by removing to a distance all those who had been instrumental to his elevation, whose weight in public opinion rendered them inconveniently near observers of the movements of his state machinery. For this cause, in April, 1654, he conferred upon Monk the important appointment of his Deputy in Scotland, where, upon his arrival, he found all the nobility, and most of the people, decidedly hostile to Oliver's rule. But knowing them well, he availed himself of their petty differences, and jealousies of clanship, and soon divided, and thus destroyed, their union against him. He set a price on the head of their Royalist leaders, fixed strong garrisons and collected magazines in the most defensible positions, and in a short period brought the whole country under military subjection. When this was effected, he took up his residence at Dalkeith House, which gave him a near controul of Edinburgh, governing the rest of the kingdom (through the officers he placed in command of each district) with absolute power, and

DUKE OF ALBEMARLE, K. G.

and little trouble, amusing himself with good cheer, gardening, and husbandry.

But it would have been quite unlike Cromwell's usual policy had he trusted him *alone*. He therefore sent a Council to assist him in the conduct of civil affairs; these were Lord Broghill, Generals Disbrow, Howard, Lockhart, Scrope, and Whetham. They however found nothing to correct, and no cause to suspect his fidelity to the Protector, to whom he communicated the most minute intelligence of the intrigues of the Royalists, or the slightest overtures made to them from the exiled family. Among these he sent him an autograph letter from Charles to himself, which he had lately received. Monk seems at that time to have entertained no other principle of conduct than a staunch adherence to the Protector as the wisest course for his own interest; but Oliver, whose own treacherous heart naturally led him to suspect every one, and especially those whom he was obliged to employ, viewed all his agents with distrust, which amounted to alarm, whenever they, like Monk, had risen to such importance in his councils as to assume the appearance of a rival; and there is reason to believe that he had actually resolved to remove him from his command in Scotland, when death unexpectedly extinguished all the worldly fears and schemes of this once daring man, who for many months previous to his dissolution had lost all spirit and all confidence in himself as well as in others. Nevertheless, he corresponded in apparent confidence with Monk to the end of his life. And a long letter, the last he ever wrote to him, has the following curious postscript, which, though under a facetious veil, betrays the real object of his suspicions.

“ There be that tell me that there is a certain cunning fellow in Scotland, called George Monk, who is said to lie in wait there to introduce Charles Stuart—I pray you use your diligence to apprehend him, and send him up to me.”

Although this intimation, which Monk could not have misunderstood, was immediately followed by the death of Oliver, yet on receiving the intelligence, he at once proclaimed Richard Cromwell as

GEORGE MONK,

successor to the Protectorate, and in return received from him a letter, desiring to be guided by his advice. The General thereupon wrote to him a reply, full of good advice and good sense, which, if Richard had been competent to guide the helm, would probably have secured to him his firm support. But every day, and every occurrence which passed at this great crisis of the state, confirmed Monk in his present policy of standing aloof from all further pledges to any party; and made him intent only to secure such authority and influence both in Scotland and in England, as would enable him to stand himself under whatever emergencies might occur.

It has been stated that he managed Scotland chiefly through the influence of the Countess of Buccleuch, and that his confidential correspondence with England was carried on through the medium of Lady Savile. But we much doubt if at that period he trusted his opinions to any one. Standing aloof from the great strife of parties in London, and holding an independent and formidable position in Scotland, at the head of six thousand of the best troops in the army, he had great advantages of personal security, and saw more calmly, and therefore more clearly, than others of Oliver's late adherents, the movements of the great political wheel in its revolution. He saw that Cromwell's party was now split into opposite factions, which it was not in the power of Richard to re-unite. The rivalry of Fairfax and Lambert divided the army in England, nor could he have remained long neutral had he not been far away from their intrigues. He committed himself to no promises, but tampered with the various overtures, which were made to him, in terms so general as to leave himself quite untrammelled. The Parliament, who on the death of the Protector, had lost no time in resuming their ascendancy, though much agitated by a conflict of opinions, concurred in maintaining a successful resistance against the schemes of Lambert and his officers, who were soon compelled to subscribe to their authority; and such was then the predominance of the old Rump spirit among them, that when twenty of the secluded members presented themselves at the house, they commanded the doors to be shut against them.

DUKE OF ALBEMARLE, K. G.

Seeing the necessity of conciliating the army, they sent instructions to Monk and Fairfax to proceed to London. Monk accordingly arrived at the head of his forces on the 6th of January, 1660, and found all men looking with anxiety to the course he might chuse. Orders had been given to prepare the Prince's lodgings at Whitehall for his reception. The Common Council of London had already sent their sword-bearer to meet him, signifying their wishes for a free Parliament, to which he replied, "by a cunning piece which they did not much trust to." On the other hand, the leaders of the Rump party perceiving their peril, would have had Monk seize the crown, and Sir Arthur Hasilrig, on their part, offered to procure him a hundred thousand names to an address, inviting him to take this daring step. On the 9th of January, he marched with his forces into the city by order of the Parliament, arrested several of the Common Council, and forbade their sitting again till other Members were chosen, and proceeded to pull down the gates and other defences which they had caused to be erected. Having performed this duty, he gave his opinion to the House that a free and full Parliament must be assembled. He quitted the Prince's lodgings, declined to dine with my Lords at Whitehall, and leaving them only a scanty guard, he quartered his soldiers in the city, where he established his own residence. Alarmed at this, the Parliament now invited the secluded members to resume their seats, which effectually destroyed the hopes of the Rump—though Monk even then made them a speech, advising the rejection of the overtures they had received from the exiled Charles, and the re-establishment of the Commonwealth. Meanwhile, the Parliament made up their quarrel with the citizens, and ordered their gates and barriers to be erected at the public expense. The House next issued their commission, appointing Monk to be their Lord General of the forces in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and joined him in another commission with the Earl of Sandwich and Lawson, as "Generals at Sea." Here we see Monk's policy, in openly avowing his preference of the Commonwealth. He secured the favour of the Parliament, and then

GEORGE MONK,

made himself independent of them by the supreme controul which they gave him over the whole military force of the country, leaving him at liberty to deal with the great question of the succession as the public feeling might afterwards dictate.

From the hour of Cromwell's death the Royalists had been silently working upon the affections of the people, who soon shewed themselves heartily in favour of the King's return. The leading members in the house were now evidently for his cause, though at this time an order was published requiring all Cavaliers and disbanded officers to depart the town. The soldiers indeed sullenly looked on, being still on the side of the Republicans, and when some afterwards broke forth into murmurs, Monk instantly checked them. About this time General Lambert, who had been committed to the Tower, suddenly escaped into Northamptonshire, where he was quickly arrested by Colonel Ingoldsby, and so entirely lost his courage as to destroy all the hopes of his partisans. It was now April. The Earl of Sandwich was sent for, and resumed the command of the fleet in the Downs, and being entirely in the King's interest, he secured the fidelity of his officers and seamen, who only waited the signal to accomplish the Restoration.

The next important step towards this great object was now taken by the Peers, who had hitherto consented to sit with the Commons ; but when the House met again, they determined to deliberate as a separate chamber, this being indeed the great constitutional security for the conservation of the monarchy. They elected the Earl of Manchester as their Speaker ; and the Commons, like men suddenly restored to their right mind, chose for their Speaker, Sir Harbottle Grimston, an acknowledged Royalist. When the House were assembled, Sir John Grenville appeared at their bar, bearing a letter from the King at Breda, which was received with the utmost respect. The returning sentiment of loyalty seemed unanimous—it was triumphant ! Every member rose and stood uncovered while the Speaker read His Majesty's address. A similar letter had been delivered to the Lords, who now invited the lower House to concur

DUKE OF ALBEMARLE, K. G.

with them in their vote for the immediate establishment of the good old constitution of Kings, Lords, and Commons. The message was received with joy and gratitude, the vote passed by acclamation, and the tidings of this being rapidly spread through the city, the whole population betook themselves to the most lively rejoicings. On the 12th of May, Lord Sandwich sailed with the fleet to bring over the King, having previously changed the names of some of his ships, viz. the Naseby, Richard, Lambert, &c. to others more appropriate to the happy change of affairs. From this recapitulation of the circumstances under which it was accomplished, it will be seen that the position which Monk had assumed upon his arrival in London, placed him in the character of arbitrator between the contending parties ; but until the influence of Fairfax and Lambert gave way to the popular cry in favour of Charles, he seems to have doubted of his success, or he surely would not have risked his future King's displeasure by advising the rejection of his claim. Nor does it appear that the Royalists had then much hopes of him. The Earl of Sandwich, whose pledge was much sooner given, had so little faith in Monk, that he would not communicate with him on the subject until he had received the King's express commands for so doing. He told Pepys even at the last, that the General must be propitiated, for though he believed the King would come in, " Monk would have the doing of it, or *hinder it*."

As the time drew on which proved the real temper of the Parliament and of the people, Monk (if ever he dreamed of succeeding to Cromwell's authority, which many assert, but which we greatly doubt) perceived that " though he could not make *himself* a King, he might go far to restore one." He saw at length the longing desire of the nation was to rid themselves of a council of tyrannical demagogues (with which the Rump again threatened them) by placing the heir of their murdered Sovereign on his throne, as the only retribution which they could now make him ; and when once Monk clearly saw that this was the direct path to honour and re-

GEORGE MONK,

ward, he laboured in earnest that the King should be restored unfettered with conditions.

That glorious opportunity of securing to England benefits the most important to her permanent welfare, then of easy attainment, was lost by the heartless conduct of Charles, by the evil councils of his unprincipled ministers, and above all, by the shock given to public morals through the pernicious example of that most profligate court. It requires no skill to trace up to those causes much of that laxity of public principle, religious as well as political, which now prevails. It has descended to us like a fatal leprosy, checked indeed for a while during the virtuous reign of George the Third, but threatening at no distant time to spread through every class of our fellow subjects, a contagion more destructive than the dreaded Cholera.

The Restoration being achieved, General Monk met the new King upon his landing at Dover on the 29th of May, and on accompanying him to Canterbury His Majesty there invested him with the Order of the Garter. Shortly after this he was created Duke of Albemarle, with a pension of £7000. per annum. He was confirmed in the chief command of the army, appointed Privy Councillor, Master of the Horse, and one of the Lords of the Bedchamber. Such were the overflowing honours and rewards which it was the policy of the Court to heap upon this "long calculating" head.

At the beginning of the war with the States of Holland, which was renewed in 1664, while the Duke of York was absent at sea, in command of the fleet, the management of the Admiralty was added to these preferments. But sometime after his Royal Highness had resumed his functions at the Admiralty, the Duke of Albemarle was joined in commission with Prince Rupert to command the fleet, and they hoisted their flags in April, 1666. Misled by false intelligence, the Prince was detached with eighteen ships, when the Duke with sixty found De Ruyter, with the Dutch fleet of seventy-six, at anchor in a hard gale, and immediately attacked them, engaging his rival's ship at close quarters. Night closed the engage-

DUKE OF ALBEMARLE, K. G.

ment, which was continued with the utmost obstinacy the whole of the next day. Prince Rupert now joined with his division, De Ruyter also had received a re-inforcement, and after an interval of a day, a third desperate conflict took place, in which both sides were so crippled as to be content to crawl into their respective ports. The English on the whole seem to have had the worst of this deadly encounter. Sir William Berkeley who led the fleet was killed and his ship taken ; Sir Christopher Myngs also fell on the second day, and Sir George Ayscough got aground in the Prince, which was burnt, and himself made prisoner. Vanderhulst was the only Dutch Admiral killed, but of the numbers who fell, and the amount of the ships taken and destroyed on either side, the accounts are equally contradictory. Of the subsequent fate of Ayscough we have no trace, but the States of Holland, as a testimony of admiration of Berkeley's heroic conduct, directed Reusch, their celebrated anatomist, to apply his curious process of injecting the body, giving it all the flexibility and freshness of life, and thus sent it over to his noble family, to be deposited with his ancestors.

We know of no period of our naval history, ancient or modern, which presents such examples of close determined conflicts, as occurred during these successive wars with the States of Holland. The English and Dutch seem to have been equally matched, like two implacable bull dogs, which, not content to bite, fasten upon each other with unrelenting fury. Their obstinate courage and hardy seamanship led them at once to close quarters whenever they met ; the ships grappling, and their crews boarding with a tenacity and fierceness almost unexampled.

After the encounter just related, it might have been thought the combatants had enjoyed fighting enough for that season, but the ships were refitted and their companies recruited with such emulation of despatch, that in the following month De Ruyter re-appeared at the head of eighty-eight ships and twenty fire ships ; and on the 25th of July was met again by the Prince and the Duke, with an equal force. On this occasion Sir Thomas Allen led into action

GEORGE MONK,

with the white squadron, and soon defeated the division of Evertzen, who, with his Vice and Rear Admirals, fell in the attack. Prince Rupert and the Duke of Albemarle, who were in one ship were so disabled in encountering that of De Ruyter, that they were compelled to remove into another, in which they in return pressed him so hard, that being left with only seven of his division, he had the greatest difficulty in escaping. Such at one time was his despair, that he exclaimed "what a wretch am I, that among so many thousand bullets not one will deliver me from pain." By extraordinary exertions he saved the remains of his fleet among the shoals of Holland, and his pursuers were obliged to abandon further chase. This victory was decisive. The Dutch lost twenty ships, four Admirals and 7000 men killed and wounded. The English but one ship, three captains, and 300 men. The Prince and Duke, allured by the prospect of a rich booty, soon after despatched Sir Robert Holmes to the Island of Ulie, where he took and destroyed shipping and magazines of immense value. John de Witte, determined to retaliate this severe blow by an attack upon the English arsenals. He had caused accurate soundings to be taken at the mouth of the Thames and Medway, and while the negotiations for peace were slowly proceeding, he contrived, through the Court of Versailles, to induce Charles the Second to lay up his fleet, upon receiving a letter from his mother, the Queen Dowager (who fell into the snare) stating that this was necessary to prove the sincerity of the English Government. Meanwhile, the ships in Holland were silently prepared, and as soon as our fleet was laid up (contrary, as it was said, to the earnest remonstrance of the Duke of Albemarle) De Ruyter, on the 7th of June, 1667, entered the Thames with seventy ships, destroyed the newly erected arsenal at Sheerness, and caused an extraordinary panic by his appearance. The Duke, as Commander of the forces, was sent down to protect Chatham, and caused several ships to be sunk, connected by a chain, to prevent the enemy's approach. But one Broakel, a Dutch captain, probably the same who was afterwards sunk by the Earl of Sandwich in attempting to

DUKE OF ALBEMARLE, K. G.

board him in 1667, being at that time a prisoner on board De Ruyter's ship for some misconduct, volunteered, as the price of his pardon, to break through all their defences, and so well succeeded in leading through the ships of his Admiral, that having broke the chain, he boarded a frigate which guarded the passage, and afterwards burned three of the Dutch prizes that lay near her. The enemy's ships now pushed on as far as Upnor Castle, where they were stopped by the gallant Sir E. Spragge, who, with a small force, was nevertheless so well posted, that he compelled them to retire with considerable loss, but not until they had burnt the Royal Oak in their retreat, and carried off with them the Royal Charles, a first rate ship. The completion of the treaty of peace now put an end to De Ruyter's further designs, but his name was long held in awe in that quarter of Kent.

The Duke of Albemarle held no further naval command, and falling soon after into a dropsy he retired from office, and spent the remainder of his days in privacy. Drawing near his end, he caused the nuptials of his only son, with the daughter of the Lord Ogle, to be celebrated in his presence, and four days after expired in his chair, on the 3rd of January, 1670, at the age of 62.

Monk's degrading connection with the mean woman, who afterwards became his wife, lowered the standard of his manners, as well as of his moral conduct. Thus, as it never fails to do, the crime carried with it the punishment; she ruled the Lord General at will, affronted all his friends with her "ill tongue," and trafficked with his powerful patronage with singular effrontery. Her brother Clarges, whom she procured to be made first physician to the forces, and afterwards a Baronet, appears to have been her agent in some of these corrupt practices. She had the assurance to send him with a message to Lord Sandwich, when at the head of the Admiralty, desiring to have the disposal of the office of Clerk of the Acts (Secretary). To this, the Earl having just conferred it upon Pepys, sent her a severe reply. The latter well knew her character, and gives in his Diary a worse trait of her, which inculpates her no less guilty Lord.

GEORGE MONK,

One Meyer, a merchant, having engaged her to procure the release of an imprisoned brother, the Duchess failed in her promise, and he obtained it through another channel. On this he was summoned to the Duke's presence, who told him the order should be stopped "if he did not immediately *consider the pains of some friends of his in the business.*" But the man was firm; he set his Grace at defiance, and denied all obligation to him. It is doubtless in reference to the notoriety of such dishonourable transactions, that Pepys says, (Diary, Nov. 1666) "My Lord General is become mighty low in all people's opinion—he hath received several slurs from the King and Duke of York; he is grown a sot, and drinks with Troutbecke, whom nobody else will keep company with." The Duke in his drink, taking notice, "as of a wonder, that Nan Hyde should ever come to be Duchesse of York :—' Nay, says Troutbecke, ne'er wonder at that; for if you will give me another bottle of wine, I'll tell you as great, if not greater, a miracle. And what was that but that our dirty Besse should come to be Duchesse of Albemarle.'"

The keenness with which the attainment of wealth and honours was pursued by the Lord General and his Duchesse, was doubtless animated by the hope, inseparable from ambition, that these supposed blessings (rarely so at any time, but never when thus obtained,) would descend through a long succession to their posterity. But these promises of rank and fortune were both defeated. The title and honours became extinct in the next generation, for his son having inherited the Duke's love for the pleasures of the table, wasted his constitution and his estate, and died without issue! One only transaction in his life may be recorded here. Captain Phipps, ancestor of the present Earl of Mulgrave, having a scheme for recovering the treasure sunk in a Spanish galleon on the coast of Hispaniola, Charles the Second gave him a vessel for the purpose, but he repeatedly failed in his attempts, till at length his credit fell so low, that the project would have been entirely abandoned, had not this good-natured Duke of Albemarle advanced him a considerable sum to-

DUKE OF ALBEMARLE, K. G.

wards equipping another vessel, called the Bridgewater Merchant, he, on his part, engaging to his contributors an equal distribution upon twenty shares of the capital so raised. Phipps, to the surprize of every one (except himself) succeeded in this last effort, and brought home £300,000. in silver thus recovered from the bottom of the sea. Of this his own share after all was but £20,000. the Duke receiving £90,000. for the sum which he had lent to him. His Majesty made Phipps a Baronet, and gave his patron the government of Jamaica, where he died a year after a martyr to conviviality.

The Portrait from which our Engraving was made is one of the twelve Admirals painted by Sir Peter Lely for James Duke of York, and was transferred from the Royal Collection of Windsor Castle by His late Majesty King George the Fourth, to the Gallery of Greenwich Hospital.



Engraved by H.T. Rynall.

EDWARD, FIRST EARL OF SANDWICH, K.G.

LIEUTENANT ADMIRAL OF ENGLAND.

PAINTED BY SIR PETER LEIN

PRESENTED TO GREENWICH HOSPITAL BY HIS MAJESTY, KING GEORGE THE FOURTH.

EDWARD MONTAGUE,

EARL OF SANDWICH, K. G.

THIS distinguished nobleman, born 27th of July, 1625, was the only surviving son of Sir Sidney Montague, youngest of the six sons of the Lord Montague, of Boughton, of a high and ancient lineage. Sir Sidney being expelled from his seat in Parliament because he refused to devote himself entirely to the will of their General the Earl of Essex, his son, Edward Montague, the subject of our present memoir, at the early age of eighteen obtained so much of their confidence by reason of his marriage with the daughter of the Lord Crewe of Stene, as to receive a commission in August 1643 to raise a regiment of horse, in the command of which he “fleshed his maiden sword” at the storming of Lincoln, in May, 1644. On the 2nd of July he further distinguished himself in the field of Marston Moor; next at the decisive battle of Naseby, 14th of June, 1645; again, at the assault of Bridgewater in the following July; and he greatly added to his laurels at the storming of Bristol in September of the same year. In proof of the consideration in which he was held for these services, he was appointed to subscribe the articles of capitulation granted to Prince Rupert.

Young as he was, however, and much as he had shared in the triumphs of the Republican army, he appears to have regarded with much jealousy the evident design of Cromwell to overthrow the authority of the Parliament, in which Colonel Montague sat as knight of the shire of Huntingdon. But his connection with that county soon brought him into close association with Oliver, and therefore it is not surprising at so early an age (for he had not even then attained his twenty-second year,) that he should be at length completely won over by the great address of that subtle man, who persuaded him to accept a seat at the Treasury Board, and to take a

EDWARD MONTAGUE,

considerable share in many important state transactions, which he afterwards saw great reason to regret. It is probable that the Protector soon viewed him with the suspicion which he entertained towards all who, like Blake and others, had contributed by their courage and abilities to raise him to that “bad eminence;” and in order to remove Montague to a distance before the conclusion of the Dutch war, he despatched him to serve with the fleet under Blake in the Mediterranean, and in the school of that able and intrepid seaman, acquired such skill and knowledge in maritime affairs, as secured his attachment to the naval service, which shone forth with so much lustre upon the many occasions in which he was afterwards engaged at sea. On the capture of the Spanish galleons off Cadiz, in September 1656, Blake sent them home under the charge of Montague, with a division of the fleet, to give them safe convoy to Portsmouth. The Protector received him with many caresses, and in order to captivate the populace, he caused the silver to be conveyed through the streets of London in open carts and ammunition waggons; and as a further proof of Cromwell’s confidence (or rather of the people’s subjection to his power) he allowed only ten soldiers for the escort of this enormous booty, and so it passed safely into the Tower.

In July, 1657, Montague was appointed to command the fleet assembled in the Downs for three great objects—to watch the movements of the Dutch—to carry on hostilities with Spain—and to forward the proposed enterprize on Dunkirk. To facilitate these operations he held a personal conference with Marechal Turenne, at his camp in that neighbourhood. The Admiral already stood high in the esteem of Oliver, and of his son Richard, the presumptive heir to the Protectorate, so that his influence was considered of great weight in their councils, which nevertheless he secretly disapproved, and especially the unnatural alliance with France, and he would have even then surrendered his command, had he not been persuaded by a confidential letter from Lord Broghill to suspend that purpose for some time longer. Meanwhile he was diligent in executing the

EARL OF SANDWICH, K. G.

instructions which he had received while in command of the fleet ; he maintained the superiority of the English flag, upon which Oliver and his son were particularly strenuous, and searched the Dutch ships for specie with great rigour, in obedience to their orders.

After the death of Cromwell, he was sent in the spring of 1659 with a strong fleet to the Baltic, in which he hoisted his flag on board the *Naseby*, of seventy guns. On his arrival there he wrote letters to the kings of Sweden and Denmark, and also to Opdam, who commanded the Dutch fleet, assuring them that he was not despatched to that quarter for the private advantage of England, but to engage the powers of Europe in an equitable and general pacification. The Parliament however appeared to have had great misgivings as to the fidelity of their Admiral, and as a check on his proceedings, they sent Algernon Sidney, Sir Robert Heywood, and Mr. Boon, as commissioners “ to assist him with their counsel,” though really to maintain a strict watch over him, and supersede his authority if he should falter in his allegiance to them. The Parliament had already shewn him a great slight by disposing of his regiment of horse before his departure. On arriving in the Sound he took his share with those commissioners in the negotiations with the foreign courts, and proved himself as skilful in the management of political affairs as he had already appeared in military services. Meanwhile, Charles the second, who had anxiously watched the progress of events from the period of Cromwell’s last illness, saw the importance of securing the influence of Admiral Montague, and thus bringing over the fleet to support his final effort for the recovery of his crown. Sir George Booth was accordingly despatched with an autograph letter from the King, and another from his faithful Chancellor, Lord Clarendon, which he succeeded in delivering safe into the Admiral’s hands, through the medium of his cousin, Mr. Edward Montague, who had accompanied the Earl from England. These letters effectually accomplished their purpose. Montague, heartily weary of the Republican tyranny, first exercised

EDWARD MONTAGUE,

by the Parliament, and then by a Usurper, and disgusted with his colleagues, who were eagerly anticipating their return to the old democracy, resolved at once to proceed with the fleet to England. For this purpose he summoned his officers to a council of war, at which he stated that "as they had no authority to fight, and could not remain neuter, it was his opinion they might as well go home." He informed them of the struggle which was going on in England between the army and the Parliament, and observed, that "if a new government was to be settled at home, he thought respect ought to be had to the interests of the fleet." He concluded this dexterous address, so well contrived to win their acceptance, by saying, "he would be entirely determined by their opinion, but one thing he must add,—provisions were become so short, that if they should resolve to stay, they must consent at once to go to half allowance." This conclusion turned the scale in a moment—the proposal was clamorously adopted, the fleet weighed immediately, and proceeded direct for England, leaving the commissioners to negotiate as they might after his departure. But Montague's ardour received an unexpected check on his arrival in England, where he found an alarming re-action in politics. Sir George Booth, the agent, who brought his letters from the King, being already "clapped up" in the Tower—the Parliament restored to its authority, and a formidable charge made against himself, for corresponding with the King, which Algernon Sidney had sent home, in readiness to burst upon his head. On hearing these things, Montague saw that not a moment was to be lost in meeting the danger which threatened him. He proceeded to London, took his seat in parliament, and from his place in the house he made a defence of his whole conduct, so able and ingenious as to disarm his enemies, who were compelled to abandon the impeachment, and were satisfied with his removal from the command, which was forthwith bestowed on Lawson, a zealous Anabaptist.

Escaped this danger, and not chusing to risque a visit to the Tower, Montague prudently retired to his estate, nor did he make

EARL OF SANDWICH, K. G.

any advances to return to London until he was expressly invited by General Monk to join the Royalists. Even then, *mistrusting the man*, he paused until he had secretly ascertained the King's pleasure. This being conveyed to him, he immediately forwarded a list of such of the naval officers as he knew might be safely trusted by his Majesty, still anxiously enquiring if the King had a full assurance of the General; and even then required from Monk himself that "no notice should yet be taken by his Excellency as to how his inclinations stood."

On receiving this encouragement he rejoined the fleet, which he now found unanimous in favour of their exiled King. Even Lawson, notwithstanding his religious prejudices, which had hitherto bound him to the interest of Cromwell, warmly engaged in the cause of the Restoration. Charles now sent over his declaration to the people of England and to both houses of Parliament, and addressed a letter to Monk and Sandwich conjointly, as "Generals at sea," calling upon the officers and seamen of the fleet to return to their allegiance. These important papers were dated from Breda, the $\frac{4}{14}$ April, 1660. On receiving these instructions, Admiral Montague leaving only two or three ships behind to amuse the Parliament, proceeded with the fleet to Scheveling, and having received on board the King and his little court, they reached the Downs on the 28th of May.

Here he received the first mark of the King's favour, who invested him with the Garter, and on the following day his Majesty happily landed at Dover, and thence made his triumphant progress to London. On Montague higher distinctions were shortly after bestowed, as a reward for his important services. On the 12th of July he was created Baron Montague of St. Neot's, Viscount Hinchinbrooke of Huntingdon, and Earl of Sandwich in the county of Kent. In addition to these patrician honours, he was sworn of the King's Privy Council, appointed Master of the Wardrobe, Admiral of the Narrow Seas, and Lieutenant-Admiral of England, under the Duke of York, who was at the same time placed in the responsible station of Lord High Admiral.

EDWARD MONTAGUE,

This was a most wise and beneficial measure to the naval interests of the kingdom. The Earl of Sandwich was enabled to render the most important assistance to his royal master by throwing the whole weight of his influence and abilities into the administration of sea affairs, which were now put on a new system. Energy and activity were infused into every department of the service, which had hitherto languished for want of science and method, not more than from the abuses which long neglect had engendered; and though the reign of Charles the second was not the most convenient season for purging public offices from the low traffic of bribes and jobbing, much of which continued to a far later period, the Royal Navy was greatly indebted to the administration of the Duke of York, who in the person of the Earl of Sandwich, and still more perhaps in their well known secretary, Mr. Pepys, secured the most efficient and active zeal in every measure which might promote the welfare of this most important department of the State. This remarkable man who was the son of a tailor at Brampton, had been reared in the household of the Earl at Hinchinbrooke; and having proved himself a lad of great acuteness and indefatigable application to business, applied these qualities with much honour to himself, and much benefit to the service, when brought into office at the Admiralty by his distinguished patron, who by this act probably served the State as effectually as by the most brilliant of his own military successes.

The private Diary and Correspondence of Mr. Secretary Pepys; deciphered a few years since and given to the public by Lord Braybrooke, affords the most abundant evidence of the value of those services which we have just noticed; and, as historical memoirs, they throw much light upon many political transactions which were heretofore involved in obscurity.

In June, 1661, the Earl hoisted his flag in command of a stout fleet destined for the Mediterranean: there he bombarded Algiers, and burnt several of their corsairs. As under the treaty of marriage with the Court of Portugal, the fortress of Tangier was to form part of the portion of the Infanta Catherine, the Earl proceeded

EARL OF SANDWICH, K. G.

to take possession of that port, and there leaving Sir John Lawson in possession, he pursued his course to Lisbon, and having received his future Queen on board, he conveyed Her to England, where she landed in May, 1662.

On the opening of the Dutch war in 1664, for which both nations had been for some time preparing, the Duke of York assumed the chief command of the fleet, in which Prince Rupert commanded the White squadron, and the Earl of Sandwich the Blue squadron, under His Royal Highness. In the bloody battle off Lowestoffe, which was fought with Admiral Opdam on the 3rd of June, 1665, the Earl led his division into the centre of the enemy's fleet, and thus dividing it into two parts, greatly facilitated the victory of his colleagues. Opdam on putting to sea had received from the pensionary John De Witte positive instructions to fight the English at all hazards. This order, being at variance with his own judgment, he laid before a council of war previous to the engagement. His officers entirely acquiesced in his opinion. Whereupon the Admiral, with a foreboding spirit, thus addressed his officers: "I heartily concur with your sentiments, but here are my orders: to-morrow my head shall be bound with laurel or with cypress." This phrase in later times was often in the thoughts, and sometimes on the lips, of the late Lord Nelson upon his entrance to battle. Of the Dutch eighteen ships were taken, and fourteen destroyed; but their greatest loss was in their gallant commander, who while engaging the flag-ship of the Duke of York was blown up in the Eindracht of eighty-four guns with all his crew. Upon the return of the victors to England, it is said the Queen Mother entreated that the person of the heir presumptive to the throne might not again be exposed to the hazard of the seas. The Duke of York thereupon resigned the command of the fleet, which the King conferred on the Earl of Sandwich.

The ships having repaired their damages, he sailed on the 5th of July following for the coast of Holland, in command of sixty ships of war, still bearing the royal standard as the Duke of York's lieute-

EDWARD MONTAGUE,

nant ; but the Hollanders were not disposed to quit their ports, or risk another action so soon after their late defeat. The Earl having received intelligence that the Dutch East India and Smyrna convoys had taken shelter at Bergen, he detached Sir Thomas Tyddiman with fourteen ships of the line, directing him to get possession of the Dutchmen, if possible without violating the neutrality of the Danish port, for which purpose a secret arrangement appears to have been made by the governor, but from the want of a right understanding between him and the English Admiral, the project entirely failed ; so that after much altercation, and some firing between the ships and the batteries, Tyddiman had the great mortification of returning home unsuccessful. Meanwhile the Earl himself had continued cruising with part of his fleet off the coast of Holland, where in a heavy gale of wind on the 4th of September he had the good fortune to encounter De Ruyter returning from the North, with a large and valuable convoy under his protection. Of these the Earl captured eight men of war and several of the merchant ships ; and a few days after, twenty more of the richest of the convoy with four men of war which guarded them, were taken by a division of his fleet, and brought safe into the Thames. This, which the Earl hailed as a piece of extraordinary good fortune, proved to him the greatest misfortune which ever befel him, for some of the captors having broken bulk on board the prizes, and landed jewels and other valuable property to a very large amount, (as we fear with the Earl's privity, if not to his profit), the clamour became so great upon its being noised abroad, that it rendered him exceedingly unpopular. Adverting to this transaction, Pepys makes no attempt to exculpate his noble patron, but mentions it as " the greatest evil of that year, (1666) which had quite undone the Earl, and his interest at Court." His friends found it necessary to sue out a pardon from the King for this part of his conduct, and for the attack upon Bergen, which the Earl had undertaken on no other authority than a private conversation with the King, who though the Admiral's warm friend, could not support him against the hostility of the " Cabal," who now

EARL OF SANDWICH, K. G.

openly exerted themselves to crush the influence which he had so long enjoyed. The Duke of Buckingham in Parliament charged him with "robbing the King," and in both houses, enquiry, and impeachment as its result, was threatened against him. The King at this time, probably moved with a desire to relieve him from this violence, appointed the Earl to proceed forthwith as his ambassador to the Court of Spain to negotiate a commercial treaty between the two nations, and to settle the terms of pacification between Spain and Portugal. In prosecuting the first of these objects, the Earl shewed so much knowledge and acuteness in the management of the negociation, as to obtain great credit from his own as well as from the Spanish government. He carried all his propositions, which were embodied in forty articles, and the treaty was signed at Madrid on the 13th of May, 1667. He next entered upon the more delicate and difficult negociation with the Courts of Lisbon and Madrid, which he conducted with so much address and impartiality, that he had the happiness of closing the hostilities which had so long subsisted between the two nations, by the treaty of peace which was signed at Lisbon on the 13th of February, 1668, and he returned to England in the autumn of the same year. The reception which he met from his royal master was highly gratifying; and as a mark of his favour, in the following year a Council of Trade and Plantations being established, the King constituted him its first President, appointing at the same time the Duke of York, Prince Rupert and other high personages, to be members of this new Board.

In the year 1672, war recommenced with the States of Holland, and each party prepared for the contest, the respective fleets being greatly increased in strength, well equipped, and ably commanded. The Duke of York once more assumed the chief command: the Blue squadron being entrusted to the Earl of Sandwich, and the White squadron was given to the Comte D'Estrées, the French being now allies. The fleet having put to sea, in number one hundred men of war, towards the end of May anchored in Southwold Bay, on the coast of Suffolk, for the purpose of replenishing water. On the

EDWARD MONTAGUE,

27th of that month, being Whitsunday, great part of the ships' crews were on shore merry-making in the neighbouring villages. The weather being very hazy, the Earl is said to have suggested to the Duke of York that it might be well for the ships to get under weigh that night, lest the Dutch fleet, which were believed to be out, should come upon them unexpectedly at anchor. "His Royal Highness's reply seemed to hint that the Admiral spoke out of fear," which if really conveying such an insinuation was most unwarrantable. Accordingly they did not weigh; but when the day broke at three next morning, the Dutch fleet was descried advancing upon them, and the signal was then made to weigh instantly, "the ships hurrying out, many of the captains cutting their cables, so great was the press." The Royal James, of one hundred guns, bearing the Earl of Sandwich's flag, was the first ship out; and as soon as the line of battle was formed, he led the encounter, falling furiously upon the division of Van Ghent, who was killed among the first of those who fell under his fire. Several of the ships of his division were already disabled by the incessant cannonade which was maintained by the Earl and his followers. Adrian Braakel, a brave Dutch captain, laid his fire ship athwart the bows of the Royal James, which presently sunk him and two others which successively grappled her, and attempted to board. But by this time her hull being pierced with many shot holes, her masts and rigging grievously injured, and most of her men killed or wounded, the ship became very leaky and quite ungovernable. The other ships were so warmly engaged with their several opponents that none came to his rescue, though Sir Jos. Jordain to whom the Earl had sent his barge demanding assistance, soon after passed him close to windward to aid the Duke, whose ship was also warmly pressed. On seeing himself thus deserted, the Earl, turning to his captain, said, "there is now nothing left for us but to defend the ship to the last man; and those who knew him, at once understood that by the *last man* he meant himself." At length he was grappled by a fourth fire ship, from which his now enfeebled and diminished crew in vain strove to

EARL OF SANDWICH, K. G.

disengage her ; she clung like the fatal mantle of the centaur, and consumed the gallant ship as she lay immoveable. In this crisis of his fate the brave Earl desired his captain (Sir Richard Haddock) and all his followers to provide for their own safety by lowering a boat. This order was obeyed with reluctance. Several of the seamen refused to quit their heroic Chief, and by his encouragement renewed their efforts to subdue the flames, which had now gotten the mastery ; but presently after the ship blew up, with the Admiral and the faithful remnant of his crew.

A fortnight after the battle the body of the Earl was found floating on the sea almost unblemished, except some slight scorching on the face and breast ; and being recognized by the *George* on his coat, was taken up by an English ketch and conveyed to Harwich, where it was embalmed, and thence removed by the King's order to Westminster, and there interred with great pomp, at the royal charge, in the Duke of Albemarle's vault in Henry the Seventh's chapel. It is somewhat remarkable that his heart, which upon the embalming had been removed to Hinchinbrooke, and there deposited in a marble vase in the " ship room," surrounded with pictures of his battles, was burnt only two years ago by an accidental fire which consumed that part of the mansion.

By the Earl's marriage in 1643 with Jemima, daughter of the Lord Crewe, he left one son, who followed his much honoured remains to the tomb, and inherited his titles and estates.

The Earl's character may be gathered from the summary of his actions in the foregoing pages ; but it is due to his memory to present our readers with the testimony of his accomplished friend Mr. Evelyn, who had the best opportunity of estimating his merits, and whose high probity is a sure guarantee for the justness of his honourable verdict.

Extract from Diary, 31st of May, 1672.

" Here I cannot but make some reflections on things past. It was above a day or two that going to White-Hall to take leave of his

EDWARD MONTAGUE,

Lordship, who had his lodgings in the Privy Garden, shaking me by the hand he bid me God-b'ye, and said he thought he should see me no more ; and I saw to my thinking something boading in his countenance ; No, says he, they will not have me live. Had I lost a fleete (meaning on his returne from Bergen when he tooke the East India prize) I should have fared better ; but be it as it pleases God,—I must do something, I know not what, to save my reputation.

“ Something to this effect he hinted to me ; thus I took my leave. I well remember that the Duke of Albemarle and my now Lord Clifford, had, I knew not why, no greate opinion of his courage, because in former conflicts, being an able and experienced seaman (which neither of them were,) he always brought off his Majesty's ships without losse, tho' not without as many markes of true courage as the stoutest of them ; and I am a witnesse that in the late war his owne ship was pierced like a cullendar. But the businesse was, he was utterly against this war from the beginning, and abhorred the attacquing of the Smyrna fleete ; he did not favour the heady expedition of Clifford at Bergen, nor was he so furious and confident as was the Duke of Albemarle, who believed he could vanquish the Hollanders with one squadron. My Lord Sandwich was prudent as well as valiant, and always governed his affairs with successe and little losse ; he was for deliberation and reason, they for action and slaughter without either, and for this, whispered as if my Lord Sandwich was not so gallant, because he was not so rash, and knew how fatal it was to lose a fleete, such as was that under his conduct, and for which these very persons would have censured him on the other side. This it was, I am confident, grieved him, and made him enter like a lion, and fight like one too, in the midst of the hottest service, where the stoutest of the rest seeing him engaged, and so many ships upon him, durst not, or would not, come to his succour, as some of them, whom I knew, might have done. Thus this gallant person perished to gratifie the pride and envy of some I named.

EARL OF SANDWICH, K. G.

“Deplorable was the losse of one of the best accomplished persons, not onely of this nation but of any other. He was learned in sea affaires, in politics, in mathematics, and in musiq; he had been on divers embassies, was of a sweete and obliging temper, sober, chast, very ingenious, a true nobleman, an ornament to the court and his Prince; nor has he left any behind him who approach his many virtues. He had, I confesse, served the tyrant Cromwell when a young man, but ’twas without malice, as a souldier of fortune; and he readily submitted, and that with joy, bringing an entire fleete with him from the Sound at the first tidings of his Majestie’s Restauration. I verily believe him as faithfull a subject as any that were not his friends. I am yet heartily grieved at this mighty losse, nor do I call it to my thoughts without emotion.”

Our portrait is engraved from the fine picture by Sir Peter Lely, which formed one of the set of twelve Admirals painted by order of James Duke of York, and lately transferred from Windsor Castle as a part of the princely donation to the Hospital by his late Majesty. The Gallery contains another portrait of his Lordship by the same hand, presented by the late Earl of Sandwich, but not equal in point of execution to that which we have chosen for this work.



Engraved by W. Holl

SIR GEORGE ROOKE, KNT

VICE ADMIRAL OF ENGLAND.

PAINTED BY DAVID.

PRESENTED TO GREENWICH HOSPITAL, BY HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE THE FOURTH

ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE ROOKE, K^T.

IN recording the lives of eminent persons, one of the greatest impediments to the labours of the biographer, and the judgment of his readers, arises from the contradictory testimony of those Historians whom he has occasion to consult, while adjusting the measure of praise or of blame to which the character and conduct of public men are entitled. If the hue of the chameleon is said to vary according to the ground on which it stands, not less variable is the view of distinguished men, when contemplated through the medium of party prejudice or favour,—and though our distance from the times in which they lived, confers the advantage of a more sober, and impartial estimate, yet we are still liable to be misled by the evidence of their contemporaries, to whom the facts were more familiar, but whose opinions were less unbiassed than our own. Nay, we must not conceal it from ourselves, that even time and distance do not remove prejudice. It is constitutional,—it is hereditary. The distinctions of Cavalier and Roundhead,—of Whig and Tory,—of Papist and Protestant,—of Churchman and Dissenter, operate almost insensibly upon the most virtuous and enlightened minds, and thus prejudice continually intercepts the truth in its descent to us, by refracting its rays and exhibiting it to our minds under our own favourite colours.

For our part we never took up a volume of History without much mistrust of its contents, knowing the infinite trouble of sifting truth from falsehood, and the consequent uncertainty of the evidence upon which history is founded, and moreover feeling the necessity of making a large deduction at the end for the peculiar bias of the author's political creed. It is said that Sir Robert Walpole in his last illness called for a book; his son asked if he would have History

ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE ROOKE, K^T.

or what other subject.—“Not History by any means,” replied the dying Statesman, “for that *must* be lies!”

In the short space we have already proceeded in the execution of our present work, how great and often how unsatisfactory has been the labour of weighing the contradictory statements of different authors regarding transactions of great public notoriety. Even when agreeing as to the facts, how different their inferences as to the motives of the principal actors, insomuch that the two portraits thus presented to the Reader, sometimes possess scarcely a single feature in common, and perhaps as little resemblance to the original.

In recording the life and services of the able officer, who is the subject of our present memoir, we find more unanimity as to his merits, than as to some others whose public conduct has been the subject of our enquiries, although Sir George Rooke, with all his claims to public acknowledgment, suffered severely during his life from those misrepresentations, which his zealous attachment to Tory politics, brought upon him on several important occasions.

The ancestors of this excellent officer were first seated at Mersham in the County of Kent. Sir William Rooke, who served the office of High Sheriff, and was knighted in the last year of King Charles the Second, having purchased the Priory of St. Lawrence, Canterbury, this his eldest son George was born at that place A. D. 1650. He received an excellent education to qualify him for civil affairs, but having acquired a strong predilection for the sea-service, his father yielded to his wishes, and he entered the Royal Navy as a volunteer, and gave proof that the natural bent of his genius had taken its right direction. Before he reached the age of thirty he was made Post Captain, and at the period of the Revolution commanded the *Deptford* of fifty guns. In 1689, Herbert Lord Torrington selected him for the command of a detachment of ships with the rank of Commodore, with which he proceeded to the coast of Ireland, where he shewed great skill and courage in

ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE ROOKE, K^T.

cooperating with General Kirke in the relief of Londonderry. He next escorted the army of the Duke of Schomberg to Carrickfergus, and having performed this service, he looked into the Port of Dublin (where the deposed James then was), designing to destroy all his ships in the harbour, which were only saved from destruction by a desperate gale that drove the Commodore and his squadron to sea.

His next enterprize was to sail into the Cove of Cork, where he made good his landing amidst the fire of the batteries, and took possession of the Island. He had meditated further operations, but finding that his ships now required careening, and his provisions were nearly expended, he was compelled to proceed to the Downs. The manner in which the Commodore had acquitted himself on these services, strongly recommended him to his new master, and on the recommendation of the Earl of Torrington, he was promoted to be Rear-Admiral of the Red squadron of his fleet, in which he hoisted his flag and bore a part in the indecisive action with Tourville off Beachy Head, on the 30th of June of that year. On the enquiry before the House of Lords as to the merits of that unpopular affair, Rooke together with Sir J. Ashby were called upon to give their evidence, and it tended to exculpate the Earl from the misconduct with which he had been charged. Soon after this he was appointed to command the squadron which conveyed the King to Holland, and then joined the Grand Fleet under Admiral Russell. In the following year he was again selected to carry the King to Holland, and was thereupon advanced to the rank of Vice Admiral of the Blue squadron of Russell's fleet, in which he had the honour to bear a distinguished part in the battle off La Hogue, on the 19th of May, 1692. Part of the French force having pushed into La Hogue, out of gun shot of the English fleet, Rooke offered his services (Sir Cloudesley being taken ill) to burn their ships as they lay. It was Admiral Russell's intention that the attack should be made by a division of ships of the line, but on reconnoitring the position of the enemy, Rooke found they were hauled up so high,

ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE ROOKE, K^T.

that the depth of water would not admit the English ships of great draught of water to approach sufficiently near to do effective execution. The whole of the troops designed for the invasion of England were in position and lined the shore, which was further defended by heavy batteries. Fireships and other small vessels flanked the ships of the line, which were supported by all these extraordinary means of defence. Rooke having narrowly inspected their position, resolved at once to abandon the purpose of attacking with his ships, and to advance on them with only the boats of his squadron, which he led in person that same night under cover of a well directed fire from his frigates and lighter vessels. This heroic attack proved completely successful. They burnt six three deckers that night, and on the following morning they destroyed in like manner seven other ships carrying from 76 to 66 guns, together with most of the transports and ammunition vessels which had been prepared for the conveyance of James's army to the British shore. Great as was their success it is most extraordinary that it should have been accomplished with the loss of only ten of his men, so well was the plan concerted, and so suddenly executed. The seamen rivalling their officers, who should first board the huge ships of the enemy as they lay aground, and all animated by the presence, and inspired by the gallantry of their Admiral who led them to the attack. James stood with his son the Duke of Berwick, and several of his officers upon a height, watching with mingled feelings of anxiety and admiration the noble exploit of his former followers, and as he watched them scaling the lofty sides of the French first-rates, he exclaimed, "None but my brave English could have done this," a testimony which though highly creditable to his British feelings, was received with much umbrage by the Marechal Bellefonde and others of the French officers of distinction who stood by his side. This exploit obtained also the warm admiration of King William, who it is said settled a pension of 1000*l*. on Rooke, and soon after raised him to the rank of Vice Admiral of the Red. The King visited Russell's Fleet on its return to Portsmouth after the victory,

ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE ROOKE, K^T.

when as a further mark of favour to Rooke, he dined with him on board the *Neptune*, which bore his flag, and took that opportunity of conferring on him the honour of knighthood.

In the summer of 1693 Sir George Rooke was directed to escort the Smyrna convoy to the Mediterranean, the grand fleet accompanying him a certain distance, apprehensive that the French fleet under Tourville, who had early notice of their sailing might lie in wait for their approach. Rooke, though supplied with no intelligence, would have prevailed with the other Admirals to proceed with him further, and on their parting company he took every precaution to secure his valuable convoy from surprize, but in vain, for on the 17th June they descried Tourville's fleet off Lagos Bay, consisting of one hundred and twenty men of war, of which sixty-four were of the line, including eighteen three deckers,—Rooke had only thirteen English and ten Dutch ships of the line to protect a convoy of nearly four hundred merchant vessels. Obeying the natural impulse of his character, he invited his Dutch colleague Admiral Callembourg to fight the enemy, relying upon his seamanship to beat them in detail, but the Hollander, having no relish for the unequal contest, declined the proposal, whereupon the Admiral stood off under easy sail, and dispatched a frigate to order the ships of his convoy to run for the nearest Spanish ports, and as the French shewed no disposition to attack the men of war, he brought home all his fleet in safety, together with sixty sail of the merchant vessels,—a like number got into Cadiz,—and the French Admiral, intent only upon plunder, secured ninety of the stragglers, the rest escaping into other ports. This was a severe blow to the owners and underwriters in England, who nevertheless were so well satisfied with the English Admiral's able conduct, that they sent him a vote of thanks, and the King soon after, as a further mark of favour, appointed him one of his Commissioners of the Admiralty. Notwithstanding these tokens of approbation, the matter was taken up in Parliament as a political question, and produced great ferment some time after. The House of Commons declared there had been treachery in the affair,

ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE ROOKE, K^T.

and it was not until after a rigid examination of the Admiral and others, that the clamour which had been raised, solely for party purposes, was allayed.—When Rooke appeared at their Bar, on that occasion, he was suffering great anguish from a paroxysm of the gout, but though unable to stand, he recounted his proceedings with such manliness and rectitude of judgment, that his political adversaries, who had hoped to play upon his naturally irritable spirit, were themselves confounded, and obliged to acknowledge him guiltless of any misconduct in the affair.

In 1695 Sir George held the chief command in the Mediterranean, having seventy ships of war under his flag; but though greatly inferior to the enemy he gave complete protection to the British trade, nor was the French Admiral disposed to measure swords with him. Having returned to England, the following year his force was augmented to eighty-five sail of the line, with which he determined to destroy the whole French fleet in the port of Brest, or compel them to give him battle at sea, but being summoned to attend his duty at the Board of Admiralty, the king's ministers were so long in debating as to the expediency of his undertaking, that the season was lost.

In 1697, Russell being created Earl of Orford, and wholly occupied with his ministerial duties, the chief command of the fleet was conferred on Sir George Rooke. But the French still avoided a battle, and gave him no opportunity of adding to his reputation by another victory. While off their coast he seized a large fleet of Swedish vessels, the cargoes of which he had reason to know were French property, and in spite of the most vehement clamour sent them into Plymouth for adjudication. The Court of Admiralty decreed the whole to be lawful prize, and exposed a tissue of fraud which effectually justified the Admiral in this bold proceeding, and greatly enriched the captors.

This was one of the last occurrences of the war, at the conclusion of which the fleet was laid up, and Sir George being elected Member for Portsmouth, gave his constant attention to his duties at the

ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE ROOKE, K^T.

Admiralty Board, and in Parliament, where he voted chiefly with the Tories, to whose principles he was steadily attached. Great pains were taken to injure him in the King's favour and deprive him of his seat at the Board of Admiralty. In reply to these suggestions His Majesty said "No: Sir George Rooke served me faithfully at sea, and I will never displace him for acting as he thinks most for the service of his Country in the House of Commons."

The year 1699 passed in peace; but in the ensuing year a design against the dominions of Charles XII. of Sweden being entertained by others of the northern Powers, King William despatched a stout squadron under Sir George Rooke with instructions to give every support to the young king. In this delicate and difficult service Rooke acquitted himself with great honour. He held the balance with equal prudence and firmness between the rival kings of Denmark and of Sweden. Having employed without success every remonstrance with the former, Sir George proceeded in execution of his instructions to bombard Copenhagen, an argument more effectual than negotiation to persuade that monarch to accede to terms of pacification with Sweden; but when Charles, presuming on this success, pressed the English Admiral to take more rigorous measures with the Danes, he calmly replied, "Sir, I was sent hither to serve your majesty, but not to ruin the king of Denmark." The two kings were thus compelled to consent to a cessation of hostilities; and by the English Admiral's judicious firmness the balance of power in the North was preserved without compromising his own nation. A portion of the fleet employed on this occasion was Dutch, and the States General upon his return thanked King William for having entrusted the service to so prudent a commander, esteeming him the best officer and greatest seaman of the age, although their own service could boast of many able and distinguished men.

Sir George was re-elected to sit in Parliament for Portsmouth, and still adhered to his Tory friends amidst the violence of party disputes in which the Whig administration were involved; and it is

ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE ROOKE, K^T.

remarkable that though they were enabled to command a majority sufficient to conduct the King's affairs, they were defeated in the election of a Speaker, who was supported by Harley, Rooke, and others connected with the government, and who were nevertheless permitted by the King to keep their places.

On the accession of Queen Anne in 1702, Her Majesty constituted her royal consort, George Prince of Denmark, to be Generalissimo of her forces by sea and land, and appointed Sir George Rooke by commission to be her "Vice Admiral and Lieutenant of the Admiralty of England, as also Lieutenant of the Fleets and Seas of this Kingdom." The war of the succession having now commenced, it was resolved to make a grand attack on Cadiz: the Duke of Ormond was appointed to command the land forces, and Sir George Rooke the fleet, hoisting his flag on board the Royal Sovereign of 110 guns, and taking under his orders thirty English and twenty Dutch ships of the line: the troops embarked amounting to 13,000 men. On their arrival off Cadiz the Governor was summoned, but refused to surrender the place. The Duke of Ormond thereupon landed, and took possession of the forts of Catalina and S^a Maria; and the Admiral was preparing to bombard the other forts, when it was urged by the Prince of Hesse that this could not be effected without throwing shot and shells into the city, and thereby provoking the inhabitants against Charles, the Austrian candidate for the Spanish throne, on whose behalf they were acting. This point created warm discussion between the Duke of Ormond and Sir George Rooke, who thus checked in his operations, resolved to withdraw from Cadiz. Having received intelligence that the Plate fleet, under convoy of a French squadron, had got into the port of Vigo, they agreed to proceed thither with their forces. The Duke landed 3000 men and stormed the town, while Rooke with the men of war, led by the brave Captain Hopson, who broke the boom, succeeded in taking and destroying seventeen ships, six of the galleons being taken by the English and five by the Dutch, who burnt six others. The plunder, in specie and goods, brought

ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE ROOKE, K^T.

away was valued at seven millions of dollars. For this important service the commanders and their gallant associates received the thanks of Parliament, and Rooke was made one of the Queen's Privy Council. The Archduke Charles having come to England, embarked with Sir George Rooke, who thereupon proceeded with a strong fleet to Lisbon. Here a point of etiquette which threatened some jealousy was settled at once by the prompt good sense of Sir George. The King of Portugal insisted that on visiting Charles on board the Admiral's ship the English flag should be struck, his own hoisted, and so continue until he relanded. The Admiral said "This could not be: he was ready to hoist the Portuguese flag as long as his visitor remained on board, but as soon as he left the ship he must rehoist his own flag, to shew by *whose* authority he commanded." Having landed the King, the Admiral proceeded to Barcelona, having been assured that city would open her gates to Charles. On arriving there however he found his rival Philip the favourite of the inhabitants; and having chased the fleet of Comte Tourville into Toulon, he returned through the Straits to Lagos, off which he was joined by a reinforcement from England under Sir Cloudesley Shovel, with whom he continued to cruise, expecting intelligence from home or from the court of Spain. Receiving none, he held a council of his officers in Tetuan Bay on the 17th of July, at which various schemes were proposed and successively abandoned; at length Rooke himself proposed an attack upon Gibraltar, and this being adopted they put to sea immediately, and on the 21st entered the bay with a fair wind. The Admiral immediately landed the Prince of Hesse with 1800 marines, English and Dutch, upon the isthmus, in order to cut off all intercourse between the Rock and the adjacent country. His Highness having summoned the Governor, he declared he would defend the fortress to the last extremity. Sir George lost no time in mooring his ships with their broadsides to bombard the place; and after a furious cannonade of six hours, seeing the Spaniards flying from the batteries, he ordered the boats of the fleet,

ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE ROOKE, K^T.

manned and armed, to proceed to land and secure the great platform. They were bravely led by Captains Hicks and Jumper, who completely succeeded in their object, but not without heavy loss, for the garrison upon their retreat sprung a mine under one of the forts, by which two lieutenants and forty marines were killed, together with sixty of their brave seamen. They however kept possession till the following day, when Captain Whitaker with a strong reinforcement of seamen having landed, another strong battery was carried sword in hand between the south mole and the town, which made them masters of most of the enemy's cannon. On this Sir George renewed to the Governor terms of capitulation, which he now readily accepted, and the place thus happily surrendered to them. The possession of this most important position was secured to us by the treaty of Utrecht. It is remarkable that at the period of its capture, and even when ceded to the crown of England, how lightly its value was esteemed, either by the British ministry or by the other Powers who were parties to the treaty. Gibraltar grew into importance in the succeeding war, when it was discovered that the maritime superiority of the Mediterranean rested mainly on the possession of this its only barrier, which no considerable fleet can pass without observation; while the Straits afford to the party possessing it the means of opposing a much superior force, as well as the great advantage of a Bay open at all times for the purposes of rendezvous and refreshment. No maritime power in the world is now insensible to its great value; and we trust that no interests or arguments of policy will ever induce our rulers to risk the loss of it by undue economy of its resources, or the strength of its garrison. No man in Europe estimated its importance higher than Napoleon Bonaparte. It was often the theme of his discussions with the officers on board the English ships in which he was embarked. The author of this memoir, when he was at Elba in 1814, heard the ex-Emperor express himself warmly on this subject at his own table; he observed that no loss of troops, however severe, should have

ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE ROOKE, K^T.

deterred the Spaniards from recovering the possession of Gibraltar, *at any cost*, and had he been King of Spain he never would have rested till he had wrenched it out of our hands.

Gibraltar being thus gallantly taken, Sir George shortly after, on returning from a cruise on the coast of Barbary, on the 9th of August, 1704, fell in with the grand fleet under the Comte de Thoulouse, High Admiral of France, and son of the French king, who had recently put to sea from Toulon with fifty-two ships of the line and twenty-four gallies. On consulting his officers Rooke resolved to await their approach to the eastward of Gibraltar; but finding that the French Admiral was standing from them, he followed them with all sail. On the following day he got near enough to force one of their ships on shore off Fuengarolo, where she was burnt by her own crew. On the 13th he brought them to action off Malaga: the Comte himself commanding the White squadron in the centre. Rooke's line consisted of fifty-three ships, himself with Rear-Admirals Byng and Dilkes in the centre, Shovel and Leake in the van, and the Dutch in the rear. "At 10 o'clock the fleet bore down to attack
" the enemy, when suddenly the French ships set all their sails at
" once to stretch a-head and weather them, so that Sir George having
" fired a chace gun at the French Admiral, *to stay for him, of which*
" *he took no notice*, put the signal out and began the battle, which
" fell very heavy on the Royal Katherine (his own ship), the St.
" George and the Shrewsbury. About two in the afternoon the
" enemy's van gave way to ours, and the battle ended with the day,
" when the enemy went away by the help of their gallies to the
" leeward." Rooke followed close, and kept sight of them with the expectation of a renewal of the action for several days, but thick weather finally separated them, and the French Admiral disappointed him of a more decisive battle. His public letter states that the enemy had a superiority of 600 guns, seventeen of their ships being three deckers, of which he had but seven, and that the French ships being lately out of port were much cleaner, while the use of their gallies in towing off their great ships, gave them great advantage,

ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE ROOKE, K^T.

and supplied them with fresh men to replace those who were killed or disabled. Though on either side no ship was taken, and the French fleet escaped by superior sailing, they were very severely handled. It was one of the hardest battles which was ever fought; the loss on their side being upwards of three thousand men, including an Admiral and five of their Captains. The allied fleet also suffered severely in masts and rigging, two thousand seven hundred men were killed and wounded. Two of the English Captains fell in the action, and upon Sir George's return to England with the fleet, he was received at Windsor by his royal mistress, and her consort Prince George of Denmark, with marks of great favour. Meanwhile the victory of Blenheim, which was gained about the same time, threw into the shade the services of the fleet off Malaga, and while addresses of congratulation to Her Majesty were presented from all parts of the kingdom, it was not surprising that the naval achievement was slightly noticed, when outweighed by the more decisive victory of the Duke of Marlborough. The House of Commons however in their address to the Queen, did justice to the merits of the Navy, and prayed her to bestow a bounty upon the seamen and land forces who had so well served their country.

Sir George Rooke perceiving at length that he was no longer able to withstand the influence of the new administration, which shewed greater hostility to him in proportion as he grew in the public estimation, wisely resolved to retire from office, and having resigned his employments, and given up his seat in Parliament, he passed the residue of his days as a private gentleman at his seat of St. Laurence, near Canterbury, where he died at the age of 58, on the 24th of January, 1709, and was interred beneath a sumptuous monument in that cathedral. The Admiral was thrice married; first, to Mary, daughter of Sir Thomas Howe, Bart. of Cold Berwick, Wilts;—Secondly, to Mary, daughter of Colonel Luttrell, of Dunster Castle, Somerset;—and thirdly, to Katherine daughter of Sir Thomas Knatchbull, of Mersham, Kent.

ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE ROOKE, K^T.

By his second marriage he left one only son George, who inherited his estate and fortune, which was so moderate in its amount as to surprize the friends whom he appointed his executors. To them he assigned the reason in a single sentence, which well deserves to be had in remembrance by all his brother officers.—“ I do not leave much,” said he, “ but what I leave was honestly gotten, *it never cost a sailor a tear, nor the nation a farthing.*” It may be mentioned also to his honour, that upon resigning his employments he was offered a privy seal for the summary passing of his public accounts, of which, however, he declined to take advantage, and made them up in the ordinary way, and with all the exactness imaginable.



Engraved by W. T. Motte

JOHN BENBOW ESQ^{RE}

ADMIRAL OF THE BLUE.

PAINTED BY SIR G. KNELLER, BART

PRESENTED TO GREENWICH HOSPITAL BY HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE THE FOURTH.

JOHN BENBOW, ESQ.

VICE ADMIRAL OF THE BLUE.

PERHAPS no name is better remembered among our seamen than that of their ancient favourite, Benbow, whose death, recorded in one of their most popular ballads, still cheers the middle watch of many a stormy night at sea.

But it behoves us first to say a few words of his gallant father, Colonel John Benbow, a gentleman of ancient family and fair estate at Coton Hill, near Shrewsbury; who, with his elder brother, Colonel Thomas Benbow, joined the standard of King Charles the First, when at the commencement of the great rebellion in 1642, he entered Shrewsbury, and made proclamation to all loyal men to enroll themselves in his cause. These two gallant gentlemen were among the first to offer their services; fought nobly at his side, and when the King's affairs fell into irretrievable ruin, retired to their own homes with broken fortunes, but with a spirit unsubdued: and when his son, King Charles the Second, marching out of Scotland, approached Worcester with a resolution of making there one last effort to redeem his Crown, these worthy brothers once more led their followers to support their young Prince in that unequal contest, and while manfully defending his person and facilitating his escape, they were both made prisoners, together with the heroic Earl of Derby and other distinguished cavaliers; and being tried by one of Cromwell's bloody Courts Martial, were condemned to die, and Colonel Thomas Benbow was thereupon shot to death by the Rebels at Shrewsbury, the 19th of October, 1651. His loyal brother Colonel John Benbow, would

JOHN BENBOW, ESQ.

have shared the same fate, had he not happily effected his escape from prison, a few days before the trial. His estate being confiscated, this brave man fell into such poverty, that in his straitened circumstances after the Restoration, he was glad to accept a humble appointment in the Tower of London, barely sufficient to preserve his wife and children from starving.

It happened on the breaking out of the Dutch war in 1664, that the King came to inspect the magazines in the Tower, and instantly recognizing his old and faithful servant, now bowed down with age and misfortunes, his Majesty took him in his arms, exclaiming, " what my old friend Colonel Benbow ! what do you here ? " " I have " replied the veteran, " a place of fourscore pounds a year, in which I serve your Majesty as cheerfully as though it brought me four thousand." " Alas," returned the King, " is this all that could be found for an old friend at Worcester ? Colonel Legge, bring this gentleman to me tomorrow, I will provide for him and his family as it becomes me." The King's gracious words so overpowered the venerable man, that he sunk down on a bench and expired before His Majesty was well nigh out of the Tower. Nor is it now known, whether the King's promised bounty ever reached his children. Of these he left two daughters, and one son, whose honourable services it is now our duty to commemorate.

This brave seaman was born about the time of his father's escape from Cromwell's vengeance at Chester. Of his early years nothing has been preserved excepting a loose tradition of his having been once a waterman's boy ; a story little credible, considering the rank of his family and the King's favour towards his father. Certain it is however that he first went to sea in the merchant's service, in which he so well prospered, that before he had attained his thirtieth year he was principal owner and commander of the Benbow frigate, an armed vessel trading to Spain. In 1686, while engaged in one of these voyages, he was attacked by a Sallee rover full of men, and of superior metal, which laid him on board and would have carried the little frigate had she not been desperately defended by Benbow and

VICE ADMIRAL OF THE BLUE.

his men, who drove them over the side after a desperate encounter on his own deck, and compelled the corsair to sheer off with the loss of thirteen of their best men who had fallen in the conflict. Benbow who had a comic roughness of humour, ordered their heads to be struck off and thrown into a tub of brine. On landing at Cadiz, his black boy followed him, bearing a sack containing these strange commodities. This being observed by the officers of customs, they enquired its contents. "Salt provisions for my own use," said Benbow gruffly. This not satisfying their curiosity, it was agreed, after some altercation, to go before the corregidor, who being informed of the case, and well knowing the character of the British Captain, more courteously requested him to satisfy the scruples of the inspectors. Benbow pretended to be greatly affronted at being suspected of smuggling, and turning to the boy he said, "Well Cæsar, open the bag and throw the contents on the table, and if these gentlemen like them, they are much at their service." Forth rolled the grim heads of the Moors to the amazement of the whole *Cabildo*. The narrative of course followed, and this being reported to Madrid, the Spanish King (who like a true Spaniard hated the Moors) invited Benbow to his court, treated him with great affability, and gave him such a letter of commendation to his own sovereign, that, on returning to England, King James appointed Benbow to the command of one of his ships, and thus placed him at once among the Captains of his Royal Navy.

Benbow's perfect experience as a merchant Captain qualified him, when now commanding a King's ship, to render great service in protecting the British trade against the French cruizers in the Channel, upon which duty he was actively employed after the Revolution. In order to check their depredations he was entrusted in 1693 with the command of a small squadron of frigates and bomb vessels, with which he attacked several of the smaller ports of France from which privateers were fitted out against the British trade. In the conduct of this perilous service he shewed great skill and intrepidity, leading the engineers in his own boat, and

JOHN BENBOW, ESQ.

thus shewing himself at all times ready to share the danger of the enterprize.

In the attack of St. Malo he employed what he called an *Infernal*, a large ship curiously fitted with every species of combustibles, and missiles, which threatened the most deadly mischief. After a bombardment of three days, he sent in this formidable vessel, which, happily for the inhabitants, grounded a pistol shot short of her destined position, yet even there the explosion was so tremendous as to shatter all that quarter of the town, and produced the greatest consternation among the people.

In 1695, while blockading Du Bart in the port of Dunkirk, that celebrated commander eluded his vigilance, and, with a squadron of nine fast sailing vessels, did grievous mischief by capturing a large Dutch convoy and five frigates by which they were guarded.

In 1696 Benbow was employed upon a more important attack upon Calais under the orders of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, in which however he failed of success and was wounded in the leg; but King William rewarded his distinguished courage with the flag of Rear Admiral. Upon the foundation of Greenwich Hospital by King William and Queen Mary in 1694, Benbow had the honour of being included in the first commission for carrying their Majesties benevolent purpose into execution. Not long after, and probably with the view of attending to this new duty, he became tenant of Mr. Evelyn's favourite residence of Say's Court at Deptford, which as appears from the curious diary of that accomplished gentleman, he had embellished with extraordinary taste. He seems however very soon to have repented having let his house to this rough seaman, when he says, "I have the mortification of seeing every day much of my labours and expence there, impairing for want of a more polite tenant."

The officers of the Royal Navy at that period were a strange association of men; some taken, as in the case of Benbow, from the merchants' service, and others of better education, who had embarked in the sea service as a profession of arms. The first class were

VICE ADMIRAL OF THE BLUE.

doubtless the best practical seamen, and as such were regarded by their more polished brethren with some jealousy, who applied to them the epithet of tarpaulins, or tars, a name long since laid aside by naval men though still sometimes used by persons unacquainted with sea terms, as an honourable appellative to the common sailors. On the other hand the officers of gentler blood held the coarse blunt manners of the merchant Captains in no slight contempt, and serious bickerings arose which greatly endangered the harmony and good discipline of the King's service. To reconcile these differences his Majesty much consulted Benbow who gave it as his opinion that *“ both classes should be preserved as necessary for the King's service ; that the danger lay in preferring gentlemen without merit, and tars beyond their capacities.”* “ Benbow indeed interested himself upon all occasions in favour of the sailors, and as he always used them kindly while a private Captain, so after he became a flag officer he was their constant patron, which made him greatly beloved. He seldom concerned himself in preferments, and when in his own power to bestow them he always considered merit and long service. His acquaintance with the merchants' service, in which he was bred, made him prefer the security of the British trade to the making of prizes. He never affected any interest at Court, but when his judgement was asked he gave it freely, and sometimes *unasked*, to the Board of Admiralty. He looked upon discipline as a point of the greatest importance, especially among the officers.” This concluding remark deserves special note, not only as containing the very essence of discipline in a commander, which officers are too apt to limit to the coercion of the common men, but because an anxiety to maintain this important point with a set of unruly Captains, who disdained to observe the most just and salutary obedience to their superiors, proved afterwards the cause of Benbow's own destruction.

· Openly expressing such wise and manly opinions, Benbow grew into high favour with his sovereign, as well as in the estimation of the seamen whom he loved. In 1699 he was appointed to

JOHN BENBOW, ESQ.

command a squadron of ships, with which he proceeded to the West Indies to enforce the restitution of some English vessels seized by the Spaniards at Cartagena, their jealousy having been excited by the settlement of a small party of Scotch adventurers on the Isthmus of Darien. His decisive and able conduct while in this command, so well pleased the King, that on his return to England he received an honourable augmentation to his arms, by the grant of three arrows to the Bent-bows which he already bore on his family shield, and was soon after raised to the rank of Vice Admiral.

Scarcely had he returned from this valuable service when the prospect of war with France determined the English ministers to despatch a stronger force to the West Indies. They advised the King to send Benbow once more, but to this His Majesty objected, considering it ungenerous to so zealous an officer, to give him no respite, while others lay idle on shore. This service however being relished by none of those to whom the command was successively offered and declined, the King, half offended with his ministers, turned merrily round upon them, and alluding to the foppery of dress and manners exhibited by some of the naval officers of that day, said, "well then I see we must spare our Beaux and send honest Benbow." Being summoned to the Royal presence, the King asked if he were willing to return to the West Indies, graciously observing that he should forfeit none of his favour if he declined to go. Benbow, though not insensible of his sovereign's considerate regard for him, replied, "No, Sire, I do not understand such compliments. When your Majesty wants my services, I have no right to chuse. I am ready to sail immediately to any quarter of the world to which your Majesty may be pleased to send me."

Having thus accepted the command, and relieved the embarrassment of the King's ministers, the Vice Admiral hoisted his flag, in August 1701, and received under his orders the ships after named : viz.

VICE ADMIRAL OF THE BLUE.

Breda,	70 guns	{ Vice Admiral John Benbow.
		{ Captain Christopher Fogg.
Defiance,	64.....	Richard Kirkby.
Windsor,	60.....	John Constable.
Greenwich,	54.....	Cooper Wade.
Ruby,	48.....	George Walton.
Pendennis,	48.....	Thomas Hudson.
Falmouth,	48.....	Samuel Vincent.

The object of sending this squadron on the eve of the war of the Spanish succession, was to prevent their possessions in the West Indies from falling into the hands of the French, who having resolved to secure the crown upon the head of Philip of Anjou, it became important to prevent the Spanish Governors from acknowledging his sovereignty. For this object, the French government had sent M. du Casse, Governor of St. Domingo, to Madrid, to obtain consent to the despatch of a large naval force from France. And in anticipation of this, they had already sent out the Marquis de Coetlogon in April with five ships of the line, to bring home the galleons, another squadron of fourteen ships was to follow in October, under the Comte Chateau Renaud, and Du Casse himself soon afterwards departed with five additional ships. Benbow's force seemed threatened with destruction from this overwhelming superiority. Yet such was his able and active conduct on arriving in the West Indies, that there was every prospect of his defeating the well concerted plans of Du Casse, had his own Captains been governed by the same spirit as himself. He maintained himself with his inferior force with so much ability and firmness that he gave effectual protection to the English trade, remained master of the sea, and made many valuable captures from the enemy. Expecting to meet the reinforcement from England, under Rear Admiral Whetstone, he sailed from Jamaica with his seven ships, to intercept M. du Casse, who was cruizing between that island and St. Domingo; on the 19th of August 1702, he got sight of the enemy's squadron, consisting of four sail of the line, and six smaller ships. Benbow made the signal for the line of

JOHN BENBOW, ESQ.

battle a-head, resolved to reserve his fire until his headmost ship was along side the van of the French. Scarcely had the action commenced, however, when the *Defiance* and *Windsor* after a few broadsides hauled their wind, and got out of shot, leaving the Admiral exposed to a heavy fire, which he sustained till dark, when the action ceased. Benbow, indignant at the unmanly conduct of his captains, who availed themselves of this opportunity to requite that strict authority over them which he had already found it necessary to exercise, resolved to renew the attack next morning, and to lead in person upon both tacks to shame them into the necessity of following his example; but the gallant Captain Walton in the *Ruby* alone supported his Admiral upon this second attack, all the other ships keeping aloof four or five miles astern. The French however made sail away from the English Admiral after receiving considerable damage from his fire. On the third day Benbow again got up with them, and still supported by the *Ruby*, renewed the battle with great animation for two hours, during which the French suffered severely, and the *Ruby* was so much damaged by their fire that the help of the *Breda's* boats was necessary to tow her off. Meanwhile the *Defiance* and *Windsor* and other ships fired not a gun, and disregarded all the Admiral's signals. Du Casse, on seeing this, bore down with all his force upon the brave Admiral and his faithful consort, and poured into them the whole of his fire as he passed, which Benbow returned with the same vigour as before. Both parties sustained much loss and damage until the enemy once more made sail from him; Benbow followed them alone, as well as he was able, for he had found it necessary to send Captain Walton with the *Ruby* into Port Royal, in consequence of her dangerous state, and all his other Captains still mocked at his signals for battle. Owing to the light winds which prevail in those latitudes, the hostile squadrons still continued in sight, and partial firing was renewed during the two following days. On the 24th, (we quote from the narrative of a person on board the *Breda*) “a light breeze carried us once more within hail of the sternmost ship of the enemy, upon which he fired a broadside of double and

VICE ADMIRAL OF THE BLUE.

“ round below, and of partridge aloft, which was returned. At three
“ in the morning the Admiral’s right leg was knocked to pieces by
“ a chain shot, and he was carried below. While the surgeon was
“ at work with him, one of his Lieutenants endeavoured to console
“ him ; upon which Benbow replied, I am sorry for it too ; but I
“ would rather have lost both my legs than have seen this dishonour
“ brought on the English nation. And hear me, should another
“ shot deprive me of life, behave like men, and fight it out while
“ the ship can swim.” He immediately ordered his cradle on the
quarter deck, and thus continued the fight till day break, when
their antagonist ship exhibited terrible proofs of the effect of their
fire. The enemy, seeing Benbow still deserted, bore down again in
a body between her and the Breda, firing all their broadsides into
her, and towing off their disabled ship, which he was in no condition
to prevent, though he followed them still with all the sail he could
carry, enforcing the battle signal, which was always out, by firing
shot at his own treacherous deserters.

The Admiral, during a calm, sent Captain Fogg to each of their
ships to remonstrate with them on their base conduct. Kirkby
came on board the Breda, expressed no sympathy for his wound,
and impudently pressed him to desist from any further engagement.
This unprincipled man, who is designated as *Colonel* Kirkby in the
proceedings of the Court-Martial, seems to have had great influence
over his wretched colleagues, who being thereupon summoned on
board, by the Admiral, avowed their concurrent opinions, having
already signed a paper which Kirkby had drawn up for that purpose.
On this, Benbow, “ perceiving they had no mind to fight, thought
it not fit to venture further. He was then abreast of the enemy,
and had a fair opportunity of beating them, all the ships being in
good condition except his own.” Thus basely abandoned, the in-
dignant Admiral was obliged to bear up for Jamaica, nor was the
enemy either in a condition or a disposition to follow him.

At no time had the French a more brave and able naval com-
mander than Du Casse, who, while he felt for the honour of his own

JOHN BENBOW, ESQ.

nation, rendered ample justice to his antagonist, from whose resolute attack, he had a narrow escape. Three times during their long continued contest was he boarded by Benbow, who received a shot in the arm, and a severe wound in the face in these encounters, and would undoubtedly have carried his antagonist had his own Captains made any fight against the rest of their ships. When the French Admiral reached Cartagena, with a liberality highly honourable to him, and which we gladly record, he addressed the following pithy letter to his much injured rival.

Sir,

I had little hope on Monday last, but to have supped in your cabin. It pleased God to order otherwise; I am thankful for it.—As for those cowardly Captains who deserted you, hang them up, for they richly deserve it.

Yours,

DU CASSE.

When arrived at Jamaica, Benbow issued his commission to Rear Admiral Whetstone to try these officers by a Court Martial. Benbow though suffering great anguish from his wound, gave evidence against them in person, and on the 12th of October, 1702, they received sentence as follows:—

Colonel Richard Kirkby..	} to be shot.
Captain Cooper Wade....	
.... John Constable....	} cashiered.
.... Christopher Fogg	
.... Samuel Vincent..	

Captain Hudson of the *Pendennis* died before the trial, or would undoubtedly have shared the fate of Kirkby and Wade. The sentence being forwarded to England, and the prisoners sent home shortly after, in *H. M. S. Bristol*, the government, in order to mark its indignation against them, and perhaps to defeat all attempts to procure their pardon, (for it is said they were highly connected), caused death warrants to be sent to all the ports that summary justice might be done upon Kirkby and Wade, immediately on their arrival, who were not permitted to land, but were shot on board the

VICE ADMIRAL OF THE BLUE.

Bristol on the 16th of April, 1703, two days after she anchored at Plymouth.

The health of the gallant Admiral declined rapidly after the amputation of his leg, chiefly owing to the grief and indignation he had endured, and he breathed his last at Port Royal, on the 4th of November, 1702.

Benbow left a widow and several children. Of these only one son, John, reached manhood. This gentleman was bred to the sea, and the same year in which his father died, suffered shipwreck on the Isle of Madagascar, where he experienced many hardships and remarkable adventures during a long captivity, of which he published a curious narrative upon his return to England. He resided at Deptford, where he died without issue, 1708, as appears by his monumental stone in the church of St. Nicholas. Two daughters alone survived their brave father, and became coheiresses of his fortune. The elder of these married Paul Calton, Esq. of Milton, near Abingdon, a gentleman of high character and considerable attainments, and from his communications most of the personal information regarding Benbow appears to have been derived.

Another Portrait presented by one of the sisters still remains in the Town Hall of Shrewsbury.



EDWARD RUSSELL,

EARL OF ORFORD.

THIS eminent officer was the second son of Edward, fourth Earl of Bedford, by Penelope, relict of Sir William Brooke, Knt. He was born in the year 1652. Having embraced the profession of the Royal Navy, he passed through the usual course of service in the subordinate stations, until he attained the command of the *Phoenix* frigate, in 1672, and successively commanded several other ships until 1680, at which time the *Newcastle* bore his pendant. Of his early services we have no sufficient record, but from the high reputation which he afterwards enjoyed, it may be fairly presumed, that they were honourable to his professional character, although doubtless his high family connection mainly contributed to his advancement. He had been one of the Gentlemen of King James's Bed-Chamber when Duke of York, but retired from Court upon the execution of William Lord Russell. It is therefore not surprising that at the period of the Revolution, he should be found among the first of the Naval officers who took the side of the Prince of Orange. In the valuable memoirs of Bishop Burnett, who knew him well, he is described at that time as "a man of much honour and great courage, with good principles, and firm to them; but as too lazy, too haughty, and too much given to pleasure." Associating with those who became the chief instruments of his success, he undertook the hazardous service of negotiating personally with the Prince, and twice passed over into Holland to make such confidential communications as could not be safely entrusted to meaner hands. This zeal for the cause of William has been attributed to a spirit of personal pique against King James, but his conduct may fairly be ascribed

EDWARD RUSSELL,

to public motives alone, and although in the course of Russell's political career we shall find manifest indications of very great vacillation and inconsistency, much allowance must be made for one whose connections and feelings involved him in transactions peculiarly hazardous and difficult at that crisis.

Perhaps there is no trial of public principles more severe than that which springs from a great political revolution. When Time (*that great innovator*, as Lord Bacon emphatically designates it) has abated the ferment of party spirit, we have little difficulty in determining the point at which a conscientious subject is at liberty to transfer his allegiance from his own Sovereign to him who supplants him on the Throne, but while popular excitement forces every man to take part with the one or the other, personal feelings and interests are so involved in the contest, that most men are whirled along with the torrent, and are compelled to act upon impulse rather than from deliberate choice. Every reader of our History now perceives the danger from which the Revolution of 1688 saved the kingdom, but we must judge with lenity of the conduct of many of the principal actors in that great struggle, who betrayed more dexterity than good faith in trimming their policy between James and his rival, while they coquetted with each of these Princes by turns, long after the latter was seated on the disputed Throne. As in the moral, so in the political world, many excuses may be offered for one whose heart still clings to the first object of his attachment, even after all just claim to it is forfeited,—while on the other hand we ought not to pass a precipitate judgement upon him who appears to abandon, with indecent haste, those ties to which he has shewn a willing allegiance.

The Revolution being happily accomplished, Russell was rewarded with the rank of Rear Admiral, and hoisted his flag on board the Duke of ninety guns, being sent to reinforce the fleet under Herbert, Earl of Torrington, after his unsuccessful encounter with the French force of M. Tourville in Bantry Bay. It has been erroneously stated that Russell commanded the blue squadron in the

EARL OF ORFORD.

fight off Beachy Head, on the 30th of June, 1690. He was then in London, and his opinion of the Admiral's conduct on that occasion, is supposed to have greatly prejudiced the King against him, who though unanimously acquitted by a Court Martial, was forbidden the royal presence, and dismissed from the command, which was bestowed upon Russell himself on the 3rd of December following. The fleet then amounted to fifty-seven English, and seventeen Dutch ships of the line, but nothing was effected by this great force until more than a year afterwards. Tourville had been instructed to avoid an action, and Russell himself even then appears to have been under a secret engagement to his late Sovereign, to observe a similar conduct. Churchill and others of the leading Whigs were already dissatisfied with their new master, and had made overtures to James, whose principal dependance rested on the promises of support which he received from Godolphin, Shrewsbury, Churchill and Russell.

They assured him of success if he could land with only twenty thousand men, for Churchill had undertaken for the support of the army, and advised that Russell should be engaged to win over the fleet, in which James was still very popular. At that juncture the royal bounty was openly sought as the condition of loyalty to King William, who acted as though he felt it to be the most certain tie of fidelity. Russell had already been highly paid for his services, yet in a very petulant letter to His Majesty, written the 10th of May, 1691, and inserted in Dalrymple's *Memoirs*, he gives a long string of grievances as to the neglect of himself and his relations in comparison with what had been done for others, and this spirit of discontent seems to have quickened his intrigues with James.

Louis the Fourteenth had agreed to support his pretensions, and a large force by sea and land was already collected for a descent upon England. William well apprized of these movements made very active preparations for defence. Press Warrants were issued to man the fleet; the King himself went to Holland to hasten the Dutch ships to sea, and the combined fleet thus assembled in the Downs numbered ninety ships of the line. James had already settled

EDWARD RUSSELL,

with his friends in England the terms of concession and the securities to be required from him. In the proclamation which was prepared for granting a general amnesty to his subjects, the name of Churchill was excepted by his own desire, as a blind to deceive King William. The crisis was now at hand. James quitted St. Germain and repaired to La Hogue, where his armament was assembled. Meanwhile Churchill and other suspected leaders of the counter-revolution were committed to the Tower, though Russell had been so cautious that he was left at liberty, and ostensibly enjoying his master's confidence. In these circumstances, he privately advised James, through his emissaries, to suspend his undertaking till the ensuing winter, or if this could not be postponed, he consented to manœuvre his fleet so as to allow the French flotilla to pass over without meeting him. "He urged this because none of his own officers knew of his designs, and therefore if they met they must fight."

Contrary winds prevented for a whole month the junction of the ships at Brest with those at La Hogue. Tourville after repeated efforts was forced back, and Russell had returned to Portsmouth. At length the French Admiral with forty-four ships of the line left Brest steering for La Hogue, and Russell having received positive orders to proceed to that point, the two fleets unexpectedly met on the 19th of May, 1692. An engagement ensued, but owing to the state of the weather only a part of the fleet shared in the battle. Russell and Tourville in their own ships bore the brunt of the action, and the latter being much disabled, was towed out of the line while five of his ships covered his retreat. We shall shortly have occasion to describe more at large the circumstances of this encounter, which though highly important in its political consequences, was far less decisive as a battle than the great superiority of the English force, and the gallant manner in which Tourville made the first onset, seemed to promise. It is now known that Russell's determination was to avoid meeting them. The authentic testimony of the Stuart Papers, since published, proves that he was privy to the whole design, by which he would willingly have regulated his

EARL OF ORFORD.

own conduct. His loitering so long in port, his proposal of an attack on St. Malo as a diversion of his force from that part of the French coast, and his recall of the two squadrons of Carter and Delaval, who had been stationed to watch the movements of James's intended expedition, all shew that he was contriving for them a free passage to the English shores. But the King and his ministers defeated his intention, by refusing to adopt his proposal of proceeding against St. Malo, and sending him positive instructions to sail immediately with his whole force to La Hogue, and thus effectually frustrated the enterprize which had been so long preparing.

The great advantages which King William reaped from the discomfiture of Tourville's fleet, put him in good humour with Russell, and his associates in the battle. He sent the Admiral a present of ten thousand pounds, and a further sum to distribute among the seamen. This blow though it stunned did not destroy the hope which James still cherished of regaining his kingdom. He retired from the coast to St. Germain only to renew an active correspondence with his partizans in England. During the whole summer, the English fleet remained inactive, and Russell pledged himself anew to support him in some more propitious attempt. The ministry now proposed to resume Russell's project of a descent upon the French coast; but he contrived to get into a dispute with the Earl of Nottingham on the subject, so that nothing was carried into effect, and the King now indignant at this opposition to his measures, and probably apprized of the renewal of Russell's intrigues with his rival, removed him from the command of the fleet. Instead of appointing a successor in the Chief Command, a commission was given in January, 1693, to Admirals Delaval, Killegrew and Shovel to act in conjunction, and it is remarkable that of these, the two first were already in the interest of the abdicated monarch.

In the autumn of that year however, William returning from Flanders, found that his naval affairs had ill prospered in their hands. Great discontent prevailed in consequence of Tourville's having captured a rich Smyrna convoy in the month of June, while under

EDWARD RUSSELL,

the charge of Admiral Rooke. A public enquiry was demanded, and the King determined upon a complete change of measures, which necessarily involved a change of ministers. James informed of this, conveyed through the old Countess of Shrewsbury the following message to Russell, dated 16 Oct. 1693. "It is His Majesty's pleasure that you let Admiral Russell know, that His Majesty desires him to endeavour to get the command of the fleet from the Prince of Orange. That his Majesty trusts in what the Admiral sent him word of by the Earl of Middleton and Mr. Floyd, and assures him that on his part he is ready to perform what he has promised, at his desire. That you inform yourselves how Admiral Russell can best serve His Majesty, and that you endeavour by all means to keep him to these ways which may secure him the command of the fleet, and let all their resentments, if possible, stop, since upon this occasion the fewer enemies he raises to himself his affairs will go the smoother on, which is much His Majestys interest."

Russell who probably was nothing loth to stifle his resentment for his own sake, as well as that of his royal friend, succeeded in procuring himself to be restored to the Chief Command on the 23d of November of that year, when the Earl of Shrewsbury was made Secretary of State in the place of Lord Nottingham. The Earls of Sunderland and Portland nevertheless continued to form His Majesty's secret cabinet, who advised him "to bribe into fidelity those whom he could not trust."

In March 1694, James sent over to England Captain Floyd above mentioned, who was one of the grooms of his bed-chamber, and who had been a great personal friend of Russell. His written report of the result of his mission which is among the Stuart Papers published by Mc Pherson, has the following remarkable passage.

"Having met Admiral Russell for the second time, I urged him much about the letter that he had written to me before my departure, saying I should be sorry to bring back an answer so general, and that it was necessary to have a plan of what he was able or

EARL OF ORFORD.

willing to do. On which he answered me that he thought he had said a great deal, since he had said that by — he would undertake it !—That he would endeavour to gain the officers of the fleet, and would communicate from time to time to Lord Churchill the progress he made. But, says he, if you were in my place what could you do : I answered there were several things to be done, viz. to avoid the French fleet and allow it to pass.—To which he answered that he could not do that, although it was once his intention, and that he would do the business, but swore he would do it himself alone.”

Dalrymple adverting to this conference says, that “ Russell in all his correspondence entreats James to prevent the two fleets from meeting, and gave warning, that as an officer and an Englishman it behoved him to fire upon the first French ships that he met, although he saw James himself upon the quarter deck.”

William had directed extraordinary exertions to be made for assembling a powerful fleet early in this year. His first object was the protection of the ports of the King of Spain against the threatened attack of the French army which Louis the fourteenth had sent into that kingdom, and especially against the operations of their fleet in the Mediterranean, whither he directed Russell to proceed in person with a strong force to keep in check M. Tourville. The second object was the destruction of the arsenal and shipping at Brest, a favourite scheme long contemplated, and of which Godolphin had secretly apprized James early in the spring. Russell, who had already assumed the command of the fleet, was also placed at the head of the Board of Admiralty on the 2d of May 1694, and every exertion was made for the success of these two undertakings.

General Talmash was selected for the command of the expedition to Brest, and six thousand troops were appointed to rendezvous at Portsmouth for this service. Thither Russell repaired accordingly, and having hoisted his flag on the 1st of May, he took the command of fifty-two English and forty-one Dutch ships of the line.

Meanwhile Churchill's zeal for his exiled sovereign induced him

EDWARD RUSSELL,

to transmit this highly important information to St. Germain, through the medium of Colonel Sackville, apprising James that "the fleet would certainly sail the following day, though he had failed in getting the whole from Russell, who always denied the fact which he himself had known six weeks before." "This," he says, "gives me a bad sign of this man's intention," and Sackville who forwarded the letter observed "The man has not acted sincerely, and I fear he will never act otherwise." In James's own memoirs, this letter is given, bearing the following indorsement in the King's own hand, "4th May—Lord Churchill informed the King of the design upon Brest."

The event fully confirmed the intelligence. Russell put to sea with part of the fleet on the 3rd of May, leaving the rest with the troops to follow under the charge of Admiral Shovel, but having fallen in with a Swedish ship from Brest, by which he learnt that the French fleet had quitted that port, he returned at once to St. Helens, and the troops being now embarked, he sailed again with the whole together on the 29th. The conduct of the naval part of the expedition had been entrusted to the Lord Berkeley of Stratton. On the 31st of May, a Council of War was held at sea, when the final instructions being issued for landing the troops in Camaret bay, on the 5th of June he parted company with twenty-nine sail of the line, leaving Russell with the rest of the fleet to pursue his course to the Mediterranean. The French fully apprized of the meditated attack on Brest had made formidable preparations for the assailants. On arriving off the port, Lord Berkeley at once discovered that the defences were exceedingly strong, and that success would be very doubtful. Another Council of War was held, which after long and anxious deliberation advised that the General should not attempt a landing. Talmash, who was a brave but intemperate man, (reputed to be the natural son of Cromwell) answered "The advice comes too late. The honour of the English nation is at stake, and therefore I must and will land. Both our enemies and allies must know that even desperate undertakings cannot daunt English courage."

EARL OF ORFORD.

According to this fatal decision, on the 8th of June he disembarked at the head of eight hundred men under cover of the ships of war, in a somewhat disorderly manner. The enemy's entrenchments "were full of French marines:" and before half the English troops were in action, they were forced back into the sea. The tide had fallen; several of the boats were already aground; six hundred men were slain, many were drowned: Talmash himself was shot through the thigh, and survived only to reach Plymouth. The ships which were engaged in covering the landing were very roughly handled by the batteries, and one Dutch frigate was sunk after all her crew had been killed excepting eight men. Thus ended this ill-starred expedition.

Meanwhile Russell proceeded to Cadiz, where he augmented his fleet with the squadron of Rear-Admiral Neville, and was also joined by sixteen Dutch ships under Admirals Callemberg and Evertzen, which made his fleet sixty-three sail of the line. With this commanding force he appeared on the 31st of July before Barcelona, which was then closely invested by sea and land, but immediately on his approach Comte Tourville retreated into Toulon, nor ventured to quit that port so long as Russell remained in the Mediterranean.

The Algerines had availed themselves of the defenceless condition of the Spaniards to cripple their commerce by capturing many vessels, both Spanish and Dutch, trading on their coast. Russell invited the Dey to send some of his corsairs "to look at his fleet, and having so done, they went home again *very well satisfied*." One of the Dutch Captains however took this opportunity of seizing an Algerine frigate; Russell instantly compelled him to release her, and this conduct put an end to their depredations. Having received orders from home to winter his fleet at Cadiz, the Admiral arrived there on the 8th of November; but in the following spring of 1695 he returned into the Mediterranean, having previously detached thither a squadron of six frigates under Captain Killegrew, who shortly after fell in with two French ships of the line, and gal-

EDWARD RUSSELL,

lantly bore down in the Plymouth frigate to attack *Le Content* of seventy guns. On perceiving her crew were at prayers, he might have poured in his whole broadside with great advantage; but he told his men "it was beneath the courage of the English nation to surprize their enemies in such a posture." In the course of the action this brave commander fell, with many of his followers; but both the French ships became prizes to his squadron. Having fully established the authority of the British Navy in the Mediterranean, in the autumn of 1695 Russell, leaving twenty-three of his ships under the command of Sir David Mitchell, returned with the rest of the fleet to England. He found that the distracted state of parties at home, and the success of the French armies on the continent, had rekindled the hopes of James and his friends, who thought the time was now arrived for making a last successful effort for his restoration. The death of Queen Mary at the close of the preceding year had deprived William of his principal tie upon the affections of the people, by whom she was greatly beloved. They disliked his Dutch counsellors, and still more his Dutch guards. The intrigues with the Court of St. Germain were therefore renewed with great zeal, on learning that the French king was now resolved to support James's pretensions in earnest. But while many of the nobility and others of high character and station in England were preparing to assist him in the recovery of his Crown, the discovery in February, 1696, of a low plot, concerted by Sir John Fenwick and others, for assassinating king William, secured him firmly on the throne, at the moment when the hopes of his rival had every prospect of being realized.

In the personal conference which Louis XIV. had previously held with James, as to the measures necessary for his restoration, the French king by some misapprehension conceived that the troops destined to support him were not to quit the coast of France until the Jacobite party in England had first risen in arms. This mistake proved fatal to the cause; for on receiving tidings of Fenwick's conspiracy, Louis at once abandoned the scheme of invading England,

EARL OF ORFORD.

declaring that not a ship should quit France. The Duke of Berwick, (James's natural son) who about this time had embarked in a fleet of French transports proceeding from Havre to Calais, "was shocked to find himself amidst assassins instead of loyalists," and that his reputation would be involved in theirs. Happily for him many of the vessels were shattered in a storm, and he gladly availed himself of this to withdraw into France. Russell having hastily collected a squadron, proceeded immediately to bombard Calais, where James and his troops were then anxiously waiting the issue of events; and though little mischief was done by the bombardment, it put an end to all hopes of the expedition. The credit of Russell and others, who as we have related had secretly pledged themselves to support the enterprize, was preserved by the eager and unreserved activity with which they now acted in the service of king William, who wisely shewed them every mark of his confidence in order to withdraw them permanently from the interests of their former master. When Sir John Fenwick was seized, he with the vain hope of saving his life had made a full confession of the plot, gave up the names of his accomplices, and divulged the whole of their correspondence with James's adherents in France, accusing Godolphin, Churchill and Russell of being concerned in it. But William affected to discredit every thing which appeared to implicate his own ministers, and openly declared his confidence in them; and when the want of a second witness prevented the government from proceeding against Fenwick in the usual course by indictment, the King appointed Russell himself to lay before Parliament all the papers necessary for Sir John's impeachment. Both Houses passed the bill of attainder; and the King having (as it has been said) a personal dislike to Fenwick, readily gave the royal assent, and he was thereupon beheaded on Tower Hill the 17th of January, 1697, several of his humbler associates being executed about the same time.

As a further token of the royal favour, Russell was soon after raised to the peerage by the titles of Baron Russell of Shengey, Viscount Barfleur, and Earl of Orford. On the King's going

EDWARD RUSSELL,

abroad he was named as one of the Lords Justices for the government of the kingdom, and was among those principally entrusted with the direction of public affairs during his absence. The autumn of that year put an end to hostilities in a manner highly gratifying to his Majesty. The French king acknowledged his title to the Crown of England, and the preliminaries of peace were signed in William's own palace at Ryswick, on the 10th of September, 1697.

The war thus concluded proved on the whole highly successful to England: at first indeed the fleet accomplished little, notwithstanding the cooperation of the Dutch navy. The French at the outset were more active and expert; their ships better sailers, and their crews better disciplined. While the officers of the English navy were divided in their attachment to the rival Kings, the operations of the fleet against the common enemy were much weakened, and the mutual jealousies of the two parties gave great offence to their Dutch allies; but when once the government was settled, they heartily united against the French, who were beaten wherever they came to close quarters, or met upon equal terms. Towards the close of the war the inactivity of our fleet once more led to neglect, many abuses crept in,—“ the naval administration (as Dr. Campbell observes) was reduced to a court system, inefficient officers were appointed, and thus the reputation of the service greatly declined.”

In April, 1699, the House of Commons moved an address to the Crown preferring very grave charges against the Earl of Orford who presided at the Admiralty (according to Burnet) “ with all the authority, though without the title of Lord High Admiral.” The King, in reply to this address, “ gave a soft but general answer,” promising that “ all mismanagement should be redressed,” and the Earl himself in order to abate the popular ferment resigned his office on the 2nd of June. His Lordship nevertheless prepared to meet these attacks with great firmness and address, although they so nearly touched his honour. He had held the office of Treasurer of the Navy together with that of President of the Board of Admiralty from 1689 to 1693, and was now accused of making unwarrantable

EARL OF ORFORD.

deductions from the wages of the seamen, and with having passed his own accounts for disbursements, amounting to several millions, without producing the necessary vouchers. One of these charges more especially affected him, it being alleged that in taking upon himself to victual his fleet while at Cadiz, he had received from the Treasury for his own profit the value of very large supplies sent on board his ships as a present from the King of Spain.

But the charge which produced the greatest clamour was levelled not only against Russell and his principal colleagues in the ministry, but even against the King himself. It was openly declared in the House of Commons “ that the Letters Patent granting the goods of pirates to the Earl of Bellamont and others, (viz. the Chancellor Lord Somers, the Duke of Shrewsbury, the Earl of Orford, &c.) were dishonourable to the King, against the law of nations, contrary to the statutes of this realm, an invasion of property, and destructive of commerce.” The facts were these. In the year 1695 the Earl of Bellamont being appointed Governor of the American colonies advised the King to give a commission to one Captain Kidd, who had been recommended to him as well acquainted with the haunts of the pirates in the West Indies, in order that he might be sent out in command of the Adventure galley to be employed against them. His Majesty was much pleased at the scheme, but such, at that period, was the difficulty in obtaining money for the naval service, that the ministers were induced to join with some others in advancing the necessary sum on their personal account, and Kidd himself was allowed to take a share in the expedition; a tenth of the profits was reserved for the King, who promised to subscribe, in order to reimburse the money so advanced. The Letters Patent being granted, the Adventure proceeded on her voyage, but no sooner had Kidd reached his destination, than he proved himself the most arrant pirate of them all, by commencing a desperate career of plunder against the defenceless traders in the West Indies, during which he enriched himself by many valuable captures, and long eluded pursuit, until at length being brought prisoner to New

EDWARD RUSSELL,

York he was sent to England for trial, where after a protracted imprisonment, he was condemned and executed on the 8th of May, 1701, together with several of his lawless companions. It is stated that some persons in the House of Commons, who had been forward in accusing the members of the government of participating in the gains of this pirate, tampered with him in prison in hopes of prevailing on him to criminate Russell and others, but villain as Kidd was, he disdained their artifices, and refused to lend himself as an instrument of their unrighteous purpose. The produce of this man's effects, amounting to six thousand, four hundred and seventy-two pounds, was given by Queen Anne, in 1705, to the support of Greenwich Hospital.

That the King's Ministers should have undertaken in their own persons to equip an expedition against the pirates, under Letters Patent granting to them the booty which should be seized, which booty must have been the property of the merchants and owners from whom it was taken: that the King should condition for his share of the spoil, and even offer to become a partner in the speculation, exhibits an extraordinary proof of the strange irregularity in which public affairs at that period were conducted. It justly laid them open to all the suspicions of their opponents in Parliament, and though the King exculpated his Cabinet by declaring that he was privy to the whole scheme, and that they were no more guilty than himself, no public servant in our days would for a moment hazard his character in such a transaction, or if he did could he escape the disgrace with which it must infallibly be visited.

The commissioners who were appointed to investigate all the charges against the Earl and his colleagues sat through several Sessions of Parliament; and the debates which took place on their Reports excited a great sensation throughout the nation. In 1703 the House of Lords went into a minute examination of Lord Orford's accounts; but at length both parties got weary of their altercation; and though it may be seen by the statements of their respective historians that each side retained their original opinions, the whole

EARL OF ORFORD.

enquiry fell to the ground, and Lord Orford and his colleagues were acquitted. The Earl however was not restored to any public employment until the 8th of Queen Anne, when he was invited to succeed the Earl of Pembroke as Lord High Admiral. But this great station he thought fit to decline; probably unwilling, after what had passed, to incur its high responsibility, and having given his advice that the office should once more be put in commission, he was thereupon appointed first Commissioner of the new Board on the 8th of November, 1709. He held this post however not twelve months, for on the removal of his friend Lord Godolphin from the station of Lord High Treasurer, he retired from office until the death of the Queen in 1714, when he was named one of the Lords Justices for the charge of public affairs until the arrival of King George the First, who immediately summoned him to his Privy Council, and on the 14th of October following he resumed his seat at the Board of Admiralty, which he held until the 16th of April, 1717, and then finally retired from all public employment. His Lordship survived till the 26th of November, 1727, when he expired at his house in Covent Garden, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

The Earl of Orford married the Lady Mary Russell, third daughter of William, Duke of Bedford, but having no issue by this marriage his titles became extinct.



Engraved by W.H.Mote.

GEORGE BYNG, VISCOUNT TORRINGTON, K.B.

FIRST COMMISSIONER OF THE ADMIRALTY.

PAINTED BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

PRESENTED TO GREENWICH HOSPITAL, BY HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE THE FOURTH.

GEORGE BYNG,

FIRST VISCOUNT TORRINGTON, K. B.

THIS brave and accomplished Commander was the son of John Byng, Esq. of an ancient Kentish family seated at Wrotham in that county, where he was born in 1663. James Duke of York sent him to sea at the age of fifteen, bearing the King's letter (or warrant,) from which the youths thus distinguished by royal favour, were termed "The King's letter Boys." Like many youngsters of modern times, George Byng, notwithstanding his high patronage, soon got weary of the Cockpit, which at that period wore a much more forbidding aspect than at present; so that at the end of three years he forsook the sea, to serve in the grenadiers of Kirk's regiment at Tangier, in which he rose to the rank of lieutenant. Fortunately for him, and for the naval service which he afterwards so highly adorned, he there fell under the notice of that excellent officer Lord Dartmouth, who, upon the demolition of the fortifications of Tangier in 1684, persuaded him to return to the profession of his first choice, in which by his lordship's influence he was soon advanced to be Lieutenant of the *Oxford*, and not long afterwards, being removed into the *Phoenix* frigate, he sailed to the East Indies. While on that station his courage was eminently shewn in boarding a Cingalese pirate. In the first onset, being overpowered by numbers, most of his followers were killed, and himself dangerously wounded, but returning to the assault with fresh support, he carried the vessel, which had scarce surrendered, when she was found in a sinking state, and presently went down with nearly all on board, Byng himself being almost miraculously rescued from the waves when at the last gasp.

On his return to England in 1688, he was appointed to the

GEORGE BYNG,

Defiance under the command of Sir John Ashby, who being secretly attached to the cause of the Prince of Orange, persuaded Byng to enter heartily into his interests, and employed him in the delicate task of bringing over many of the naval officers to his side. In the course of these services he won the permanent regard of Admiral Russell, who presented him to His Highness at Sherborne, and on his return to the fleet he was promoted to the command of "the Constant Warwick," and together with two other Captains was deputed by his former patron Lord Dartmouth (who to the last remained faithful to King James) to make his Lordship's submission to the Prince at Windsor. Byng thenceforward rose rapidly into favour, being made a Post Captain into the Dover frigate, and was subsequently preferred to several line of battle ships in succession. In 1690, he commanded the *Hope* of seventy guns in the action off Beachy Head, and the *Royal Oak* in the battle of La Hogue in 1692—after which Lord Orford who had carefully observed his conduct, placed him under his own eye in command of the *Britannia* which bore his flag until 1695.

Being at length advanced to the rank of Rear Admiral, he hoisted his own flag on the 11th of March, 1703, on board the *Ranelagh* of eighty guns, as one of the fleet of Sir Cloudesley Shovel in the Mediterranean. In 1704, he was selected by Sir George Rooke to lead his squadron to the attack of Gibraltar, the Prince of Hesse at the head of eighteen hundred men, making a simultaneous assault by land,—and thus was wrested from the Spaniards that almost impregnable fortress which from that hour has rendered to Great Britain the most important service as the key to the Mediterranean.

In the celebrated fight off Malaga on the 13th of August 1704, between the fleets of Sir George Rooke, and the Comte de Thoulouse, Byng bore so distinguished a part, that on his return to England, he received the honour of knighthood from the hand of Queen Anne, accompanied with the most flattering expressions of her favour.

In 1705 he was advanced to the rank of Vice Admiral, and was returned to serve in Parliament for Plymouth, and held this seat as

FIRST VISCOUNT TORRINGTON.

long as he remained a commoner. In the two following years he served again with Sir Cloudesley Shovel in the Mediterranean, from whence returning homewards with him he narrowly escaped destruction on the rocks of Scilly, being close in with the Association of ninety guns, when she went down in his sight, with that lamented Admiral and all his brave crew, on the 22d of October, 1707.

The son of the unfortunate King James having resolved to try his fortune in Scotland, under the auspices of the French King, in the following year Sir George Byng was placed in command of a stout squadron to watch the movements of the fleet under the Comte de Forbin, who was destined to convey him, with a large body of troops to the coast of Scotland. Sir George followed them so closely, although they had the advantage in sailing, that though only one ship fell into his hands, their design was effectually frustrated. In 1709 he was employed again as Commander in chief in the Mediterranean, and soon after appointed to be one of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, and held his seat at that Board until he was raised to the Peerage.

In 1715, soon after the accession of King George the First, “the Pretender” landed in Scotland, and very active exertions were made by France to aid the friends of the exiled family in that part of the kingdom. The vigilance of Byng to whom the task of guarding that coast was once more confided, effectually thwarted every attempt of the French ministry to land any body of troops to support his designs, or throw in supplies to his aid. And so well did he perform this important service, that on his return the King rewarded his fidelity with the rank of Baronet. Notwithstanding the failure of this attempt to raise the standard of the House of Stuart in Scotland, the Prince found an ally in that illustrious madman Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, who had taken umbrage at the conduct of King George while Elector of Hanover. The sudden seizure of the person and papers of Count Gyllenbourg, the Swedish Minister in London, and of Baron Goertz in Holland, produced a great sensation, when the proofs of their secret

GEORGE BYNG,

correspondence with the Jacobite leaders were published by the British government in justification of this strong measure. Sir George Byng was despatched to the Baltic with a strong squadron, to awe the Swedish Monarch into neutrality, and all commercial intercourse was suspended between the two nations until an assurance was given to the Court of St. James's, through the Regent Duke of Orleans, disavowing on the part of Charles, all knowledge of the intrigues of his two ambassadors. The mysterious death of Charles soon after at the siege of Frederickshall put an end to the affair.

We now come to the most important æra in the history of our Admiral. The terms of the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, being still but imperfectly fulfilled, a quadruple alliance was formed in 1717, by which England, as one of the contracting parties, engaged to secure the possession of Sicily to the Emperor, and the island of Sardinia to the Duke of Anjou. The Crown of Spain however had never cordially concurred in the measure, and being now resolved to retain Sicily, prepared a powerful armament to prevent its surrender to the Imperialists, and it was soon foreseen that unless the Spanish Monarch was persuaded to acquiesce in the terms of the treaty, war would be inevitable. In this emergency, King George once more selected his favourite Admiral to command a fleet of twenty-one ships of the line, which was equipped with all despatch. Sir George being fully acquainted with his royal Master's purpose, sailed from Spithead in June, 1718, and having reached the Spanish coast, he sent into Cadiz a copy of his instructions, addressed to Colonel Stanhope the British Envoy at Madrid, with a letter from the Admiral to be communicated to the Cardinal Alberoni, the very able Minister who at that period governed the Councils of the Spanish Monarch.

Upon receiving this unwelcome communication, the Cardinal expressed himself with great warmth, saying that " His royal Master would run all hazards, and even suffer himself to be driven out of Spain rather than recall his troops (who had already sailed for Sicily)

FIRST VISCOUNT TORRINGTON.

or consent to any suspension of arms, and should the English Admiral attack them he should be in no pain for their success." On this Colonel Stanhope placed in his hands a list of the English squadron, which the Cardinal flung upon the ground with much passion, and would promise nothing except to lay the Admiral's letter before his Sovereign. This was not returned to him (probably to give the Spanish expedition time to secure themselves in Sicily) till ten days after, and the following laconic note was then written at the foot of it.

" His Catholic Majesty has done me the honour to tell me that the Chevalier Byng may execute the orders which he has from the King his Master.

Signed

Escorial, 15th July, 1718.

The Cardinal ALBERONI.

Meanwhile the Marquis de Lede, who commanded the reinforcement sent from Spain, had recovered possession of all Sicily, with the exception of Messina, the only fortress left to the Imperialists, and Sir George Byng having made the best of his way to Naples, arrived there on the 15th of July, and after communicating with the Vice Roy no time was lost in embarking two thousand German troops, with whom he immediately proceeded to the coast of Sicily. Although after what he had heard from the Cardinal there was little hope of averting hostilities, he still determined, on reaching the entrance of the Faro, to send his Captain with a letter to the Marquis de Lede, in which he stated that " The King, his Master being engaged by several treaties to preserve the tranquillity of Italy, had honoured him with the command of a squadron of ships which he had sent into these seas, and that he came fully empowered and instructed to promote such measures as might best accommodate all differences between the Powers concerned. He therefore proposed a cessation of arms in Sicily for two months to give time to the several Courts to conclude a lasting peace. But that if he was not so happy as to succeed in this offer of service, he then hoped to merit his Excellency's esteem in the execution of the

GEORGE BYNG,

other part of his orders, which was to use all his force to prevent further attempts to disturb the dominions which the King his Master stood engaged to defend."

The reply of the Spanish General which he received the next morning, was expressed with corresponding spirit and courtesy. He said that "it would be an inexpressible joy to him to contribute to so laudable an end as peace; but as he had no powers to treat he could not agree to any suspension of arms, even at the expence of what the courage of his Master's forces might be put to, but he should follow his orders, which directed him to seize on Sicily for his Master the King of Spain. That he had a true sense of the Admiral's polite expressions, but his Master's forces would be universally esteemed for sacrificing themselves for the preservation of their honour, even when success might not always answer the expectations which were formed of it."

On receipt of this answer Sir George Byng lost no time in proceeding through the Faro of Messina, with the purpose of taking up a position in front of that city. But observing as he advanced, two of the Spanish look out frigates, he judged their whole fleet under Don Antonio de Castaneta was not far distant. He accordingly pushed forward under a press of sail, persuaded that the ships he was chasing would lead him up to the main body of their ships: nor was this expectation disappointed, for on approaching Reggio, he discovered them under sail, to the number of twenty-seven men of war, "great and small," besides fire ships, bombs, and store ships. As he advanced the Spanish fleet stood away from him, but in good order of battle. Calms and light airs retarded his pursuit, but after an anxious day and night employed in making the utmost efforts to get up with them, the Oxford and Grafton, which were the leading ships of the van, reached within gunshot, and as the cannonade grew closer and hotter, it brought on at length the general action which he so eagerly desired. The Spanish Commander, now perceiving this inevitable, detached a division of six of his ships of the line under the Marquis de Mari, in charge of the smaller vessels of

FIRST VISCOUNT TORRINGTON.

war, and thereupon Sir George Byng made the signal to Captain Walton in the *Canterbury* and five others to follow them. The *Real San Felipe* of seventy-four guns, bearing Castaneta's flag, was soon singled out by the headmost ships. She was warmly engaged, first by the *Kent* and then by the *Superbe*, each of seventy guns, for upwards of two hours, until so disabled by their shot as to become quite unmanageable; two hundred of her crew had already fallen when Castaneta himself was severely wounded, and his officers then struck his flag. He died of his wounds soon after he was landed. The *San Carlos* and *Santa Rosa* of sixty guns, had already struck to their opponents. The *Principe de Asturias* of seventy guns also surrendered after an obstinate contest with the *Grafton*, *Breda*, and *Captain* in succession. The *Santa Isabel* of sixty guns was also captured by Admiral Delaval, whose flag flew in the *Dorsetshire*. The *Juno* and *Volante* frigates were taken by others of our ships in pursuit. Sir George himself in the *Barfleur* was as active as his Captains, and seeing the Spanish Rear Admiral Guevara in the *San Luis*, and another ship of sixty guns attempting to escape, he followed them alone pouring in his heavy broadsides which they could not have long withstood, had not the approach of night compelled him to relinquish the chase, and concentrate his ships. The Spaniards undoubtedly made a gallant though unskilful resistance to the English fleet so much superior to them, not only in force but seamanship, so that when once the contest was fairly begun, they had no chance of victory. In a Council of war which Castaneta had held with his officers before the engagement, Rear Admiral Cammock (an Irishman by birth, who having served in the English navy, well knew their comparative strength) strongly urged his unfortunate Admiral to await the attack of the English at anchor in the roadsted of *Paradise*, at the entrance of *Messina*, where, by mooring his ships with their broadsides towards the sea, they would have presented a formidable defence against their more active enemy. Had Castaneta adopted this advice he possibly might have saved the fleet as well as his own life.

GEORGE BYNG,

Sir George Byng lay by for several days at sea while his ships repaired their damages, which were principally confined to rigging. The Prizes also were put into condition to proceed to Minorca, where one of them the Real San Felipe, which had borne Castaneta's flag, soon after blew up by accident, with nearly all her crew.

A few days after this decisive action, Sir George received Captain Walton's report of the success of his operations against the division of the Marquis de Mari. This celebrated letter cannot be too often printed as a model of simplicity to those of his successors in arms who love a more elaborate narrative.

SIR,

We have taken and destroyed all the Spanish ships and vessels which were on the coast,—the number as per margin.

(Signed)

GEORGE WALTON.

Canterbury off Syracuse, 16th of August, 1718.

These which this hero of few words so modestly consigned to the margin of his despatch, amounted to no less than, one ship of 60 guns, two of 54, three of 40, and two frigates, besides bombs, fire-ships, &c.

The news of this important success reached England before the Admiral's letter, which he despatched by the hands of his eldest son; and King George the First felt so elated with the news, and so grateful to his favourite Admiral, that without waiting for the official communication he wrote him the autograph letter which we here insert.

MONS. LE CHEVALIER BYNG,

Quoi que je n'ai pas encore reçu de vos nouvelles en droiture, j'ai appris la victoire que la Flotte a remportée sous vos ordres, et je n'ai pas voulu vous différer le contentment que mon approbation de votre conduit vous pourroit donner. Je vous en remercie, et je souhaite que vous en temoigniez ma satisfaction à tous les braves gens qui se sont distinguez dans cette occasion. Le Secrétaire d'Etat Craggs a ordre de vous informer plus au long de mes

FIRST VISCOUNT TORRINGTON.

intentions, mais j'ai voulu vous assurer moi même que je suis Monsieur le Chevalier Byng

Votre bon ami

A Hampton Court, ce 23d d'Aout, 1718.

GEORGE R.

The Admiral also received a similar letter from the Emperor.

Notwithstanding the defeat of the Spanish fleet, which crippled their intended operations in that quarter, the superior force of their army in Sicily, withstood all the efforts of the Imperialists in the first campaign, but, having received strong reinforcements in the spring of 1719, Messina was recaptured, and two Spanish ships of the line in the Mole fell into the possession of the English Admiral. This success turned the scale against the Marquis de Lede, and the Spanish Court was at length compelled to accede to the terms of the treaty, and hostilities ceased in March 1720. On the restoration of peace, Sir George Byng was summoned to Hanover to receive the personal thanks of his Royal Master, who received him with expressions of the highest esteem and confidence, and as a more permanent mark of favour, His Majesty soon after raised him to the Peerage by the titles of Baron Southill, and Viscount Torrington.

In 1725, when the King revived the ancient military order of the Bath, his Lordship was among the first of the Knights who were installed. The high favour which had uniformly marked his sovereign's conduct towards him was continued by his successor King George the Second, who immediately after his accession, placed him at the head of the Admiralty, over which he presided until January 1733, when he died in the esteem and honour of all good men, in the 70th year of his age.

Lord Torrington married on the 5th of March 1691, Margaret daughter of James Master, Esq. of East Langdon, Kent, by Joyce, daughter of Sir Christopher Turner, Kt. one of the Barons of the Exchequer.

The issue of the above marriage was eleven sons and four daughters.—His widow survived till the year 1756.

GEORGE BYNG,

The character and abilities of this distinguished officer were known and appreciated by no one better than by King George the First, to whom he was a most faithful servant and who requited his fidelity with the most unreserved confidence. It is related that when his ministers applied to him for instructions for the Admiral's guidance, on certain critical occasions, His Majesty's usual answer was "Send him none, he knows well how to act without any;" for all the measures which he adopted abroad were always found to square with the councils and plans of policy at home.

In Sicily the cause of the Emperor became the cause of his master, and he therefore served that Prince with a zeal and fidelity that was pointed out as a pattern to his own subjects. In the frequent disputes between the German and Savoyard troops during the contest, and afterwards between them and the Spaniards at the conclusion of it, wherein little faith was observed on either side, the English Admiral at their own request became the common umpire between them, and his judgement was received as final, *because it was just*. Adverting to this, during his visit to Hanover, the King told him that he had found out the secret of obliging his enemies as well as his friends, for the court of Spain had mentioned in their despatches his upright and friendly conduct with great acknowledgement.

The high reputation and steady career of prosperity which accompanied this distinguished Commander throughout his long and active life, exhibits a striking contrast with the fate of his unfortunate son, Admiral John Byng, who seems to have inherited his father's probity without his abilities,—his just sense of honour without his gracious manners,—and instead of that enterprizing spirit which "seeks reputation even in the cannon's mouth," to have possessed only that passive courage which he so well displayed when at length he bared his bosom to his executioners on board the *Monarca*.

Respecting the fate of this unfortunate officer much difference of opinion was then entertained, and perhaps still may linger among Naval officers. But now all the parties are no more, and the transaction is unshackled with personal feeling, it must be acknowledged

FIRST VISCOUNT TORRINGTON.

that though the ministry in 1756 deserved the severest blame for neglecting the relief of the island of Minorca, and then shifting the popular odium from themselves to their unsuccessful Admiral, yet his conduct in the action with M. Galissoniere was indefensible. It is not necessary to impeach his courage or his integrity; but he failed according to the twelfth Article of War, *in doing his utmost in presence of the enemy*, and therefore the Court Martial pronounced a right judgement. Dr. Campbell has observed that “the justice of punishing an officer for a constitutional defect rests solely on his accepting his commission with the Articles of War in his hand.” Whatever we may now think of the severity of Mr. Byng’s punishment, there is no doubt that George the Second (as a Sovereign) conferred an important benefit upon our Military service by withholding the pardon which was so earnestly solicited. The Admiral’s fate (as Voltaire’s wit foreboded) did much contribute to “encourage” that high sense of public duty which was then beginning to languish, and this heavy blow which was felt by some as an affront to the whole service, roused every man who embraced the profession of arms to a consciousness of his personal responsibility in action. The bravest man (so we have heard Lord Nelson himself declare) feels an anxiety “*circa præcordia*” as he enters the battle; but he dreads disgrace yet more. The recollection of Byng’s fate has doubtless deterred some from embracing the service of the sword, while aspirants of higher promise, who somewhat mistrusted themselves until they looked the enemy fairly in the face, have been held firm to their resolution by that principle of responsibility to public opinion, which has converted many a hesitating heart into a hero.



Engraved by H. T. Ryall

EDWARD, LORD HAWKE, K.B.

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET.

PAINTED BY F. COTES ESQ. R.A.

PRESENTED TO GREENWICH HOSPITAL BY EDWARD, THIRD LORD HAWKE

EDWARD LORD HAWKE, K. B.

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET.

KNOWLEDGE and experience are the sureties of success in every profession. Nothing will be denied to laborious and resolute exertion; but these are the conditions which Supreme Wisdom has imposed, and no man may presume to expect reward, unless, with a firm reliance upon Providence, he devotes all the force of his faculties to the service in which he has embarked.

With these advantages which marked his career from the first hour he went to sea, Edward Hawke, the subject of our present memoir, rose to the highest rank, and attained distinguished reputation in the Royal Navy. He was the only son of Edward Hawke, Esq. Barrister, of Lincoln's Inn, by Elizabeth, daughter of Nathaniel Bladen, Esq. and relict of Colonel Ruthven. Their son was born in the year 1705. At an early age, having given decided proofs of his partiality to the sea service, his education was directed to that profession; and his remarkable proficiency as a sea officer justified the choice, proving the success of those active and sedulous exertions in the acquirement of a thorough knowledge of his duty which laid a firm foundation for his future fame. Having passed through the subordinate ranks of the service, he was first appointed commander of the Wolfe sloop in 1733, and in the following year he was promoted to the Flamborough with the rank of Post Captain. During the ten years which ensued he was actively employed in this and other ships in the West Indies and elsewhere; and it may serve as a lesson to those officers who are inclined to despair of renown,

EDWARD LORD HAWKE,

that in this long period no opportunity was offered him to display that intrepid spirit in battle, and that promptitude of judgement in the most critical positions, which subsequently raised his name so high.

At length being appointed to the command of the *Berwick*, of seventy-four guns, he joined the fleet under the chief command of the unfortunate Admiral Mathews, who with Lestock and Rowley as his colleagues, lay then in Hieres bay, watching the combined fleets of France and Spain at Toulon, the destruction of which at that period was an object of the greatest anxiety to the British ministry. On the 11th of February, 1744, the enemy put to sea with twenty-eight ships of the line, and were met by the English with a force somewhat superior. We shall have another opportunity of describing the particulars of that discreditable action; but it is here proper to observe, that if all the ships of the British line had been actuated by the same skill and intrepidity which on that memorable day distinguished the conduct of the *Berwick*, M. De Court would never have dared to claim a victory; the brave old English Commander would not have been cashiered by a Court martial, which reflected discredit not on Admiral Mathews, but on its own members; nor would his second in command have been rewarded with an acquittal for deserting his Chief in the hour when victory hovered over his flag.

Early in the action the Captain of *El Poder*, a Spanish ship of sixty guns, had successively disabled the *Princessa* and *Somerset*, which were obliged to fall out of the line to repair their damages. Hawke, who belonged to the division of Rear-Admiral Rowley, perceiving this, bore down with impetuous fury on the Spaniard, and discharging into her his whole broadside, at once killed seven-and-twenty of her men, and dismounted seven of her lower deck guns; and continuing the attack with the same effect, her Captain, after a gallant but vain attempt to maintain the unequal contest, was compelled to strike his colours. A lieutenant and twenty men immediately were put in charge of the prize. It was now nearly

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET.

dark; no friendly ship was near to support the Berwick; the van of the French fleet was rapidly advancing, and Hawke disappointed of his prey, was compelled to abandon his men on board her, who could not be persuaded by their officer to obey the signal to quit her, and thus they became prisoners to their defeated opponents. A popular story has been long entertained among naval officers, that for this irregular act of gallantry in quitting the line without orders, (as did our own Nelson in the Battle of St. Vincent in later times) Captain Hawke was tried by a Court martial, and sentenced to be cashiered. This indeed would have been in the spirit which prevailed against Admiral Mathews himself, but the fact has not been confirmed by any authentic record. It is added, that when the affair was submitted to King George the Second, who (brave himself even to indiscretion) loved a brave officer from his heart, His Majesty instantly reversed the sentence, and ever afterwards treated him with peculiar favour. Being advanced to the rank of Rear Admiral in July, 1747, he received the command of fourteen ships of the line, and hoisted his flag on board the Devonshire of sixty-six guns, under orders to intercept M. L'Etendiere and a squadron of eight heavy ships of the line with a large convoy proceeding to the West Indies. He had the good fortune to fall in with them on the 14th of October off Cape Finisterre. The French Admiral, though sensible of his great inferiority of force, gallantly threw himself between his convoy and the British line, who eagerly pressed forward to prevent their escape. Hawke's headmost ships having brought them to action, he himself soon came up with the Severn of fifty guns, and compelling her to strike, pushed on for a more equal opponent. Rodney in the Eagle, and Cotes in the Edinburgh, were at this time hard pressed by superior numbers. Their active Admiral hastened to support them, when the Eagle having just had her wheel shot away, fell on board the Devonshire, and thus facilitated the advance of the French Admiral in the Tonnant of eighty guns, whom Hawke had marked for his own. Released at length from the Eagle, he got up again with the Tonnant, and poured such a rapid succession

EDWARD LORD HAWKE,

of broadsides into her, that many of the breechings of his lower deck guns gave way, and while repairing these the French Admiral escaped. Hawke now resumed the action with his usual vivacity, and quickly silenced the fire of the Trident of sixty guns; and then closed with the Terrible of seventy-four, which after an obstinate fight struck her colours. Six of the French line were taken, and M. L'Etendiere got into port with his own and one other ship. The English Admiral foreseeing the escape of the convoy, wisely despatched a vessel to the West Indies to announce their approach to Sir George Pocock, who was thus enabled to enrich himself and his squadron on that station with a great booty.

Hawke returning with his prizes to Portsmouth, was received by the populace with great acclamations. The King conferred on him the Order of the Bath, and the burgesses of Portsmouth elected him their representative in Parliament.

In 1750 he received the chief command at Portsmouth. In 1755 he was promoted to the rank of Vice Admiral; and on the prospect of hostilities with France, he was despatched with a squadron of eighteen sail of the line to cruize in the bay of Biscay, being relieved alternately by Admiral Byng. Early in the following year Minorca was invested by a French force under the Duke de Richelieu, escorted by the fleet of M. Gallissionere, and laid siege to St. Philip's castle, then garrisoned by English troops. Apprized of their danger the British ministry at length directed Byng to proceed to their relief, taking with him a regiment from Gibraltar to reinforce the garrison. But while waiting the result of their instructions, a letter from Gallissionere was received through the Spanish Ambassador, stating that he had had a slight encounter with Byng off Minorca on the 20th of May, and that the English Admiral soon after disappeared with his squadron, leaving the garrison of St. Philip to their fate. This humiliating report so exasperated the people of England, that the ministers, who either shared the panic or their indignation, resolved at once to supersede Mr. Byng without waiting for his own report of the affair. Sir Edward Hawke was forthwith ap-

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET.

pointed to the chief command, with orders to proceed immediately to the Mediterranean, to place Byng, and West his colleague, in arrest, and send them prisoners to England.

Hawke accordingly embarked in the *Antelope* at Portsmouth in June, 1756, taking with him his friend Saunders as his second. He was also accompanied by Generals Lord Tyrawley and Lord Panmure, the former being appointed to supersede General Fowke as Governor of Gibraltar, for having refused a reinforcement to the garrison of Minorca. This "little cargo of courage," as it was termed by the wits of the day, found Byng and his fleet lying in Gibraltar bay. He received with the utmost amazement the orders brought out to him by his successor, having no suspicion that his conduct was not highly praiseworthy, and Hawke who felt deeply for a brother officer's disgrace, treated him with a generosity which was hardly justified by the strictness of his own instructions. Of this we have heretofore given, in another work, the following curious anecdote on the authority of one of Sir Edward's confidential officers who accompanied him to Gibraltar. "The Admiral forbore to place Mr. Byng in arrest, and conducted the affair with so much delicacy, that none else suspected the nature of his orders. The two Admirals met at the table of Lord Tyrawley, now Governor of Gibraltar, who, after dinner, withdrew with Byng to another apartment, where he assured him from private information which he had received, that he was convinced the ministry meant to sacrifice him to the popular fury, advising him to take this opportunity of escaping into Spain, as the only chance of saving his life. Byng in reply confided to his Lordship the generous conduct of Hawke, declaring that no personal consideration should induce him to betray the confidence of that honourable man; adding that he was determined to meet his fate whatever might be the consequence of returning to England." [Plain Englishman, vol. iii. p. 562.]

The ill-fated Admiral, thus fixed in his virtuous purpose, soon after embarked for England accompanied by Admiral West. A great number of officers whose attendance on the approaching Court

EDWARD LORD HAWKE,

Martial would be required as witnesses, were also sent home by the same opportunity.

Meanwhile Byng's unaccountable departure from Minorca, the weakness of the garrison, and the want of supplies, extinguished all remaining hopes of succour. During the whole siege General Blakeney, the Governor, a brave old soldier, was confined to bed with the gout, and as Horace Walpole said "executed all his glory by deputy." The besiegers having succeeded in storming three of the forts, he consented to a capitulation ; and the news of this surrender filled all France with the most extravagant rejoicings. M. Gallis-sionere had prudently retired into port before Sir Edward Hawke's arrival, and gave him no opportunity of wiping away the reproach which Byng's mismanagement had cast on the fleet which he commanded.

The next service confided to Sir Edward Hawke brought no increase of reputation upon him or his military colleagues : still less did it justify the wisdom of those who planned it. A young Scotch adventurer, by name Clerk, possessing, with an unprepossessing exterior, considerable acuteness and courage, having, a few years before, persuaded himself on a very slight inspection, that Rochefort might be easily surprised, he contrived to get the scheme proposed to Mr. Secretary Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham, who had then recently joined the administration. Pleased with a project which flattered his own ardent disposition, he induced his colleagues, and next the King, to adopt the enterprize. The command of the forces was first offered to Lord George Sackville, who dexterously evaded the appointment, which was afterwards reluctantly accepted by Sir John Mordaunt, a brave general but at that period in ill health. Among other officers of rank sent on this service Wolfe, whose reputation was then principally known as a regimental officer, served under his orders, and his lofty spirit contributed much at first to encourage the expedition.

To Sir Edward Hawke was entrusted the naval force, consisting of sixteen sail of the line, besides frigates and smaller vessels of war.

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET.

Various speculations as to its destination were formed in England as soon as the equipment of the ships was commenced in the month of July, 1757, and the regiments appointed for this service began to rendezvous in the Isle of Wight, but owing to various delays so many months elapsed before the expedition sailed, that the active suspicions of the enemy had already penetrated its object, and that part of the French coast was well prepared to receive them. At length the whole force quitted Portsmouth, and arrived off the Isle of Oleron late in September. The plans of operation, founded upon very imperfect information as to the position and resources of Rochefort, appear to have been crudely digested, and it was not until they came to a closer examination that the real hazards of the enterprize were rightly understood. Differences of opinion, which at first were indulged in secret, now began to appear in the councils of the commanders. Distrust, vacillation and delay, infected them all. On first arriving they had taken the small island of Aix, which in no manner advanced their designs upon Rochefort, and when it came at last to be resolved whether or not this should be abandoned, it was evident that no one was willing to take the responsibility of abandoning it. All thought the attempt hopeless. Even Wolfe said it would be "bloody work." On this it was proposed to return to England ; but General Conway urged that they ought to attempt something at least, and proposed the attack of Fort Fouras, a position if taken, as useless as Isle d'Aix. The troops nevertheless were ordered into their boats, the commanding officers of the several corps were directed to rendezvous at midnight on board the Admiral's ship, and all was activity and expectation, but when every thing was ready the wind became adverse. Howe, who was charged with the landing of the troops, declared it was hazardous. The soldiers, therefore, returned to their transports, and the generals to their bickerings. Hawke, in a fit of the spleen, summoned another council of war, at which he stated that if Sir John Mordaunt had no further object in view, it was his intention to return with the fleet to Spit-head. This brought matters to a decision. The generals concurred

EDWARD LORD HAWKE,

in opinion that nothing more could be done : the Admiral therefore returned to Portsmouth, and so ended this ill contrived project.

The populace exasperated by their unexpected failure (for they never fail to reproach an unsuccessful commander) forgot their favourite's former success, and instead of their accustomed cheers, saluted him upon his landing, with " a dumb peal." He was summoned to London to give evidence before the Court Martial on Sir John Mordaunt, whose acquittal shortly put an end to the ferment, and the Admiral, glad to find himself once more on his proper element, returned to his station, and continued to cruize the whole winter, watching the enemy's movements on the coast of France.

In the month of April, 1758, on approaching the Basque road he discovered five ships of the line and several frigates, proceeding with a large body of troops under their convoy, destined to reinforce Louisburg. The whole fled before him on his approach and took refuge in the river Charente, where they saved their ships by throwing overboard all their guns and stores and warping them across the shoals.

The active and successful operations of the British forces by sea and land, during the year 1758, had greatly weakened their active enemy ; but the French cabinet, nothing daunted by so long a series of ill success, resolved by one gigantic effort to strike a blow which should amply compensate their recent disasters. For this purpose their utmost resources were employed to prepare for a descent upon our coast, in such strength and at such various points, as would divide the British force and distract the attention of the government. One division consisting of a formidable number of vessels of war and flat bottomed boats, which were assembled at Havre, and other small ports on the coast of Normandy, was intended to land upon the coast of England. A second, destined to act upon Scotland, was in like manner preparing at Dunkirk. A third, designed to operate against Ireland, was collected at Vannes and other ports on the coast of Brittany. The military force, to a very large amount, was held in readiness under the command of the Duc d'Aiguillon, to march in

• ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET.

several divisions to the appointed stations of embarkation, while the powerful fleet at Brest, to guard the expedition and cover the landing, was placed under the orders of Marshal Conflans with instructions to oppose any fleet which might endeavour to intercept them.

Mr. Pitt, who had already shewn himself an active and able war minister, took early precautions to defeat these mighty preparations, and while several inferior officers were employed to watch the movements of the enemy at the several ports of equipment, Sir Edward Hawke was selected for the most important charge of guarding the port of Brest, and of intercepting the French Marshal should he attempt to put to sea. Sir Edward, on reaching his station in June, 1759, detached three small squadrons to scour the French coast. Captain Duff was appointed to watch the large fleet of transports assembled at Vannes in the Morbihan; Keppel was stationed off Isle d'Aix, north of the Charente, to watch Rochefort; and Captain Harvey was placed close in with Camaret bay to observe every movement of their fleet at Brest. With such keen and indefatigable vigilance were these services performed, that during a space of several months no enemy's ship could stir without observation, and while thus blockaded they had the mortification of seeing their merchant vessels captured close to their own ports. But the approach of winter, ushered in by its tremendous gales, rendered it very difficult for our cruising ships to maintain their stations, and at length a gale of long and unusual violence drove Hawke from the French coast and compelled him to seek shelter with his fleet in Torbay. This was a happy circumstance for M. Bompard, who returning at this time with his squadron from the West Indies slipped into Brest unopposed. The weather having moderated M. Conflans availing himself of Hawke's absence, put to sea with his whole force, and by a happy coincidence, the British fleet sailed on the same day from Torbay. On the morrow they fell in with the Gibraltar, and learnt from her Captain (M^c Cleverty) that he had seen the French fleet off Belleisle. This determined Hawke to shape his course thither, but an easterly gale drove them far to leeward, and would have

EDWARD LORD HAWKE,

driven them almost to *despair*, had not a shift of wind sprung up on the 19th and enabled them to get close in with that island, when the Maidstone and Coventry frigates were ordered ahead to look out for the enemy. At eight in the morning of the memorable 20th of November, they made the signal for the enemy's ships being seen in the bay of Quiberon in pursuit of Duff's squadron. On this Hawke directed the seven ships nearest the enemy to make all sail towards them, the rest to follow, forming the line ahead as they proceeded, and thus forcing the French fleet to a general action. As they approached the bay, the French Admiral pushed towards the shore, distant about five leagues, hoping thus to entangle his pursuers among the dangerous rocks and shoals of that treacherous coast, then as unknown to the English as they were familiar to themselves.

It was half past two on a stormy winter's day before the van got within range of the enemy. One of the first of their ships brought to action was the Formidable, bearing the flag of Rear Admiral de Verger, who sustained the fire of several of the English ships in succession as they passed down to engage others of the enemy's line, but at length she was compelled to strike her colours, though not until her brave Admiral and two hundred of his men were killed. Lord Howe in the Magnanime attacked the Thesée, but getting foul of the Montague, he was obliged to drop astern, and when once more clear he bore down so furiously on the Heros, that she soon hauled down her ensign. At this time the wind had increased to a gale, and no boat could be lowered to take possession. The ill fated Thesée was again attacked by Keppel in the Torbay, and while so engaged, a heavy sea suddenly filled the Frenchman's lower deck, and with one lurch she went to the bottom with her whole crew. Meanwhile Hawke had fastened his keen eye upon his rival's flag, and pursued it whithersoever he steered. As they neared the coast the Master of the Royal George observed "if we run on much longer, Sir, we must inevitably be on shore." "That may be," coolly replied his Admiral, "but they must be on shore *first*: at all hazards their ships *must* be destroyed, so lay me alongside the Soleil Royal." But the French fleet

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET.

never made a stand to meet the attack. From the first onset they carried all sail from our ships. At one time indeed, the two Admirals were very near each other. Conflans gave his broadside to Sir Edward, who returned it with equal ardour; but after two or three exchanges other ships intervened, such was the confused nature of the fight owing to the tempestuous state of the weather, and the rival flags had no further contest. Several other French ships in succession however had the honour of engaging the English Admiral as they passed; but the fifth ship fared not so well. This was the *Superbe* of seventy-four guns, which received his whole broadside at once, and the terrible blow being repeated, she sunk alongside the *Royal George*. The British sailors gave a cheer, but it was a faint one: the honest fellows were touched at the miserable fate of hundreds of the poor wretches thus perishing in a moment, for the sea was so high that no assistance could be rendered them, and it was not till the next morning that twenty survivors only were rescued from part of her floating wreck. A couple of hours more of daylight (as Hawke observed in his despatch) would have enabled him to take or destroy their whole fleet. As it grew dark part of their ships stood to the southward, the rest made for the mouth of the river Vilaine. The English ships having on board no pilots qualified to navigate them, their Admiral reluctantly abandoned the pursuit and anchored his ships under Dumét.

An anxious night followed. Amidst the incessant roar of the elements, signal guns of distress were heard at intervals; but whether those of friends or foes none could discern, nor could any aid be given. Marshal Conflans, in the extreme darkness of the night, had anchored his own ship in the middle of the English fleet, but when at length the long desired morning broke, perceiving his situation he cut his cable and ran the *Soleil Royal* on shore west of Croisic. The *Heros* was soon after discovered lying aground upon the *Four Bank*, and two of the English ships, the *Resolution* and *Essex*, were in like manner irrecoverably stranded, though their crews were saved. The wind blew with such tremendous fury that Sir Edward, who

EDWARD LORD HAWKE,

had resolved to attack seven or eight of the fugitive ships of the division of Rear Admiral Baufremont, lying close to the entrance of the Vilaine, could not venture to cast loose from his anchorage, where he lay with top gallant masts struck until the weather moderated, and then he had the mortification to see these ships get safe into the river out of reach of his shot, after throwing overboard their guns and stores of every sort. He then despatched his frigates to destroy the *Soleil Royal* and *Heros*. On their approach, the first was set on fire by her own crew, the other by the English seamen. The *Juste* was also wrecked at the mouth of the Loire. Thus the *Formidable* was the only trophy of this important victory which fell to the possession of the conquerors. Nor was it until the 17th of January that the gallant Admiral and his ships reached Plymouth with their solitary prize.

It is always an object of popular curiosity to learn how a great commander bears himself in the moment of victory. The courtesy of an excellent lady has communicated to the author the following letter, addressed to the daughter of a gentleman who managed the Admiral's affairs in England, written three days after the battle, which shews how entirely he preserved the habitual simplicity of his mind amidst the scene of his recent triumph.

Royal George, at an anchor near Quiberon bay,
24th of November, 1759.

Dear Sally,

My express is just going away for England, and I have only time to tell you that we got up with the French off this place, and have beat them and dispersed their fleet.

We have burnt two of their ships of seventy-four and eighty-four guns; we sunk two (one of seventy-four and another of seventy guns) and have taken the *Formidable*, a ship of eighty-four guns. In the evening near dark, and blowing fresh and bad weather, some of them ran away clear out. Seven of them with two frigates anchored so near the shore, that we could not get at them; and the second day

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET.

they flung every thing overboard (for fear the weather should moderate, and that we should be able to get at them); and they got into a little harbour near the place where they were lying. There they must remain this winter at least, without any thing in, and can be of no service to the French till we please to permit them. Two of our ships had the ill luck to run ashore ; but these accidents can't be helped on such occasions ; for it was next a-kin to a miracle that half our ships were not ashore in the pursuit of an enemy upon their own coast, which we were unacquainted with, besides its blowing strong and squally, and having no pilots. I thank God I am very well, though almost starved with cold. I hope to be allowed to go home soon, for I have had a long and tiresome service of it. Write to my children the instant you receive this, and give my love and blessing to them. Make my compliments to all my neighbours, and believe me truly your sincere friend,

EDWARD HAWKE.

In reference to the ships which got into the Vilaine, the author has very recently learned from a distinguished officer well acquainted with the place, that they never put to sea again. Lying deep in the mud, they could have been removed at first, only on a spring tide, at which period they were closely watched by the British squadron, and at length they fell to pieces in the graves they thus made for themselves.

It is remarkable that his zealous and anxious services in guarding the British shores from the threatened invasion, though duly appreciated by the King's government, had not removed the prejudice of the populace produced by the failure at Rochefort. On the very day when the victory of Quiberon was won, his effigy was carried about the streets of London, and his name insulted with the most heartless abuse. When he once more appeared among them as a victor, the tide of popular applause rolled back like a torrent upon this excellent officer, who now regarded their clamours, whether for applause or for reproach, with equal indifference. Upon his appearance at

EDWARD LORD HAWKE,

Court, Hawke was received with distinguished favour by King George the second, who conferred a pension of two thousand pounds on him and his two next heirs in succession. A few days afterwards he attended in his place to receive the thanks of the House of Commons. The Speaker, in his address to him on this occasion, observed, “ Your expedition, Sir, was one of the nearest and most affecting concern to us, the immediate defence of His Majesty’s kingdom. You had overawed the enemy in their ports, till shame, perhaps desperation, brought them forth at last. You fought them, subdued them ; and in their confusion and dismay, made those who could escape seek their security in flight and disgrace.”

Sir Edward soon after resumed his command off Brest, and continued at sea until hostilities ceased. The spirit of the French was now broken by repeated defeats, and they afforded him no further opportunity of encounter.

On the dissolution of the Rockingham administration at the close of the year 1765, Sir Edward Hawke was placed at the head of the Admiralty, and held that high office until January, 1771. In 1776 he was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Hawke of Towton, in the county of York. His health now declined ; and after a long and exemplary submission to the anguish of a painful disorder, he expired at Sunbury in Middlesex, on the 17th of October, 1781, and was buried in the church of Swatheling, near Southampton, where a monument is erected over his remains.

The character of Lord Hawke furnishes an excellent example to every candidate for naval reputation. He possessed all the qualities necessary to form a thorough seaman and an enterprising intrepid commander ; and he employed these with a simplicity of purpose which served his country highly, and himself honourably. His gentlemanly deportment and propriety of conversation effected a salutary improvement among his officers. He steadily discountenanced that coarseness of language and demeanour which disgraced too many of the old school, and still clings to some of the present more enlightened age.

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET.

Hawke's genius was peculiar to the profession he had chosen. In political affairs he exhibited no great talents for business ; and while he presided at the Admiralty he was not exempt from many professional partialities which too often led him into error, while he surrendered his judgement to others, who employed his authority and patronage with too little regard to the welfare of the service. But amidst these official frailties Lord Hawke was ever an upright, honourable and pious man. His anxious attention to the health and comfort of the seamen secured to him their constant attachment ; while the steady patronage of his most deserving followers surrounded him with officers zealously devoted to the King's service and to their commander's glory. He was a strict, but temperate disciplinarian—affable rather than familiar with his officers,—reproving with sternness all approaches to ribaldry or impiety in their conduct and conversation. His mind, impressed with a devout regard for the faith in which he had been educated, loved to dwell on the many mercies he had experienced, and to ascribe every success to “ the Giver of all Victory.”

This testimony rests upon the authority of a very dear relation of the author, long since deceased, whose gallant conduct in the same profession introduced him to a long and intimate association with Lord Hawke, though even gratitude could not bias that sound judgement, and still sounder probity, under the guidance of which he formed this estimate of his patron's character.

With what devotion Hawke loved his country, and how warmly he regarded the welfare of a brother officer, may be seen in the following letter written during the last year of his life to his old friend Admiral (afterwards Sir Francis) Geary ; with which we conclude our present memoir.

“ My dear Sir,

I find by the Papers you are getting ready for sea with all the despatch that is possible, and that you will sail the instant that it is in your power,—and though I could wish this should get into

EDWARD LORD HAWKE.

your hands first, yet the times are so pressing, from many unfortunate events, that I think the sooner you get to my old station off Brest the better will it be for my country. When you are there, watch those fellows as closely as a cat watches a mouse, and if once you can have the good fortune to get up with them, *make much of them*,—and don't part with them easily.—Forgive my being so free—I love you—we have served long together, and I have your interest and happiness sincerely at heart. My dear friend, may God Almighty bless you, and may that all powerful hand guide and protect you in the day of battle. And that you may return home with honour and glory to your country and family, is the sincere and faithful wish of him who is most truly

My dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

HAWKE."

To Francis Geary, Esq.

Admiral and Commander-in-Chief at Spithead.

ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES SAUNDERS, K. B.

IN the year 1740, when Commodore Anson undertook his celebrated voyage round the world, he sought carefully among the most able and zealous officers for such as were best qualified to serve him in that adventurous expedition. Among these he selected Lieutenant Charles Saunders for the important post of first lieutenant of His Majesty's ship *Centurion*, which was appointed to bear his broad pendant as commodore. This choice sufficiently shewed the reputation which Mr. Saunders had already attained, and carried him forward in the brilliant career of service which distinguished him in after life.

The squadron, consisting of five ships from sixty to twenty-eight guns, together with the *Trial* sloop, sailed upon their voyage on the 18th of September, 1740. On reaching the coast of Brazil, Lieutenant Saunders was promoted by the Commodore to command the little sloop just mentioned. During the perils and privations which the squadron had to encounter on their passage through the Straits of Le Maire, and afterwards round Cape Horn in the ensuing spring, this little vessel was in the most imminent danger not only from the tempestuous weather which reigns proverbially on that extreme point of the great southern continent of America, but also from the ravages made by the scurvy amongst his slender crew. Nothing but the singular blessing of God upon the great skill and exertions of her commander saved him and his people from destruction; for when at length she reached the island of Juan Fernandez he had but three men left in a condition to work the vessel. The supplies of fresh provisions, and other advantages which they enjoyed in that interesting island, effectually re-established their health; and having repaired the damages as well as they were able, Saunders was

ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES SAUNDERS, K. B.

detached on a cruize, with the expectation of intercepting some of the rich vessels which trafficked on that coast. Nor was this expectation vain, for he had the good fortune to make prize of a large ship, with a cargo valued at £18,000. This capture was of great importance to Captain Saunders, exclusive of her pecuniary value, for she had formerly served as a frigate in the Spanish marine ; and the Commodore finding that the *Trial* was no longer sea worthy, he gave Captain Saunders a commission, appointing him to command the prize, removing into her all his men, together with the guns, stores, and provisions from the *Trial*, which was thereupon condemned as unserviceable. This secured to him the rank of Post Captain on the 21st of September, 1741. But it was soon discovered that the condition of the larger ship was little better than the former ; and the Commodore after a careful survey found it necessary to destroy her also ; and thereupon took Captain Saunders into his own ship the *Centurion*, dividing the crew between her and the *Gloucester*, her consort. Having accompanied the Commodore across the Pacific to China, on arriving at Macao Anson determined to send him to England with his despatches ; and having embarked in a Swedish ship he proceeded forthwith to England, thereby losing his share of the rich *Acapulco* ship, which was captured by the *Centurion* very shortly after his departure.

Being confirmed in his promotion by the Admiralty, Captain Saunders did not long remain at home before he was appointed to command the *Sapphire* of fifty guns, from which he removed into the *Sandwich*, which was employed as a guard-ship. In April, 1745, he received the command of a new ship of fifty guns, named the *Gloucester*, built instead of that which had been lost in Commodore Anson's voyage. Captain Cheap, who had also been one of the Commodore's squadron, now commanded the *Lark* ; and, while these two officers were cruising in company, they fell in with a Spanish register ship, which proved to them a capture worth one hundred thousand pounds sterling. In October, 1747, Captain Saunders commanded the *Yarmouth* of sixty-four guns, under the

ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES SAUNDERS, K. B.

flag of Admiral Hawke, when he engaged and captured nearly the whole squadron of M. L'Etendiere on the 14th of October, 1747, the French Admiral with his own and one other ship alone escaping. In this brilliant action the Yarmouth had a principal share in the defeat of *Le Monarque* and *Le Neptune*, each of seventy-four guns ; and when these ships struck their colours, Saunders, in conjunction with Captain Saumarez in the *Nottingham*, pushed on after the two flying ships, *Le Tonnant* and *L'Entrepide* ; but on the fall of the brave Saumarez, the *Nottingham* having hauled up, Saunders was compelled to abandon the chase. It is proper to state these particulars so honourable to Captain Saunders, because by some inadvertence his ship was not named in Hawke's hasty despatch to the Admiralty, though, as it is well known, he entertained the highest opinion of Saunders, which never ceased till his death.

In 1750, Captain Saunders was elected to serve in Parliament for Plymouth. In 1752, he proceeded to Newfoundland, as Governor and Commander-in-chief ; and on his return in 1754, he was appointed Treasurer of Greenwich Hospital, which he held till 1766. In 1755, upon the expectation of war with France, he received the command of the *Prince* of ninety guns, which he shortly after resigned on being preferred to the responsible office of Comptroller of the Navy. War was declared soon afterwards, and Saunders quickly found that he was of a spirit too enterprizing to remain on shore when his brother officers were unsheathing their swords for active service at sea. Sir Edward Hawke, who was just appointed to supersede the unfortunate Mr. Byng in the Mediterranean, invited Saunders to serve as his second in that command, and he, delighted with the prospect, resigned his office, and embarked with his distinguished chief in the *Antelope* for Gibraltar, where he hoisted his flag as Rear-Admiral of the Blue ; and when in the following year Hawke returned to England, he remained in charge of the fleet in the Mediterranean, but no encounter took place, though both he and his active predecessor had sought it with the utmost eagerness.

ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES SAUNDERS, K.B.

Having been advanced to the rank of Vice-Admiral, Mr. Saunders was appointed on the 8th of January, 1759, with a fleet of twenty-four ships of the line, with the chief command in North America, to cooperate with Brigadier General Wolfe in the reduction of the French fortress of Quebec and its dependencies in the river St. Lawrence. Ten thousand troops were appointed for this important service, to be assembled from various points at Louisbourg. Admiral Saunders hoisted his flag in the *Neptune* of ninety guns; and having received His Majesty's instructions for the expedition, and taken on board his gallant "brother in arms," they sailed from St. Helens with several ships and a large fleet of transports on the 17th of February, Admiral Holmes having preceded them with the first division a few days before. On reaching Halifax on the 30th of April, he found Rear-Admiral Durell with his squadron at that port, whom he immediately despatched to Quebec with the hope of intercepting a French convoy of seventeen ships laden with supplies for the garrison, which however succeeded in getting in before them.

The whole force being at length assembled from the several points of rendezvous at Louisbourg, finally sailed from thence and entered the river St. Lawrence on the 6th of June; but, owing to the great difficulty of the navigation, they did not reach l'isle d'Orleans, the place of debarkation, until the 26th of that month. In this service the Admiral received the most valuable assistance from the celebrated Captain Cook, at this time Master of the *Mercury* frigate, who took the soundings of the river with so much skill and coolness in the midst of the greatest hazards, that he won the esteem of his Admiral, who proved himself a firm friend to him afterwards. The two commanders now became fully sensible of all the difficulties of the enterprize which they had undertaken. The depth of the river, and the great rapidity of the current, greatly embarrassed the movements of the shipping and of their boats. The position of Quebec, its strong defences, and the able dispositions of the Marquis de Montcalm who commanded the French forces, called for the exer-

ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES SAUNDERS, K. B.

cise of all the ability and resolution of the British commanders. Wolfe, while he viewed his own limited force, looked with a just confidence to the support of the men of war, and in case of a reverse of fortune, had a resource in the assistance of General Amherst, who commanded at New York. The French army lay encamped along the shores of Beauport, from the river St. Charles to the Falls of Montmorenci. The British troops being landed on l'Isle D'Orleans, Wolfe's first operation was to send four battalions under Brigadier General Monckton, to dislodge the enemy from Point Levi, on the south shore, which with the aid of the Admiral, was effected with little loss.

On the 28th of June the enemy made an effort to burn the ships, from whose operations they had already began to suffer, by sending down seven fire ships with the current, but their approach being watched, they were intercepted and grappled by the boats of the squadron, which towed them clear of our shipping and run them aground to consume themselves without effecting their object.

The General having a design of storming the enemy's entrenchments, the Admiral appointed His Majesty's ships Sutherland, Diana, and Squirrel, to assist him in making an effectual reconnoissance of their position ; Wolfe embarking with a considerable body of men, with whom he landed on the 18th of July. On the 28th another attempt was made by the enemy to burn the fleet, who sent down the river a raft of fire stages for this object ; an hundred of these radeaux were so employed, but with as little success as the former, and were destroyed in like manner.

General Wolfe having now made his arrangements for attacking the French lines above Montmorenci, Admiral Saunders placed the Centurion in the channel between l'Isle D'Orleans and the Falls, to cover the attack, and for the same purpose caused two transports, well armed, to be run ashore under two of their batteries. All being ready, the first division consisting of fifteen hundred grenadiers, was landed without loss, under orders not to advance till joined by the second division under Generals Monckton and Murray ; but

ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES SAUNDERS, K. B.

these being accidentally retarded, the grenadiers, impatient of delay, rushed forward, and thus afforded the enemy an opportunity to overwhelm them with a very superior force, and the whole operation was defeated with the loss of six hundred men and many officers. General Wolfe was much chagrined at this failure at Montmorenci, and in his public despatch stating the particulars, expressed himself not very sanguine of the ultimate success of the expedition. His constitution, naturally delicate, was already much worn by the incessant labour and anxiety he had endured, and it is said that even then he bore about him the seeds of a terrible and fatal disease, which was gradually consuming him. Nothing however daunted his resolution, and he seemed only anxious to strike the great blow while yet he had personal strength remaining for it.

He invited his colleagues to propose any plan of attack which might secure success. The three Brigadiers thus encouraged, suggested the landing of the troops further down the river under the heights of Abraham, which if gained without discovery, would at once put him in possession of the ground in the rear of Quebec, where it was most weakly fortified. Meanwhile the General having resolved to give up the camp at Montmorenci and move up above the town, with the hope of getting between the enemy and their frigates and seventeen store ships (thus separating them from their supplies or forcing them to an action) the Admiral despatched the Seahorse and other vessels to remove the troops and artillery from the camp. Wolfe had already conceived the same project as that now proposed by the other Generals, and had rejected it as too desperate a project, but now when brought forward again upon the failure of the last operation, he at once resolved to adopt it. The ascent was to be made by one solitary narrow path, the access to which might easily be missed by the boats in the darkness of the night, and the alarm of a single sentinel might at once discover and ruin the scheme. But being now determined, the Admiral entered fully into co-operation with Wolfe, resolved to hazard every thing to attain success. He directed Holmes to move up three leagues

ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES SAUNDERS, K. B.

higher above the town to deceive M. De Bougainville, who had been detached by Montcalm with fifteen hundred men to watch the motions of the British squadron, which was ordered in the darkness and silence of the night to drop down the river to cover the landing of the British troops.

All the preparations being made on the memorable 12th of September,—an hour after midnight the first division under Brigadiers Monckton and Murray, were embarked in the boats, accompanied by Wolfe himself, who was among the first to land. In passing down, they had not proceeded far on their perilous route, when the plan was well nigh defeated by one of the English ships, whose captain having learned from two deserters that a French convoy of provisions was expected down the river that night, gave orders on perceiving the line of boats, to train the guns to fire into them. Wolfe hearing a stir on board, guessed the cause, rowed along side, and having averted the danger, rejoined his comrades. They also ran much risque from the alarm of the French sentries, as in order to hit the landing place they were obliged to keep near the north shore. The first boat was challenged with the usual, “*qui vive.*” A captain of Frazer’s regiment, who knew their custom, promptly replied, “*la France ;*” and to the next question, “*de quel regiment,*” replied, “*de la Reine ;*” which by accident he knew was the name of one of the corps, and the word *passé* from the sentinel enabled the whole line to proceed without further interruption.

And here we cannot omit an anecdote of Wolfe, which marked his self possession in that crisis of his life. It affords also a strong proof of his taste for literature at a moment when his thoughts must have been deeply fixed on this hazardous exploit. He had recently received from England Gray’s beautiful Elegy, just then published, and he repeated with great solemnity and feeling several of the stanzas to his companions, as with muffled oars they glided down to the point of attack ; and after expressing his admiration of the poetry, he struck the gunwale of the boat with emphasis, and declared that to be author of that poem he would almost surrender

ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES SAUNDERS, K. B.

the glory which he hoped presently to gain upon the heights above them. It is remarkable that the late Professor Robison of Edinburgh (from whom we had the story many years ago through our friend Dr. Gregory) was then a midshipman under Admiral Saunders, and steered the boat which carried the General and his staff. In after life he loved to tell this trait of Wolfe, of whose powers of mind he always spoke with high admiration.

The arrangement between the Admiral and General was observed with extraordinary accuracy. It was agreed that Admiral Holmes, who commanded the ships appointed to convey the second division of the troops and cover the landing, should follow the first division in three quarters of an hour after them. The darkness of the night and the great rapidity of the current made this a very nice operation, but it was so well timed that the landing was effected with every advantage, and the first division had hardly gained the summit before Holmes with the second appeared. Wolfe, being among the first ashore, looking upwards, said in his usual lively tone, "I don't believe there is a possibility of our getting up, but we must do our endeavour." The soldiers pulled themselves up by the boughs and roots of the trees and shrubs which grew on the steep on either side the path, which had been trenched and broken up to prevent access. With incredible labour they reached the summit without loss, and the seamen with their usual zeal and activity not content with this, dragged up one of the light guns, which being the only piece of cannon, was well served, and rendered important service in the subsequent battle. On reaching the level ground the General directed the troops to form and wait in position for the second division, who also made good the ascent without loss, and joined their comrades almost without discovery. But now the alarm spread through the city, and the unexpected tidings having reached Montcalm, he advanced with all speed with his forces to oppose the invading army. As soon as they were discerned crossing the river St. Charles, Wolfe formed his line with great skill, consisting of six battalions, and the Louisbourg grenadiers, the right commanded by Brigadier Monckton,

ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES SAUNDERS, K. B.

the left by Murray. In the rear of the left was Colonel Howe, with his light infantry. Brigadier Townshend, with the reserve of three regiments, was ordered to reinforce the left as soon as Wolfe perceived that to be the Marquis's intended point of attack. The force on either side was nearly equal. Fifteen hundred of the enemy's best marksmen lined the underwood and corn fields, and singled out the English officers with fatal success. At nine in the morning the French advanced to the charge in great order, but their fire was distant and irregular. Wolfe had ordered his men to reserve their fire till within forty yards, when they opened on them with deadly execution. He had placed himself at the head of Bragge's regiment and the grenadiers on the right, where the attack became warmest, and forgetful of himself in his eagerness for the battle, was a conspicuous mark for the enemy's sharp shooters. Presently he received a ball through the wrist,—he wrapped his handkerchief round it and continued to give his orders, advancing at the head of his grenadiers with fixed bayonets. Another ball pierced his breast, and he fell at the instant the French line gave way. Murray at the same moment broke through the centre with his highlanders, who fell furiously with their broad-swords on their antagonists, and drove them with great slaughter into the town.

Howe, assisted by Townshend, did great execution on the left, The latter keeping in check a body of Indians who were watching an opportunity of falling on the rear of our troops to scalp the wounded and dying. M. de Bougainville, with two thousand fresh troops now appeared on the field, but Townshend precipitately drove them into the woods and swamps in the rear, whither he was too prudent to follow with a force so much weakened in the previous contest, more especially as the command had now devolved on him, Wolfe having fallen, and Brigadier Monckton being shot through the lungs and carried from the field. Montcalm and the three officers next in command fell also mortally wounded in this bloody battle, and one of the last acts of the gallant Marquis was to write a letter to General Townshend recommending the prisoners to his humanity.

When Wolfe fell he was supported as he lay on the field by one

ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES SAUNDERS, K. B.

of his subalterns, who would not leave him, but the officer's eye was still on the fight, and seeing the French line give way he involuntarily exclaimed "they run." "Who run?" said the dying hero, as he strove to raise himself from the ground—"the French," returned the Lieutenant: "Then I die happy," said Wolfe, and breathed out his last sigh as he relapsed from the effort.—He was borne from the field by a party of seamen, the last survivor of whom, Mr. Patrick Gibson, who afterwards became a Purser in the navy, died only on the 1st of July last, at the great age of one hundred and eleven years. He delighted to dwell on this incident in his life, and spoke of Wolfe with enthusiasm. He was a witness to the last interview between the General and the Admiral, who on the previous night landed unexpectedly on the spot where he had been bathing, when he retired on their approach. Their conference was held in a small hut alone, but he overheard it from the outside. "Admiral," said Wolfe, "I am determined to carry the heights to-morrow morning: will you assist me with twenty men from each of your ships of war to transport our cannon and provisions?"—"Not only with twenty," returned Saunders, "but with every hand that can be spared." Here they shook hands, and returned to their boats; and this the veteran declared was all that passed at this memorable interview.

The arduous services of the fleet in cooperating with Wolfe and his brave troops in the whole of this protracted and difficult enterprise, were of a nature to call forth all the best energies of the two commanders and their followers. The utmost cordiality and mutual support and confidence prevailed between the troops and the seamen, and was repeatedly acknowledged by their lamented General before he fell.

On the 18th of September, Admiral Saunders and General (afterwards Lord) Townshend, on whom the command of the army devolved, signed the treaty of capitulation, by which Quebec and its dependencies were surrendered to the British arms. Admiral Saunders thereupon returned with the fleet to England, leaving only a detachment of ships under Lord Colville in the St. Lawrence.

ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES SAUNDERS, K. B.

On his passage home the Admiral had reached the entrance of the British channel when he learnt that the Brest fleet was at sea, and instantly steered for Quiberon to reinforce his friend Hawke. But two days after he fell in with one of the victorious fleet, which informed him the battle was already won; and Saunders's aid not being required, he resumed his course and proceeded straight home. This promptness for action did him great honour in the opinion of his countrymen, and greatly enhanced the credit which he had so recently gained by his important services at Quebec. On arriving in London he was received with acclamations by the people, and honoured with the distinguished favour of his Sovereign. He was immediately rewarded with the appointment of Lieutenant General of Marines; and on attending in his place in Parliament in January, 1760, he received the thanks of the House for his late services.

That year he held once more the chief command in the Mediterranean, during which no important service occurred. On his return to England he was re-elected to serve in Parliament for Heydon, and was invested soon after with the Order of the Bath.

In August, 1765, Sir Charles was appointed one of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, of which he became President in the following year, and was sworn of his Majesty's Privy Council. This high appointment created very considerable jealousy among several of his senior officers in the navy: among whom Sir George Pocock felt it so great a slight upon himself, that he waited upon Sir Edward Hawke, with a determination to make a strong remonstrance to the King. He found him just leaving the door on his way to congratulate Sir Charles on his elevation: and Hawke so quickly convinced him of the merits of Saunders, that he enlisted his rival to accompany him in this visit of courtesy, and thus at once put an end to all the heart burnings under which Pocock laboured.—On resigning this great office in 1766 to his staunch friend, Sir Edward Hawke, our Admiral retired from public life, retaining only his seat in Parliament; and finally closed his honourable career on the 7th of December, 1775, at his house in Spring Gardens, London.

ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES SAUNDERS, K. B.

The eminent services of Sir Charles Saunders, especially those which he had rendered in America, were honoured by the eloquent eulogy of his distinguished friends, Sir George Savile, Mr. Burke and Mr. Hartley, who hearing of his unexpected death within a few hours after, took occasion to pay a warm tribute to his memory in the House of Commons. After doing ample justice to his distinguished valour and seamanship, the latter, with his usual felicity of transition, exhibited an animated view of the state of America at the period of the conquest of Quebec in 1759, when by the gallantry of our fleets and armies all Europe acknowledged the glory which England had achieved in that “wonderful year;” and then contrasted it with the state of public affairs at the moment he was speaking, when the whole of the American colonies were in open revolt, and Britain threatened with hostilities by the united arms of France and Spain.

The remains of Sir Charles Saunders were privately interred in Westminster Abbey, close to the monument of his heroic colleague in the victory of Quebec. That monument is but a cenotaph; for Wolfe’s remains, as we have seen, are deposited in the vault of Greenwich church, between those of his venerable parents. His father, Lieutenant-General Edward Wolfe, died there a few months before him; his mother surviving till 1765.

Sir Charles Saunders dying without issue, bequeathed large legacies to his friends Lord Keppel, Sir Hugh Palliser, and others, leaving the remainder of his ample fortune to his niece, Miss Kinsey, who sometime after married Dr. Huck, whereupon both of them assumed the name of Saunders in honour of the testator. On their decease the property descended to two daughters, the only offspring of this marriage, viz. the present Countess of Westmorland, and the Viscountess Melville.

The Portrait here engraved was bequeathed to Greenwich Hospital by the late Admiral Sir Hugh Palliser, Bart. Governor of the Institution.



Engraved by H. Robinson.

REAR-ADMIRAL RICHARD KEMPENFELT.

PAINTED BY KETTLE.

BEQUEATHED TO GREENWICH HOSPITAL BY HIS BROTHER, G. A. KEMPENFELT, ESQ^R

REAR-ADMIRAL RICHARD KEMPENFELT.

AMONG the few officers of foreign extraction who have entered the British navy, there is no name which has conferred more honour, nor perhaps more real benefit on the King's service, than that of Richard Kempenfelt. His father was by birth a Swede, and appears to have been early attached to the service of King James the second, and to have followed his fortunes into exile with a fidelity that did him honour, and obtained for him the esteem of that ill-fated Sovereign's daughter, Queen Anne, who on succeeding to the throne of England invited this excellent officer into her service, in which he accepted a commission, and afterwards became Lieutenant Governor of the island of Jersey. He survived until the accession of King George the first, and at his death left a family of two sons and as many daughters, all of whom died unmarried.

Some of our readers may be glad to know that Colonel Kempenfelt is the original character of "Captain Sentry," whom Addison has so beautifully sketched in "The Spectator," in the 544th Number of which his real name is delicately revealed to the reader.

His eldest son Richard, of whom we are about to speak, appears to have inherited the same sound sense and cultivated understanding, and sober courage and pure morals, which distinguished his excellent father. These qualities formed the foundation of that high reputation which his memory still retains.

This gentleman was born in Westminster somewhere about the year 1720; and having chosen the Royal Navy as his profession, he was raised to the rank of Lieutenant on the 14th of January, 1740. Of his early services little has been recorded. He was Lieutenant of the Anson in 1750, and was afterwards promoted to be Master and Commander. How long he held that rank is unknown; but on

REAR-ADMIRAL RICHARD KEMPENFELT.

the 17th of January, 1757, he was made Post Captain, being appointed by his first commission to the command of His Majesty's ship *Elizabeth* of sixty-four guns, which was chosen to bear the broad pendant of Commodore Stevens, who proceeded in her to the East Indies together with three other ships to reinforce the squadron of Admiral Pocock.

On arriving upon his appointed station on the 24th of March, 1758, he found the English Admiral actively opposed to the French force under M. D'Ache, who, nearly about the same time, was considerably strengthened by an armament sent out from France under the celebrated Comte Lally, which commenced vigorous operations by sea and land, taking our possession of fort St. David, and laying siege to Madras, from which however they were repulsed with great loss. Admiral Pocock immediately, on being joined by the Commodore, attacked the French squadron off Negapatnam; and after a severe contest of two hours compelled M. D'Ache to retreat; and but for the misconduct of three of our captains, who afterwards incurred the sentence of a court martial, the whole of the enemy's ships would probably have been taken. M. D'Ache, who was a brave and experienced officer, renewed his active operations, and in the course of a few months had to fight three pitched battles with the English Admiral; but though the enemy were much more numerous, and better sailers, on his part also he was very ill supported by his captains; and in every action the French were worsted, though no ships were taken. In these engagements, and especially in the blockade of Pondicherry, Captain Kempenfelt's conduct in command of the *Elizabeth* was very distinguished, and won the admiration of Commodore Stevens and all the squadron.

On the departure of Admiral Pocock for England the command devolved upon Mr. Stevens, who had now attained the rank of Rear-Admiral. In conjunction with Colonel Coote he pressed the siege of Pondicherry so closely, that M. Lally at length capitulated on the 15th of January, 1761. In the Admiral's despatches to England, he mentioned in the highest terms of praise his obligations

REAR-ADMIRAL RICHARD KEMPENFELT.

to Captain Kempenfelt for his valuable counsel and assistance during these arduous exertions. Admiral Stevens did not long survive his success: he died in May, 1761, and was succeeded in the command by Admiral Cornish, who, well knowing Kempenfelt's high character, wisely retained him in the post of Flag Captain. Soon after he had assumed the command, he concerted with Colonel (afterwards Sir William) Draper, an expedition against Manilla: the force consisted of fourteen ships of war, and a considerable body of European and native troops, which embarked at Madras on the 1st of August, 1762, and reached the coast of Luconia towards the end of September. On entering the bay of Manilla the soldiers and sepoys were landed, and a body of five hundred seamen and marines were appointed to co-operate with the troops, under the orders of Kempenfelt and two other captains. The place was regularly invested by sea and land; and a practicable breach being soon effected, the works were stormed on the 6th of October. The Spanish Governor thereupon offered terms of capitulation, which being agreed to, the forts and arsenal were surrendered to the English the following day. It was stipulated by the victors that four millions of dollars should be paid for the preservation of the town and property. The negociation was conducted by the Archbishop with Colonel Draper, who, as an Etonian, piqued himself on his accurate knowledge of the Latin language, in which the conference passed. But when the Spanish Government refused to ratify this stipulation (for the "Manilla ransom" was never paid) the bluff old Admiral, who had been educated on board a collier, declared that "he would never again trust a negociator who spoke Latin."

Colonel Draper's public letter to the Government at home contained the following paragraph, highly honourable to the Admiral's Captain. "As a small acknowledgment of the great services which the whole army had received from Captain Kempenfelt, I begged he would act at Cavite (the arsenal) with a commission as Governor for His Majesty, being assured that no one would discharge that trust with more conduct and abilities." He appears to have held

REAR-ADMIRAL RICHARD KEMPENFELT.

this appointment but for a short space ; as the Admiral soon after sent him to England with his own despatches, in which also he was mentioned in warm terms of commendation. Kempenfelt seems to have made a short stay in England ; for in the following year he resumed his station as Captain of the Norfolk, bearing the flag of Admiral Cornish in the East Indies, from whence on the termination of the war they finally returned to Europe.

Upon the apprehended rupture with the Court of Spain regarding the Falkland Isles in the year 1770, Captain Kempenfelt was appointed to the Buckingham of seventy guns ; but that affair being settled without resorting to arms, he held this commission for one year only, and does not appear to have received any other command previous to the year 1778. But to a man of his temperament peace brought no relaxation : his thoughts, ever in pursuit of knowledge, were constantly engaged for the benefit of the naval service, to which he was heartily attached. Nautical mathematics, mechanics and architecture, were his recreations ; naval tactics his severer study. He visited most parts of the continent ; inspected their arsenals, and other public establishments, and noting every improvement which might be adopted with advantage to our own naval service ; applied with singular judgment and perspicuity all his acquisitions to remedy those defects which he had detected in our system.

Among these his attention was specially directed to the English Code of Signals, which, though highly creditable to the Duke of York, who first formed them for the use of the English navy, were extremely scanty, and very defective in their operation : with his usual penetration he saw these were capable of an easy and important improvement. The signals established in 1665 by His Royal Highness were limited to such communications between ships as could be made by displaying ensigns, jacks and pendants, in various parts of the rigging. The French, under the Duc D'Anville, afterwards extended the system in the year 1746, by supplying additional symbols, without any improvement of the principle, and these were

REAR-ADMIRAL RICHARD KEMPENFELT.

adopted by the British navy. The flags and pendants were increased to eighteen, and were numbered in succession, but they were still hoisted separately, it not having occurred to any one to use these numbers in combinations with each other, but only with the firing of guns, or further assisted by changing the position in the rigging where the flags were shewn. By these contrivances the number of changes was thus increased to eighty signals, capable of being so exhibited. Kempenfelt's sagacity at once struck out the great principle of improvement. He appropriated the nine digits and a cypher to as many specific flags, and hoisting three at a time in combination, according to numerical permutation, he obtained a power of giving nine hundred and ninety-nine signals to as many significations. He may therefore be justly considered as the father of naval signals, and as such became a most important benefactor not to this nation only, but to the whole world. Of what infinite importance is this power of communication, whether for warlike purposes, for warnings of danger, or for nautical aid; how rapid the intelligence between ships often incapable of approach, or when intercourse between them and the shore is impracticable!

Kempenfelt's discovery was the grand step to improvement, though further practice and experience have suggested important additions to the value of his system. The late Earl Howe, pursuing his principle, adapted it to an increased number of significations; but as the communication was still confined to arbitrary sentences, no message could be conveyed but such as was provided for by preconcerted sentences. This desideratum was at length supplied by the late Sir Home Popham, who in the year 1800 compiled a *Marine Vocabulary, or Naval Telegraph*, by giving fixed numbers to about three thousand words, with their inflections, and thus establishing the power of "conversing in air" at any distance within which by the aid of a telescope, the colour of a flag is discernible. The indisposition of ordinary minds towards the adoption of any new practice is a remarkable characteristic of our nature. This very important improvement in signals, now universally approved and adopted, was

REAR-ADMIRAL RICHARD KEMPENFELT.

long struggling against prejudice before it obtained the tardy acknowledgment of its utility among naval officers generally. Its inventor tried in vain to obtain for it official promulgation through the Admiralty, and it was not brought into common use on board the ships, until Lord Nelson gave it his sanction by introducing the general practice of it in his fleet. Nor did it completely prevail over all remaining prejudices till after his memorable telegraphic signal at Trafalgar, "England expects every man will do his duty," when the unanimous voice of the fleet induced the Government to authorize the general adoption of it throughout the whole service. The prejudice against the use of signals however was greater in the days of Kempenfelt, as we shall presently shew.

In 1778, this excellent officer received the command of the *Alexander* of seventy-four guns, he was soon after advanced to be Captain of the Channel Fleet, under Sir Charles Hardy, and so highly were his talents esteemed, that a promotion of flag officers was made to include him, in order that the fleet might benefit by the more enlarged opportunity thus afforded him of applying his knowledge and abilities to the public advantage.

On the sudden death of Sir Charles Hardy in May 1780, the chief command of the Channel Fleet devolved on Admiral Geary, under whose flag Kempenfelt still continued to hold the responsible office of Captain of the Fleet, upon the strong recommendation of Lord Hawke, who was no mean judge of merit. The fleet, consisting of twenty-four ships of the line, proceeded off Brest in the month of July, in order to prevent the junction of the French and Spanish fleets. While on this cruise the headmost ships made the signal for the enemy's fleet, and the Admiral crowded all sail after them in hopes of a battle, and towards the afternoon came up almost within gun-shot of some of the rear ships. Kempenfelt, who had laboured incessantly to perfect his code of signals, was delighted with the opportunity of proving them, and was presently seen ascending the ladder with his signal book beneath his arm, and crossing the quarter deck deposited it with much solemnity on the binnacle. Geary, who was a true sample of the

REAR-ADMIRAL RICHARD KEMPENFELT.

rough old school, regarded these ominous movements with anxiety, and advancing towards the tactician, took him by the button in a coaxing manner, saying “ Now my dear, dear Kempy, do let us alone for this one day, and tomorrow I promise you shall make as many signals as you will.” Kempenfelt's eye looked unutterable things upon the veteran chief as he uttered these unhallowed words, and probably his placable spirit might not have borne this egregious proof of ignorance and prejudice, had not an officer happily at that instant reported that the chase was a convoy, not ships of the line. The game was sprung; and having succeeded in making prize of fourteen of the most valuable vessels, which were computed to be worth £125,000, all were in good humour, and the further discussion of the signal code was deferred to the Greek Kalends.

At the close of the year 1781 Kempenfelt was suddenly despatched to sea with a detachment of twelve ships of the line, to intercept a French squadron, under M. Guischen, which was proceeding from Brest to reinforce the Comte de Grasse in the West Indies. He had the good fortune to cross their path, but to his mortification discovered them to be almost double his force, and in the critical posture of affairs at that juncture, he dared not hazard a contest so unequal, but profiting of his great ability as a tactician, he threw himself between the French line of battle and the convoy, of which he made prize of fifteen and sunk four others; he managed the affair so dexterously, that he lost not one of his own ships, or suffered any material damage from the enemy's fire. These ships were laden with naval and military stores, the loss of which was so serious to the enemy that the French Admiral was constrained to return into port, and thus saved the British Islands in the West Indies, by enabling Rodney to arrive there in time to provide for their defence before the expected reinforcement from France could reach the Comte de Grasse.

Admiral Kempenfelt's flag continued on board the Victory until the month of March following, when he removed into the Royal George, in which he put to sea in April 1782, with the fleet under

REAR-ADMIRAL RICHARD KEMPENFELT.

Admiral Barrington, in order to intercept a second French squadron, which was preparing to leave Brest for the East Indies. This also they had the good fortune to encounter on the 20th, and after a running fight of several hours, they succeeded in capturing two ships of the line, with eleven of their convoy. Kempenfelt continued to cruize for some time after under the Earl Howe in the Channel, during which time the *Royal George* suddenly sprung a leak, which the carpenters could not succeed in stopping. The Admiral therefore returned to Spithead to have it examined, by heeling the ship over on one side as she lay at anchor. This operation was performed on the 29th of August; the day was beautiful, the sky serene, scarce a ripple played on the water. Kempenfelt sat writing in his cabin, while his crew were at dinner, surrounded by a great number of women and children, with other visitors to the ship. A light breeze sprung up, the huge fabric vibrated, gave one heave, fell over, and sunk in a moment! Of twelve hundred souls on board upwards of nine hundred perished. Four lieutenants, eleven women, and about three hundred men, were saved. Such was the fate of this brave, accomplished, and exemplary officer, whose probity and benevolence of heart were as universally honoured as his talents and services were distinguished.

He died a bachelor, and his brother, Captain Gustavus Adolphus Kempenfelt, who had sometime retired from the army, became his heir, and liberally contributed to the relief of the widows and children of his gallant crew. By him the Portrait here engraved was bequeathed to Greenwich Hospital.

Kempenfelt was a man of great stature, spare and upright, and of a swarthy complexion. He wore a stiff queue of enormous length, and his whole attire was so plain that he was once mistaken for the clerk of his own flag-ship by a youngster who is now one of the most distinguished officers at the head of the Navy list, who has often expressed to us his high testimony to the repute in which Kempenfelt was held by the whole service.





Engraved by H Robinson

ALEXANDER, LORD VISCOUNT BRIDPORT, K.B.

ADMIRAL OF THE RED.

PAINTED BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS R.C.A.

PRESENTED TO GREENWICH HOSPITAL BY THE VISCOUNTESS BRIDPORT.

ADMIRAL VISCOUNT BRIDPORT, K. B.

ALEXANDER HOOD, Viscount Bridport, was the younger of the two distinguished sons of the Rev. Samuel Hood, Vicar of Butleigh, Somerset, and afterwards of Thorncombe, Devon.

He was born in the year 1727, and having chosen the profession of the Royal Navy, attained the rank of Lieutenant in 1746. He served with much credit in the subordinate stations of the service, and was preferred to the rank of Post Captain, 10th of June, 1756. Early in the following year he was appointed to the *Antelope*, of fifty guns, and while in command of that ship, after a running fight of two hours, he drove ashore the *Aquilon*, French frigate of forty-eight guns, in Hieres bay. In 1758 he commanded the *Minerva* of thirty-two guns, in which ship he was actively employed, during the memorable year 1759, as one of the flying squadron under Commodore Duff, watching the motions of the formidable armament on the coast of France, which was finally disconcerted and dispersed by the important victory of Lord Hawke in Quiberon Bay.

While cruising in the *Minerva* off cape Pinas, in January, 1761, Captain Hood fell in with the *Warwick*, formerly a British ship of sixty guns, then *armée en flute* with thirty-four guns and three hundred men. "The wind was strong with a great sea." The action began soon after ten in the morning. In half an hour the *Warwick* lost her main and foretop masts, and drove on board the *Minerva*, but the sea soon parted them. The *Minerva* being much damaged by the collision, her foremast and bowsprit fell shortly after; but as soon as the wreck was cleared, Captain Hood bore down again upon the Frenchman, who had then drifted three leagues to leeward, and having once more brought him to close action, he finally struck

ADMIRAL VISCOUNT BRIDPORT.

his colours at five in the evening. A few hours later the *Minerva's* main and mizen masts came down and left her a complete wreck, and it required much skill and labour to bring the two ships safe into port. Captain Hood being subsequently appointed to the *Africa* of sixty-four guns, he remained in that ship until the peace of 1763, and afterwards commanded the *Thunderer* as a guardship at Portsmouth. In 1766 he obtained the office of Treasurer of the Royal Hospital at Greenwich.

On the opening of the war with France, Captain Hood was placed in command of the *Robust* of seventy-four guns, one of the fleet of Admiral Keppel, and, being stationed in the division of Sir Hugh Palliser, shared in the action with M. D'Orvilliers off Ushant on the 27th of July, 1779. His ship, being one of the few engaged with the enemy, had five men killed and seventeen wounded in that affair. The differences which ensued between the two Admirals, regarding their respective merits in that inglorious action, produced great ferment in the fleet, and led to a public enquiry. The subject was hotly debated in Parliament, and Captain Hood's conduct on the Court Martial, in support of his friend Sir Hugh Palliser, was resented with so much violence by the partisans of Lord Keppel, that he immediately resigned the command of the *Robust*, and held no commission afterwards as a Captain.

In 1780 he was raised to the rank of Rear Admiral. In 1782 he hoisted his flag in command of a division of the fleet of Earl Howe, who was despatched to the relief of Gibraltar, and shared in the skirmish with the combined fleets of France and Spain. In 1784 he was returned representative in Parliament for Bridgewater and afterwards for Buckingham. In 1788 his Majesty conferred on him the Ribbon of the Bath. On the prospect of a rupture with Spain, in 1789, Sir Alexander Hood was re-appointed to a division of Earl Howe's fleet, and when that armament ceased he obtained the civil appointment of Rear Admiral of England.

At length came war in earnest. The French Convention of revolutionists, in 1792, not satisfied with the overthrow of all order

ADMIRAL VISCOUNT BRIDPORT.

in that country, resolved to disseminate their baneful principles beyond their own frontier, and for this purpose, issued a decree, on the 19th of November, inviting the subjects of all other kingdoms to rebel against their established government. Emissaries were despatched into England to inculcate their new doctrines, and not without success among the disaffected, who associated in London, as a “Corresponding Society,” to carry their iniquitous plans into effect. On the 2nd of February, 1793, the French Convention, upon the most frivolous pretexts, declared war against England. At this crisis the British government wisely considering war as the best security against such an intercourse of mischief, issued a similar proclamation, ten days after, which doubtless saved this favoured nation from the ruin that afterwards desolated the fairest countries of Europe.

Earl Howe, being now appointed to the chief command of the Channel fleet, placed Sir Alexander Hood in charge of one of its divisions, who hoisted his flag on board the Royal George. But no opportunity was presented to the fleet for checking the presumption of the French Directory, until the following year, when the officers of our Navy, who had so long desired to measure swords with their republican opponents, found an occasion to prove their temper.

The National Convention with a strange irregularity of conduct which marked all their proceedings, placed one of their own body, Citizen Jean Bon St. André, on board their fleet, to controul the Admiral, Villaret Joyeuse, a young but able officer, who was appointed to the chief command under orders to put to sea with the avowed purpose of subduing, by one mighty blow, the fleet of England. Nor was the British ministry less strenuous in their exertions to send their ships to meet them well prepared for the contest. Apprized of their intended object, Earl Howe, with six flag officers under his orders, sailed from Portsmouth on the 2nd of May, giving protection to a large convoy, which he afterwards sent forward with a detachment of his fleet, and proceeded with the remainder to cruize off Brest, in readiness to meet the advance of the enemy, whom he now expected to come out for the double purpose of intercepting the British trade,

ADMIRAL VISCOUNT BRIDPORT.

and affording protection to a large and valuable convoy which was hourly expected from America, laden with stores and other supplies, of which France stood in great need at that particular juncture. Nor was Lord Howe's sagacity deceived, for after parting from the merchant vessels, he steered directly for the track of the expected French convoy from America, and on the morning of the 28th of May, he had the satisfaction of gaining sight of the Brest fleet, in number equal to his own. Throughout that day however the British Admiral sought in vain to bring his adversary to a general engagement. None but the advanced ships, with Rear Admiral Pasley, got into action; but on the following day it was resumed with greater promises of success, and had Lord Howe's signal to break the enemy's line been generally obeyed, a decisive victory would then have been achieved. As it was, only a few ships in comparison, profited of the occasion. Among these the Royal George was conspicuous, and the Admiral poured so heavy a fire into two of the sternmost of the enemy's ships, that they soon shewed proofs of being much disabled by the severe treatment they thus received, and but for a gallant and dexterous manœuvre of the French Admiral in Chief, who led his ships to cover their retreat, they must have surrendered to the overpowering fire of their immediate opponents. M. Villaret having effected this able movement joined his other ships in the rear, and the firing for that day ceased.

Variable winds, and foggy weather effectually prevented either party from renewing the engagement until the morning of the 1st of June; when the brave Earl having secured the weather gage, formed his line of battle, each Captain being instructed to break through the line, and at the same moment engage the ship nearest him. But an attack so well designed was marred in the execution, by the irregular proceedings of some of his ships, and the unforeseen contingencies of the battle. At eight in the morning, the British chief bore down upon the French Admiral, but the rear of the fleet, among which was the Royal George, did not get into action until considerably later. At length Sir Alexander broke through their

ADMIRAL VISCOUNT BRIDPORT.

line, between the Sans Pareil of eighty, and the Republican of one hundred and twenty guns, and was at once closely engaged with both. His heavy fire soon brought down the fore and mizen masts of the Sans Pareil, and, being seconded by the Glory, their united fire so disabled the Republican, that she with difficulty crawled away. The Royal George having lost her fore mast and main and mizen top masts, and her wheel being disabled, she could not prevent her escape. The loss on board the Royal George in the two actions amounted to twenty killed and seventy two wounded.

The Sans Pareil was reported to have two hundred and sixty men and officers killed outright. When she struck, and the officer boarded to take possession, Captain Troubridge and the crew of the Castor frigate, who had been captured by Admiral Nieully a little before, were found on board, and their services proved very valuable in conducting the prize into port. It deserves mention, that at breakfast that morning the French Captain observed to his prisoners, that the English Admiral had hove to, and therefore it was evident that he had no intention to fight. "Not fight!" said Troubridge in a fury, "stop till *they* have done breakfast! I know "John Bull, and when his belly is full you will *get it*." On the commencement of the battle Troubridge, scarce able to controul his impatience, was placed below in charge of a sentry in the boat-swain's store-room. As he leaned against the foremast, he felt it suddenly vibrate, and presently heard the crash of its fall overboard, and seizing the Frenchman in his arms, who thought him crazed, he began to jump and caper with exstasy.

M. Villaret covered the retreat of his ships with great ability. The disabled state of the British fleet sufficiently proved the resolution with which many of their opponents fought; and Lord Howe being then in no condition to follow them, the French Admiral got safe into Brest, leaving the Sans Pareil and five other ships in possession of the victors, who reached Spithead with their prizes on the 13th of June.

Among the honorary distinctions bestowed by His Majesty upon

ADMIRAL VISCOUNT BRIDPORT.

the flag officers engaged in this important victory, Sir Alexander Hood received a gold chain and medal, and was further rewarded with a patent, by which he was created Baron Bridport of the Kingdom of Ireland, and of Cricket St. Thomas in the county of Somerset.

The blow that had been thus struck against the enemy, so advantageous to the security of the British dominions, for some time paralysed the maritime activity of both nations. The declining health of Earl Howe, in the following year, prevented his resuming the charge of the Channel fleet, which put to sea on the 12th of June, 1795, under the chief command of Lord Bridport, principally with the view of protecting the disastrous expedition of the Comte de Puisaye, and the Royalists to La Vendée, under the convoy of Commodore Sir John Warren. M. Villaret sailed on the same day from Brest with twelve sail of the line, and on the 16th he fell in with a detachment of five ships under Admiral Cornwallis, whose masterly retreat from this superior force has been justly extolled.

Meanwhile neither Lord Bridport nor Sir John Warren were aware that the Brest fleet were at sea. Fortunately the Commodore had sent forward Captain Keats in the *Galatea* frigate, confiding to that able officer the important duty of preparing the Royalists at Quiberon for the approach of their friends from England, and sending under his charge a *chasse marée*, with several of their chiefs and other officers, and a party of troops and some pilots to prepare for their landing. Early in the morning of the 18th of June, they most unexpectedly fell in with M. Villaret off the Penmarks, upon which not a moment was lost in taking out the French officers and soldiers, and detaching this vessel under a trusty officer to Lord Bridport, to whom he delivered this important intelligence at midnight. Captain Keats continued to watch the motions of the French fleet with great anxiety, perceiving that their course lay directly in the track of the convoy under Sir John Warren, who being now apprized of their approach, directed the transports to lie-to, and advanced with his men of war to reconnoitre the enemy. The French Admiral,

ADMIRAL VISCOUNT BRIDPORT.

doubtless mistaking the distant ships for the whole British fleet, suddenly bore up, and thus left them to pursue their way in safety to Quiberon bay.

The *Galatea* thereupon proceeded with this further information to Lord Bridport, who was thus led up to the French fleet, of which they at length got sight in the afternoon of the 22d of June. Finding from M. Villaret's manœuvres that he had no intention of encountering a superior force, the British Admiral at six in the morning made the signal to six of his best sailing ships, and soon after for the whole squadron to chase. Being baffled by light and variable winds, they made little advance on them during the day, but continuing the pursuit through the night, towards day-break a fine breeze sprung up, which carried the leading ships within a league of the rearmost of the enemy's line of battle ships. When first seen she was in tow of one of their frigates, which soon cast her off as they approached. This proved to be the *Alexander* of seventy-four guns, which owing to her ill-sailing had been taken (after a gallant resistance) by a French squadron the preceding year. The *Queen Charlotte* during the chase had been handled with great ability by Sir Andrew Snape Douglas, so that she was among the first that got up, and with the *Irresistible* and *Orion*, soon opened her heavy fire upon the *Alexander*, which, notwithstanding her inferiority of force, maintained a very resolute fight until the other ships came up, when the French Captain hauled down his colours. Lord Hugh Seymour, whose flag flew on board the *Sans Pareil*, (lately taken from the enemy) engaged the *Formidable*, which had already suffered much from the *Queen Charlotte*, and as the *Colossus*, *Russell*, and other ships advanced, his Lordship passed on to the attack of the *Tigre* of eighty guns, with her he was soon warmly engaged, and after an obstinate contest she also surrendered.

The *Formidable* had taken fire on the poop, but this was soon extinguished. She was greatly cut up in hull, masts, and rigging, and as she dropped a-stern her mizen mast fell, and she finally yielded to her opponents. Few on either side had as yet shared in

ADMIRAL VISCOUNT BRIDPORT.

the engagement; the fast sailing of the French ships enabled them to keep ahead, while the heavy sailers of the British squadron were unable to get into action, nor was it until eight o'clock, A. M. that the Admiral himself in the *Royal George* got up with them, very soon after which the action ceased. The enemy's ships had now reached close in with their own shore, and Lord Bridport, (as his public letter intimated) judging it hazardous to follow the enemy further towards Port L'Orient, made the recall signal to the advanced ships, which were then eagerly pressing the chase, and hauling round from the coast stood off to sea. His other ships followed the example of their Admiral, and thus the action terminated with the capture of the three ships above mentioned. Owing to the state of the tide M. Villaret was unable to enter L'Orient for several hours, during which his ships were exposed to the hazard of a further attack, but they at length succeeded in getting safe into that Port.

The failure of the Royalist expedition to La Vendée, had determined the French Directory to retaliate by a similar descent upon Ireland, as the most vulnerable part of the British dominions. In order to concert measures with the leaders of the rebel party, who then agitated that unhappy country, General Hoche had a conference with two of them in Switzerland, during the summer of 1796. The plan being arranged, a body of eighteen thousand troops was placed under his command; the naval force, consisting of seventeen ships of the line and many smaller vessels and transports, being entrusted to M. Morard de Galles, who, availing himself of the absence of the British blockading fleet, sailed from Brest, in thick weather, on the evening of the 16th of December. But their movements were not unperceived by an active squadron of frigates, under the orders of the *Indefatigable* Sir Edward Pellew, who watched their progress with singular vigilance, following their route with great resolution and sagacity, and having thus clearly ascertained their destination, he detached his ships to various points with the intelligence, himself communicating the tidings at Falmouth, and immediately put to sea again, to follow the track of the enemy.

ADMIRAL VISCOUNT BRIDPORT.

We trust another opportunity will be given us to commemorate the heroic conduct of Sir Edward Pellew, now Viscount Exmouth, in the destruction of the *Droits de l'Homme* of eighty guns (which formed one of the fleet of M. Morard) as well as to record other equally gallant services of this distinguished officer. Meanwhile Lord Bridport, who had been detained by a series of accidents and adverse winds till the 3rd of January, at length sailed from St. Helens and proceeded off Ushant, and thence crossed to Bantry bay, but saw nothing of the hostile expedition, part of which being dispersed and one line of battle ship lost soon after returned to Brest, several of the ships never reached the coast of Ireland, others were disabled and also compelled to put back. One division indeed arrived in Bantry bay, but had scarcely reached an anchorage when they were forced to sea again by a tremendous gale, in which some of the transports were lost, and all separated, so that at length they were glad to make the best of their way to Brest, where they arrived without having the additional misfortune of encountering the fleet of Lord Bridport, who was upon the look out for their return.

The spirit of insubordination which appeared in England at the commencement of the French Revolution had been gradually subdued by the firmness of the King's government, and the loyal exertions of the superior orders of the people. But at length when all was quiet in the other classes, the evil spirit reappeared among the seamen, who hitherto seemed untainted, and after slumbering for a season, suddenly broke forth with alarming violence at this time. On the 15th of April, when the signal was made by Lord Bridport for the ships to prepare for sea, the crew of the *Royal George*, bearing his flag, suddenly ran up the shrouds, cheering the other ships of the fleet, and appeared in open mutiny. During this crisis, (the most trying which can befall a commanding officer,) great firmness and temper were shewn by the Admiral; nor is it a slight testimony to his character that these misguided men, while excited by their delegates to a high degree of exasperation, with the bloody flag of rebellion flying at the mast head of the Admiral's own ship, immediately hauled

ADMIRAL VISCOUNT BRIDPORT.

it down and hoisted his own flag on his arriving on board, when they addressed him as *their father and their friend* ; and won by the manly and earnest address which he delivered to them, they promised to return to their duty. Notwithstanding this, a whole month of the most anxious suspense elapsed before the general ferment could be appeased, until at length the seamen consented to weigh anchor and once more proceeded to cruise off Brest.

In April of the following year, while upon that station, Lord Bridport had the misfortune to lose his nephew, Captain Alexander Hood, of the *Mars*, of seventy-four guns, in a very gallant action, at anchor with the *Hercule*, of equal force, in which the latter after an obstinate defence was captured.

In April, 1799, while on the same cruising ground, he very narrowly missed an encounter with a powerful fleet of twenty-five ships of the line, which sailed from Brest under Vice-Admiral Bruix. Upon receiving intelligence of their intended departure, he pushed in for that port, and finding they had sailed, steered strait for Ireland, under an apprehension of another descent on that coast. This conjecture proving unfounded, having received a reinforcement, he returned off Brest with the expectation of intercepting them, but on finding they had passed into the Mediterranean he returned into port.

In the following year Lord Bridport was appointed General of Marines, and soon after resigned the chief command of the fleet to the Earl of St. Vincent, and from that period he withdrew in great measure from public life. He had previously, on his advancement to be Vice-Admiral of England, resigned the office of Treasurer of Greenwich Hospital, and being thus released from all official duties, passed most of his remaining years at his favourite residence of Cricket St. Thomas, where he occupied himself in the exercise of those acts of true benevolence by which a landed proprietor most effectually serves his country, in affording employment and protection to his tenantry and dependents. Here his Lordship expired on the 3d of May, 1814, in the eighty-seventh year of his age, to the great grief of his amiable lady, who still survives him.

ADMIRAL VISCOUNT BRIDPORT.

The character of this excellent officer cannot be better expressed than by the single word "Steady," which he adopted for his motto. Every one who has sailed in a man of war knows the importance of this emphatic word to the helmsman. Such was it also to Lord Bridport in his voyage through life. "Sir, be steady in all your resolves," was his frequent admonition to the young officers under his command. Being born to no paternal estate, early habits of economy clung to him to the last, and by those unacquainted with his private acts of liberality, which he carefully concealed from observation, he was esteemed parsimonious, but the testimony of a much valued friend, (connected, and intimately acquainted with his Lordship,) has satisfied the author, that beneath a somewhat stern aspect and reserved deportment, Lord Bridport concealed a generous and affectionate disposition. The Portrait here given being painted so early as 1764, will not recall to his friends the characteristic expression of his features in later life.

His Lordship was twice married; first, to Mary, daughter of Dr. West, Prebendary of Durham; and, secondly, to Mary Sophia, daughter of Thomas Bray of Edmonton, esquire. As he left no issue the English Viscounty and Barony became extinct at his decease. The Irish Barony descended to his great nephew Samuel, now Lord Bridport, who by his marriage with Lady Charlotte Nelson united two names eminently distinguished in the annals of the Royal Navy.



Engraved by W. Holl

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.

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SIR JOSEPH BANKS, BART. K.B.

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.

THERE is a vigorous principle in true genius which, though planted in the most uncongenial soil, will strike its roots wide and deep, until by a powerful effort it at length bursts through all impediments, and shoots upward with a strength and dignity peculiarly its own.

No nation of modern times has perhaps equalled England in the production of eminent men who, thus surmounting the disadvantages of humble station, have forced their way to fame. Why is it, but because in this favoured land, our free institutions, founded on a Christian basis, secure to every man the value of his own labours. Because education is here more widely diffused; intelligence more freely circulated; enterprize more eagerly encouraged, and merit more surely rewarded than in any other nation of the world.

If, under Providence, we owe these mighty blessings, not merely to the wisdom of our ancestors, but to the unmerited bounty of Him who is the giver of *all* wisdom, let us not risque their loss by underrating their value, and so turn away from us the hand from which they flow; but while we venerate those great men who have devoted their lives to their country, may we regard them with emulation rather than with pride, and remember that whatever may be our measure of talent we also are responsible for the trust.

Among the number of these self educated patriots whom we delight to honour, no one has perhaps attained more just celebrity than Captain James Cook, our great Circumnavigator, whose father, James Cook, and Grace, his wife, were humble peasants, possessing no other wealth than industry and integrity, which by God's help, enabled them to rear nine children, of whom one daughter and their son James alone survived them. Time has long since swept away the little mud cottage at Marton in Cleveland, Yorkshire, where he

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.

drew his first breath on the 27th of October, 1728. Dame Walker, the village school mistress, taught him his letters, and when he was eight years old, his honest father obtained the place of hind to Mr. Scottowe of Airy Holme, near Great Ayton, where James received as much schooling as qualified him for apprentice to a draper at Staiths, near Whitby. The folding of haberdashery and running on errands ill accorded with young James Cook's genius, the bent of which was unsuspected by his parents, and probably by himself, until he was now brought into view of the sea, and ships, and sailors. From this hour the drift of his thoughts was so plain, that after a short struggle his indentures were given up, and he bound himself for seven years to two worthy quakers, Messieurs John and Henry Walker, of Whitby, owners of the good ship *Freelove*, and other vessels in the coal trade. He served most of his time in that ship, and became so expert in all the practical duties of a seaman (acquiring much knowledge beyond the ordinary attainments of his shipmates) that he won the esteem of his employers by his exemplary conduct, as much as by his abilities, and they promoted him to be mate of the *Three Brothers*, with a promise of further preferment. "But," as Mr. John Walker observes in a memorandum now lying before us, "he had always an ambition to go into the Navy," and happening to be in the river Thames during a hot press, on the opening of the war with France in 1755, he resolved, after some hesitation, to enter as a volunteer on board the *Eagle* of sixty guns. Cook's superior seamanship was noticed not long after by Captain Palliser on his succeeding to the command. He rated him quarter master, and thenceforward became his firm patron and friend in after life. Nor did Cook forget his obligations to the good quakers his first patrons, with whom he maintained a correspondence to the last year of his existence. He seems to have had other friends in Yorkshire, who interested Captain Palliser so warmly in his behalf, that on the 15th of May, 1759, he obtained for him the appointment of Master of the *Mercury* frigate, and sailed in her to join the squadron of Sir Charles Saunders at Quebec. The heroic General Wolfe had

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.

then concerted with the Admiral an attack upon the French entrenched camp at Montmorenci, and Cook was entrusted with the hazardous service of taking the soundings of the St. Lawrence by night, a task he had scarcely completed when he was discovered by a body of the French Indians in canoes, who pursued him so closely, that they boarded his barge at the stern as he leaped from her bow, under the protection of the English sentries on Isle d'Orleans, and thus escaped their tomahawks. Being soon after employed to make a survey of the whole river below Quebec, his chart was executed with such accuracy as to be immediately published by order of the Admiralty. On his return to England in 1762 he married Miss Elizabeth Batts, of Barking, Essex. In 1763 he was appointed Marine Surveyor of Newfoundland and Labrador, where he prosecuted his duties for several successive years, under the authority of his old friend Commodore Palliser, then Governour of the colony. Cook first read Euclid when at Halifax in 1759, and applying himself with his constitutional energy to this important study, he made rapid progress. In 1766 he communicated to the Royal Society his first observations on an Eclipse of the Sun at Newfoundland, which satisfied that learned body that he had already made himself an able mathematician.

The conclusion of the war was judged a fit time for the renewal of voyages of discovery. Byron, Wallis and Carteret had already been despatched on these services, when in 1768 the Royal Society made application to the King, to appoint a ship to convey to the South Seas Mr. Alexander Dalrymple (a gentleman of great nautical science) and other persons qualified to observe the transit of Venus over the Sun's disk. They further proposed that a brevet commission should be given to Mr. Dalrymple to command the vessel, in order more effectually to secure the obedience of the crew, stating that King William the third had appointed the celebrated Dr. Halley (a landsman) to command the Paramour pink, upon a similar voyage in 1698, though probably they did not remind their present Sovereign that Halley's crew disregarded the Doctor's commission, refused all

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.

obedience to the baffled astronomer, and after passing the Line he was compelled to return to England, and seek redress against his mutineers. It is curious to observe how this strange irregularity led to another still more exceptionable. Halley subsequently became Astronomer Royal at Greenwich, and when in 1719, Queen Caroline visited the Observatory, she was reminded that he had once borne the Royal commission, upon which her Majesty obtained for him the half pay of Captain, which he actually enjoyed till his death in 1742.

But matters of this kind were not now so easily to be managed at the Admiralty. When the case of Mr. Dalrymple was referred to Sir Edward Hawke, he declared that none but a King's officer should bear the Royal commission, and that he would rather lose his right hand than sign an act so dishonourable to his profession. In this dilemma it was suggested that Mr. Cook was fully qualified for the proposed service, he being a Master in the Royal Navy, and already distinguished as an able mathematician. The Admiralty thereupon gave him a Lieutenant's commission to command the Endeavour Bark of three hundred and seventy tons, and he hoisted his pendant on board her the 25th of May, 1768. He was accompanied by Mr. Banks, a private gentleman of large estate, who afterwards became the distinguished President of the Royal Society; and also by Dr. Solander, a learned Swede, and by other scientific persons. Leaving England in the following August, they passed round Cape Horn to Otaheite, which had been recently discovered by Captain Wallis, and at that place the transit was observed under every advantage, on the 3rd of June, 1769. Lieutenant Cook occupied several months in surveying this beautiful island, and in making discoveries of several others in the group, of which he took possession in the name of his Sovereign. One of the natives, Tupia by name, accompanied him from Otaheite, and was found very useful as an interpreter in the various islands which they visited in the Southern ocean; though speaking a different dialect, he soon comprehended their language: and even that of New Zealand and New Holland became, after a little practice, sufficiently intelligible for most purposes

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.

of traffic or enquiry. While surveying these remote coasts, Cook and his companions very narrowly escaped destruction. The Endeavour struck on a coral reef by which she was so much damaged that the incessant labour of every person on board, scarcely kept the pumps going, until most providentially, they found a cove a few leagues distant, where they were enabled to stop the leaks. But the injuries she had received needed a more effectual repair than the crew could accomplish. Her commander therefore after visiting New Guinea, proceeded to Batavia to heave the ship down. While this necessary affair was completing, the fever of that deadly climate, combined with the scurvy which had already made rapid progress among the crew, proved fatal to Mr. Monkhouse their surgeon, and to poor Tupia and his little boy Tayeto. Cook himself was seriously ill, and scarce ten of the crew escaped suffering,—and in the passage from thence to the Cape of Good Hope, they lost nearly thirty more of their companions. At length they arrived in the Downs on the 12th of June, 1771, having circumnavigated the globe in little more than two years. Cook was received with great favour by the Earl of Sandwich, now presiding at the Admiralty, who conferred on him the rank of Master and Commander, and caused his journals to be prepared for publication by Dr. Hawkesworth.

Cook's valuable researches in the South Seas had added important discoveries to those of his præcursors, and corrected many prevailing errors regarding the geography of that hemisphere. He had fully ascertained that New Zealand and New Holland were distinct islands, and not as he himself and some of his learned companions were at first sight disposed to believe them, a portion of that *Terra Australis Incognita*, the dream of Quiros and other rash speculators of the last two centuries. Some of these presumptuous philosophers had contended that because a pound of water is of less specific gravity than an equal quantity of earth, there *must* be a great undiscovered continent somewhere in the Southern ocean, to maintain the necessary equipoise to our great Northern hemisphere in the revolution of the globe. It is ever thus with impious ignorance. These daring men

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.

had not explored the deep abyss beneath, nor could they possibly know whether the unequal density of the bed of the two Polar seas may not afford an exact compensation for the greater levity of the aqueous surface. The laws of the Creator are not to be limited by man's wisdom. *He stretcheth out the north over the empty place, and hangeth the earth upon nothing!*

On returning to England, Captain Cook found that this strange speculation was revived with great keenness among men of science, and the Earl of Sandwich determined to send him out to settle the question. For this service two stout built colliers were purchased into the Royal Navy, which were named the Resolution and the Adventure; Cook himself hoisting his pendant in the first, and Lieutenant Furneaux, who had served with Captain Wallis, was placed under his orders, in command of the Adventure, and on the 13th of July, 1772, they sailed from Plymouth. During the preceding voyage, Captain Cook had turned his most anxious attention to the health of his men, and profiting by experience, as well as by the great liberality of the Board of Admiralty, he now carried to sea every sort of supply which was calculated to preserve the health and comfort of his people. He was accompanied by two able astronomers, two naturalists, and a draughtsman, and furnished with excellent chronometers for each ship. His instructions were founded upon the largest scale of research, directing him to circumnavigate the globe in high southern latitudes, making traverses into all the unexplored parts of the whole of that ocean.

In fulfilment of these instructions they passed round the Cape of Good Hope, and thence in quest of the island of Circumcision, seen by the French navigator Bouvet; but failing in the search, Cook considered it was probably one or more of the multitude of ice islands which have so often imposed on navigators. They continued their course south as far as the parallel of seventy one, where they were stopped by an impenetrable barrier of ice, and found great difficulty in extricating the ships from the great number of ice islands by which they were threatened on all sides. After sailing little

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.

short of four thousand leagues through this dreary region of solitude, without desecrating any land whatever, and thus learning to distrust the statements of some former voyagers, they revisited the coasts of New Zealand, Otaheite, and other islands of the great Pacific. The Adventure had parted company in bad weather, and not meeting at the appointed rendezvous in Queen Charlotte's sound, they saw her no more until their arrival in England. During this separation, Captain Furneaux touched on the coast of New Zealand, and there received fatal proof of the existence of cannibalism among these fierce islanders, who surprised and destroyed ten of his best men, of whose fate the late Admiral Burney (then his Lieutenant) found the most convincing evidence on the spot.

Leaving this inhospitable shore, Captain Cook soon after discovered an island of great extent, which he named New Caledonia, and a second which he called Norfolk island, and though exceedingly fruitful, was then uninhabited, but it afterwards became a place of exile for the refractory convicts from New South Wales. In the month of November he proceeded round Cape Horn and examined the coast of Tierra del Fuego. On the 31st of January, 1775, he saw a considerable tract of land to which he gave the title of Southern Thule, being the most distant land he had discovered, and which he conjectured might possibly stretch to the Pole, though the lateness of the season and the difficulty he even then found in pushing further south, induced him to alter his course and make the best of his way to the Cape of Good Hope, and thence to England, where he arrived on the 30th of July, having lost only one man by sickness during a period of three years, and a voyage in extent thrice the circumference of the globe.

Our intrepid navigator, having thus zealously fulfilled his instructions, was received at the Admiralty with increased approbation; he was immediately advanced to the rank of Post Captain, and, three days after, he received the appointment of Captain in Greenwich Hospital, as a further reward for his very valuable and laborious exertions. Cook's sentiments upon the prospect of this honourable

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.

retreat, are expressed in terms highly characteristic of his disposition, in the following letter, addressed to his earliest friend and patron Mr. Walker, to whose son in law, Mr. Hewetson, of Seaton Burn, we are indebted for this document :—

“ Dear Sir,

Mile End, August 19th, 1775.

As I have not now time to draw up an account of such occurrences of the voyage as I wish to communicate to you, I can only thank you for your obliging letter and kind enquiries after me during my absence. I must however tell you that the *Resolution* was found to answer on all occasions even beyond my expectations, and is so little injured by the voyage that she will soon be sent out again. But I shall not command her: my fate drives me from one extream to another. A few months ago the whole southern hemisphere was hardly big enough for me, and now I am going to be confined within the limits of Greenwich Hospital, which are far too small for an active mind like mine. I must however confess, it is a fine retreat, and a pretty income, but whether I can bring myself to like ease and retirement, time will shew. Mrs. Cook joins with me in best respects to you and all your family, and believe me to be, dear Sir, your most affectionate friend, and humble servant,

JAMES COOK.

To Captain John Walker, at Whitby in Yorkshire.

The spirit of maritime discovery was rather increased than abated by the successive expeditions which had been sent out since the accession of King George the third, and though the illusion respecting the great southern continent, (so far as any useful purpose was concerned), had now been dispelled by the accurate and extensive investigations of Captain Cook, there yet remained a problem to be solved which was viewed with more interest by commercial men than either by statesmen or philosophers. It had long been a favourite object with navigators to discover a nearer approach to China and the East Indies, than by the circuit of the Cape of Good Hope. To find a passage round North America was the attempt of Frobisher, in 1576.

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.

Davis one of the most daring of our navigators, in 1585, had ventured in a frail bark of only fifty tons to explore the strait which now bears his name, and in the two following years he made important discoveries as far as the parallel of seventy-three. Hudson, in 1610, and Baffin, in 1662, successively discovered the extensive bays, the names of which have secured to them the honour of these exertions; and James, Fox, and other enterprising men had laboured in like manner to accomplish the great object which was still destined to be attempted in vain. Other efforts to obtain access eastward, round the north coast of Asia, proved equally unsuccessful. So late as 1741, Captain Middleton had failed in the attempt, and two more recent in 1745.

The King having now resolved that a further experiment should be made to discover a north west passage, Lord Sandwich, Sir Hugh Palliser, and Mr. (afterwards Sir Philip) Stephens, invited Captain Cook to a conference at the Admiralty, no officer being so qualified to assist them with advice and information, though a delicate consideration for his great previous exertions withheld them from proposing that he should undertake the new expedition. During the discussion, Cook became exceedingly animated, and when at length he was desired to recommend an officer for the command, he started upon his feet, and declared that he himself would go. This was the object of their wishes, perhaps of their hopes, when he was consulted on the subject. The point was at once settled. The King was highly pleased with Cook's ardour upon the occasion, and on the 10th of February, 1776, he was re-appointed to command the *Resolution*, Lieutenant Clerke, who had accompanied him on his last voyage, being placed, under his orders, in command of the *Discovery*.

In the same month he was elected Fellow of the Royal Society, and on the day of his admission, he communicated a paper explaining the means which he had so successfully employed for preserving the health of his people. For this valuable communication, the Society voted him the Copley gold Medal, which was delivered to Mrs. Cook after he had sailed from England.

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.

Cook himself had suggested the plan of this voyage. The late attempts to find a passage were to pass from the Northern Atlantic to the Pacific ocean. He now determined to reverse this approach, and to try the passage by Behring's straits through the Arctic sea, and thence into Hudson's or Baffin's bays. To this choice he was led by observing the prevalence of the westerly winds in that quarter which, as he judged, would enable him better to stem the ice. But experience has proved this to be a fallacy, for as the wind astern drives forward the floating ice at the same time, the difficulty increases as the ship advances, she being thus more liable to be enclosed and stopped as the *ice-floes* become more closely compressed. The experience of our later navigators, and especially that of our distinguished friend Sir Edward Parry, and his zealous followers, has proved the expediency of making the effort by beating to windward, watching the openings of the ice in its approach, and availing themselves of every slant of wind to make good a slow but surer progress along the coast of America, contiguity to the shore being of essential importance to success in every attempt to avoid the ice.

As an encouragement to this new expedition, the reward of twenty thousand pounds, which by the act of 1745, was limited to the merchant adventurers, was now extended to His Majesty's ships, and thus the crews of Captain Cook, and all his successors in this adventurous service, were excited by the prospect of an important premium.

Every preparation being made, Captain Cook took with him on board the *Resolution*, Omai, who had been brought to England by Captain Furneaux, and they finally sailed from Plymouth the 12th of July, 1776. They did not reach the Cape of Good Hope till November, where being joined by the *Discovery*, they proceeded together to Kerguelen's island, and thence to Van Diemen's Land and New Zealand. In March they landed at the small island of Wateoo, where Omai was amazed on discovering three of his countrymen who twelve years before in passing with seventeen others from Otaheite to an adjacent island, had been driven by a fatal storm two hundred leagues from home, and after losing their companions by

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.

famine and the waves, these were saved by the hospitable islanders with whom they were naturalized, and whom they now declined to quit. This discovery happily illustrates the manner in which population has thus spread from island to island, amidst the wide waste of waters in this and other remote quarters of the globe.

Cook next revisited the Friendly Islands and thence proceeded to Otaheite where he was joyfully received by Otoo the King, to whom he presented a horse and mare, with other valuable animals, confided to his care for this purpose by his own Sovereign. The sight of these wonderful creatures produced great excitement throughout the whole island, but when Cook, accompanied by Captain Clerke, mounted and rode through the gazing crowd, their admiration was unspeakable. Having settled Omai at Huaheine, surrounded with all the articles of domestic comfort which his visit to England had taught him to value and to teach, his benefactor, on parting, gave him excellent instructions to secure him from the jealousy of the Chiefs. Cook dismisses the subject in his journal with the following just observation.

“ It is now our duty to preserve a permanent intercourse with these people, else it had been better for them that they had never known the blessing of civilization, the preservation of which will still require our help.” When we read this sensible remark, and consider the mighty blessing which has been since conferred on the inhabitants of these remote islands, by the introduction of Christianity among them by a few pious persons, English and Americans, not sent forth by authority, but guided by the love of that pure faith which they conveyed to these poor ignorant people, we cannot but consider this the greatest triumph of Captain Cook’s discoveries, and that had he survived to contemplate their success, this would have been to him the exceeding great reward of his enterprize.

Leaving these islands, Cook now steered for California, and anchored in Nootka sound. On this coast he sought with keen anxiety for some expected inlet which might open to him a passage into Hudson’s or Baffin’s bays; but after the strictest search, this hope being soon quenched, he proceeded to explore the coast further north, and

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.

reached the island of Oonalashka on the 27th of June. Having refreshed his crews he sailed again on the 2nd of July, steering for the coast of America. On the 16th they discovered a promontory which Cook named Cape Newenham, and pursuing his way north, reached, on the 9th of August, the most western point of America, which he named Cape Prince of Wales. He then stretched across Behring's Strait, a distance only of twelve leagues, and anchored in St. Lawrence Bay on the coast of Siberia. In his friendly communication with the Tchutski inhabitants, he was struck with their total dissimilarity to the natives of the opposite shore of America. Returning thither, he proceeded north, along that desolate coast until the 17th of August, when he reached Icy Cape, in the parallel of $70^{\circ} 44'$. Hitherto they had an open sea, but here the *Ice-blink* gave them unexpected warning of their approach to this foe to navigators, which they soon saw extending as far as the eye could reach, presenting an impenetrable barrier of ten or twelve feet high, with a rugged surface. It was now evident that no further progress could be made till the ensuing Summer—and Cook resolved to return South; but having ascertained how imperfectly the Geography of these regions was known, and especially how incorrectly laid down in Stæhlin's Map of the Northern Archipelago, he continued to traverse that portion of the Polar Sea, which yet remained practicable, the ice daily increasing the difficulties and danger of proceeding, and then passing through Behring's Straits, pursued the same researches to the southward, verifying, with his accustomed accuracy, by actual observation, all which he discovered, and thus fixing with precision the true limits of the two continents for the benefit of future navigators. He pursued this important examination until the 2nd of October, when he returned once more to Oonalashka, for the purpose of refitting his ships and refreshing their crews, after completing this severe service.

During their stay at this island, Cook received a curious present of a salmon pie, by a native messenger, and hoping to procure some intelligence, he determined to send back with him Corporal Lediard of the Marines, (afterwards the celebrated traveller) who returned

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.

with three Russian seamen employed in collecting furs, from whom, and from a person of superior intelligence named Ismyloff, who visited him a few days after, our Commander collected much valuable information respecting the discoveries of earlier navigators who had explored those inhospitable seas.

On leaving Oonalashka the second time they returned into the South Seas. On the 26th of November he first saw the island of Mowee, and on the 30th he discovered Owhyhee, the largest of the Sandwich islands. He spent several weeks in examining the whole of its coast, the inhabitants meanwhile trafficking with his crew in the most cordial manner. On the 19th of December, both ships were in imminent danger of being wrecked on a reef; but on the 17th of January they came to a safe anchorage in the bay of Karakakooa, which was selected as a convenient position to refit. The ships had scarce let go their anchors, before their decks were crowded with visitors in such numbers, as greatly embarrassed their proceedings, while such as could not gain admission on board, continued to swim round the ship like a shoal of porpoises during the whole day, the shores of this thickly peopled island being lined with spectators. “ Perhaps few on board,” (wrote Cook in the conclusion of his journal) “ now lamented having failed in our endeavours to find a northern passage home last summer. To this disappointment we owed our having it in our power to revisit the Sandwich islands, and to enrich our voyage with a discovery which, though last, seemed in many respects to be the most important that had been hitherto made by Europeans throughout the extent of the Pacific ocean.”

It is remarkable that this *was* the last of his discoveries, as well as the last sentence of his incomparable journal, which was abruptly broken off by the catastrophe which soon after occurred.

Although the intercourse with the natives of this magnificent island had been more friendly, as Cook himself remarked, than that of any other islanders they had seen, yet now, lying thus close to the shore, the uncontrollable propensity to thieving became a source of very serious mischief. They daily grew bolder by success in their

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.

attempts to possess every thing that could be carried off. At length the *Discovery's* launch was stolen, and vigorous measures were required to put a stop to the plunder. Captain Cook, as had been his practice elsewhere, resolved to secure the person of the King as a hostage for its restitution. On the 14th of February, attended by Lieutenant Phillips of the Marines and seven of his men, he invited Terreeoboo to accompany him on board, and had prevailed on him to accompany him to the beach, when an immense concourse of his subjects led by two or three of the most intriguing of the Chiefs, overtook them, and compelled him to relinquish his purpose.

The ships' boats manned and armed had been ordered to be in attendance and were at this time lying within a few yards of the landing place, but as Captain Cook and his followers hastened to embark, they were so closely pressed that their passage was prevented, and they strove without effect against the natives who opposed them. Cook, while calling to Lieutenant Williamson to cease firing from the boats, and to push in to take them off, was stabbed from behind by Koah, one of the Chiefs, who was long observed to be following him, and a second Chief immediately after brought him to the ground, where he was instantly despatched together with several of the marines; Lieutenant Phillips, though wounded, reached the boats with the rest, after a desperate conflict with the natives. Thus fell their lamented commander!

The following day Captain Clerke, on whom the command now devolved, succeeded in recovering the greater part of his remains, which were committed to the deep with funeral honours, amidst the sighs and tears of all his followers. Having removed into the *Resolution*, he appointed Lieutenant Gore to command the *Discovery*, and being impatient to leave this disastrous spot, they put to sea with the purpose of making another effort to find a passage by Behring's straits to the Polar sea, but having reached nearly as far as Icy cape, they were constrained once more to abandon the attempt. The declining health of Captain Clerke shortly after put a period to his life, and he was buried at Kamtschatka, in August,

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.

1779. The command of the expedition now passed to Captain Gore, who placed Lieutenant King in command of the *Discovery*, and conducted the ships by China and Japan, and thence round the Cape of Good Hope to England, where they arrived on the 4th of October, 1780.

It is due to the liberality of the French government to state, that on the commencement of hostilities with Great Britain an order was issued to the French Marine, on the suggestion of M. Turgot, declaring the ships of Captain Cook to be considered as neutrals, they being employed for the general benefit of mankind. Benjamin Franklin, who was then at Paris as Ambassador from the United States, in the same liberal spirit issued a corresponding instruction to their cruizers; and it was justly regretted that the honourable feeling of that enlightened man was not approved by the Congress.

When the tidings of Captain Cook's death were communicated to King George the third, his Majesty immediately directed pensions to be settled on the widow and three surviving sons of her lamented husband. But she had the grievous misfortune to lose them all within a few years after. Nathaniel, at the age of sixteen, was lost in the *Thunderer* with Commodore Walsingham, in 1780. Hugh, at the age of seventeen, died while a student at Christ's College, Cambridge, 1793. And James, the eldest, at the age of thirty-one, was drowned with his boat's crew while Commander of the *Spitfire* sloop of war, off the Isle of Wight, in 1794.

Although various honorary testimonials were offered to the merits of Captain Cook at the period of his decease, it was then, and still is, a subject of great regret among naval officers, that no public monument has been erected to record the services of one who achieved so much for nautical science. Late as such a tribute may now appear, a statue would be raised with peculiar grace to his memory, under the patronage of a naval Sovereign, and no spot could be more appropriate than the Naval Gallery of Greenwich Hospital, the Institution in which he was an appointed officer when he lost his life.

The fine portrait from which our engraving is made, has a sternness

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.

of expression which sometimes overspread his manly countenance when deeply engaged in thought. And doubtless while Mr. Dance was busy with his features, the mind of our great navigator was "occupied in great waters." But though subject to some slight quickness of temper, nothing was more foreign to his nature than *severity*. His widow, who preserves all her faculties on the verge of ninety, has more than once expressed to the author of this memoir, her regret that a portrait in all other respects so perfect, should convey this erroneous expression to the eye of a stranger. For she, with the tenderness peculiar to her sex, regards him still with the lively recollection of a husband uniformly kind and affectionate, and of a father dearly loving his children. This native benevolence of disposition inspired the warm attachment of his friends, and drew forth their deep sorrow at his death. It displayed itself in a constant anxiety for the comfort of his followers, who repaid his kindness by their prompt obedience and zealous attachment, of which they gave a strong proof in his second voyage, when, as we have learned from Admiral Isaac Smith who accompanied him, the whole crew watched his recovery from a dangerous illness with the tenderest solicitude, nor was this affection less strikingly exemplified at his death by the horror and indignation with which they viewed his destroyers. Towards these poor ignorant islanders indeed his spirit of forbearance was shewn in a manner peculiarly affecting, by the very last act of his life; for at the moment when he fell a victim to their mistaken fury, he was in the act of forbidding his own people from firing on them. It was this eminent quality of our intrepid seaman's heart which animated and ennobled the other attributes of his character. Which tempered the bold and enterprising spirit that specially fitted him for the performance of those great services to his countrymen, who with one voice have pronounced him the most able and enlightened navigator that England ever produced.



Engraved by D. T. Ryall

HON^{BLE} SAMUEL BARRINGTON.

ADMIRAL OF THE WHITE.

PAINTED BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P. R. A.

PRESENTED TO GREENWICH HOSPITAL BY THE HON^{BLE} SHUTE, BISHOP OF DUREAM.

HONOURABLE SAMUEL BARRINGTON,

ADMIRAL OF THE WHITE.

JOHN first Viscount Barrington of the kingdom of Ireland, the learned and pious author of the *Miscellanea Sacra*, was descended from the ancient Norman family of Shute. Having inherited the estates, he also assumed the name, of his first cousin Francis Barrington, Esq. of Tofts in the county of Essex. By his marriage with the daughter and heiress of Sir William Daines this worthy nobleman had five sons, all of whom entered into the Public service, each chusing a separate path to honour, and with so much success as to attain to high stations in their respective professions.

These five brethren presented the rare association of a Statesman, a General, a Judge, an Admiral, and a Bishop in the same family; viz.—1. William second Viscount Barrington, who filled the office of Secretary at War, and afterwards of Chancellor of the Exchequer.

2. General John Barrington, who commanded the expedition which captured Guadaloupe, and died Governor of Berwick.

3. Daines, Barrister at Law, sometime Secretary to Greenwich Hospital, and afterwards one of the Judges on the Welch circuit; well known by his numerous works on Antiquities and Natural Philosophy.

4. Samuel, whose gallant services in the Royal Navy we shall presently record; and

5. Shute, the late venerable and munificent Bishop of Durham, to whose merits we gladly renew our testimony after a long and intimate acquaintance with his character.

The Honourable Samuel Barrington was born in the year 1729.

HONOURABLE SAMUEL BARRINGTON,

At the early age of eighteen he had attained the command of the Weazle sloop of war, and in the same year, 1747, he was advanced to the Bellona frigate with the rank of Post Captain. To “post with such dexterity” to preferment is now happily no longer practicable. Great indeed was the injury to the honourable service of arms, when Majors in the nursery were heard “greeting for their porridge,” and when Midshipmen fulfilled their required servitude *on the ship’s books alone*, before they stepped on board with a Lieutenant’s commission. The salutary regulations which have been established within our own times, to remedy such abuses, have restored the character and respectability of the service, and we trust that the rule will be guarded with inflexible vigilance.

On this point however let us not be misapprehended. The present restrictions are abundantly sufficient. If extreme youth is a great defect in any responsible command, we must not forget that the opposite extreme is almost as objectionable, and eventually more injurious to the public service. Age has indeed its peculiar advantages. Its sobriety of judgement, its accumulated knowledge, its long experience. But almost all the heroic acts of personal valour by which great victories have been won, resulted from the enthusiastic spirit of those ardent youths who are to be found in every ship and in every regiment—Volunteers for any enterprize—impatient for glory, and careless of the risque. From such undaunted spirits, when tempered by age and experience, are formed in after life those officers to whose judgement and firmness in high command important services may be most safely entrusted.

It is also of great importance to the military profession, whether by land or sea, that ample encouragement should be given to young men of family, who by reason of their high connections, and the expectation of early promotion, may be induced to serve the State. Those officers who are disposed to view their speedier advancement with jealousy, may not perceive how much their own *general* interest has been improved, and the deportment and character of the naval profession has been raised by this connection with their higher born

ADMIRAL OF THE WHITE.

associates in arms. Without denying the occasional abuse of patronage, to which a representative government, however constituted, is peculiarly liable, we are persuaded that it has never prevailed to the extent which is so commonly supposed. Wherever there is preferment there must necessarily be a patron. The choice of the candidate must rest somewhere, and where can it be so safely deposited as with him who is officially responsible for the service to be performed? A minister cannot permanently advance his own interest so effectually as by preferring men who will do credit to his appointment, nor can a commander more certainly provide for the success of his operations, than by surrounding himself with active and high principled young officers, whose conduct in services of difficulty and danger will reflect credit upon their patron who is thus honoured and supported by his *élèves*.

We now resume our memoir. The conduct of Captain Barrington proved the best apology for his premature promotion. He had scarcely taken command of his frigate, when off the coast of France he fell in with the *Duc de Chartres*, a large ship mounting thirty guns, which he engaged so resolutely that, though bravely defended, her Captain was compelled to strike after losing near fifty of his crew. The *Bellona's* loss being only ten killed and wounded.

Captain Barrington next commanded the *Romney* of fifty guns, in which he made a similar capture, but, owing to his superior force, without a conflict. In 1750 he was appointed to the *Seahorse* of twenty guns, and was despatched by Commodore Keppel with a large ransom to procure the release of several English captives from the Barbary states; a service in which the native benevolence of his disposition must have enjoyed peculiar gratification.

In 1757 he received the command of the *Achilles* of sixty guns, which formed one of the fleet employed in the unsuccessful expedition against Rochefort. In 1759 he obtained another opportunity of displaying the courage and ability which had already distinguished his conduct in presence of the enemy. While cruizing off Cape Finisterre on the 4th of April he fell in with the *St. Florentine* of

HONOURABLE SAMUEL BARRINGTON,

sixty guns and brought her to close action. The French Captain defended his ship with great gallantry, for although she was entirely dismasted by the fire of the Achilles, he did not surrender until a hundred and sixteen of his followers were killed and wounded, when after a hard fought battle of two hours he hauled down his ensign. The Achilles was so well manœuvred that while her guns were thus warmly plied, the loss on board her amounted only to two men killed and twenty-two wounded.

Having soon repaired her damages, Rear Admiral (afterwards Lord) Rodney hoisted his flag on board Captain Barrington's ship and proceeded in her to the bombardment of Havre de Grace. This service being completed, the Achilles was appointed to form one of the squadron of observation under Commodore Duff, who was employed to watch the movements of the French armament collected in the Morbihan. During this service, while endeavouring to get possession of some of the enemy's vessels, which had taken refuge in a small bay on the coast of Bretagne, the zeal of her Captain and the ignorance of the French pilot ran the Achilles on a sunken rock with such force, that the utmost exertions of the whole ship's company were incessantly employed to keep her afloat, and Sir Edward Hawke found it necessary to despatch her to Plymouth under the charge of two of his frigates. While detained at that port in making good her damages, Captain Barrington lost the opportunity of sharing in Sir Edward's important victory in Quiberon bay on the 20th of November, 1759.

In 1760 the Achilles formed one of a small squadron sent under the orders of Commodore Byron to destroy the fortifications of Louisburg. This service being completed, Captain Barrington returned from America in time to join the expedition under Commodore Keppel against Belle Isle. The naval force consisted of ten ships of the line and several frigates, &c. The troops amounted to ten thousand men under the command of General Studholm Hodgson.

This enterprize had been projected in the preceding year to

ADMIRAL OF THE WHITE.

operate as a diversion in favour of the allied army under Prince Ferdinand, in Germany, for which object most of the regiments had even then been assembled in the neighbourhood of Portsmouth. At length the whole sailed from St. Helen's on the 29th of March, and appeared off Belle Isle on the 7th of April. The garrison did not exceed three thousand men, but they were commanded by the Chevalier de St. Croix, a very able and gallant soldier, who having been apprized of the intended attack made the most judicious disposition of his small force for defending the island. On the 8th a strong division of the troops was landed in the bay of Palais under cover of the guns of the Achilles and Dragon, whose heavy fire cleared the beach and prevented the advance of the enemy who were strongly posted on the heights beyond. The regiments having formed, made a vigorous effort to drive the French from their position, but St. Croix received them so warmly, that after a bloody contest they were repulsed with great slaughter, and compelled to reembark with the loss of five hundred men.

Having carefully reconnoitred the coast for a more advantageous point of attack, the troops on the 22nd landed once more, and with better success. Though warmly opposed they made good their landing and drove the French from their positions, and obliged St. Croix to fall back upon Palais. The place was now regularly invested, and a general assault being made on the French redoubts, the English troops gained possession of the town, but its citadel, the work of Vauban, was still obstinately defended by the Chevalier until the 8th of June, when a practicable breach having been made, and supplies failing in the garrison, he obtained very favourable terms of capitulation, and marched out with the honours of war. Captain Barrington's active services in this affair added much to his reputation, and being sent to England with the naval despatches, he was very graciously received by his Sovereign, from whom he received the customary present of five hundred pounds on the occasion.

In 1768 he was appointed to command the *Venus*, a fine frigate of thirty-six guns, for the purpose of introducing into the Royal navy

HONOURABLE SAMUEL BARRINGTON,

Prince Henry Frederick Duke of Cumberland, then in his twenty-third year, who was placed under his charge as a Midshipman, and accompanied him to the Mediterranean. After some months employed on that station they returned to England, when Captain Barrington was directed to resign the command of the *Venus* to his Royal Highness with the rank of Post Captain. After a short interval the Prince was further advanced to the rank of Rear Admiral, and hoisting his flag in the *Venus*, Barrington resumed the command as his Captain, and they sailed forthwith to Lisbon. The rapidity with which his Royal Highness was thus raised to the rank of a flag-officer, though sanctioned by the example of other royal personages, was wisely discontinued in the case of his present Majesty, who, as it is well known, served his full time as a Midshipman in active employment, and when he came to pass the required examination before three senior officers at the Navy Board, he proved to them the advantages he had thus acquired from a practical knowledge of his profession; nor was His Majesty raised to the highest station in the Royal Navy until he had perfected his acquaintance with the duties of the several ranks of the profession through which he was gradually advanced.

On the dispute with the Crown of Spain relative to the possession of the Falkland islands, in 1771, Captain Barrington received the command of the *Albion* seventy-four. He was soon after appointed one of the Colonels of Marines. In 1772 he cruized in the Channel with Admiral Spry, and in the following year was one of the ships reviewed by the King at Spithead. In the year 1777 he obtained the command of the *Prince of Wales*, and in the following spring, being raised to the rank of Rear Admiral of the White, he sailed for the West Indies as Commander in Chief on the Leeward islands station. Hostilities with France ensued, and M. de Bouillé having received at Martinique secret intelligence from France, before Barrington was apprized of the war, the Marquis surprized Dominica, which island surrendered on the 7th of September. Upon receiving intelligence of this unexpected event, the Rear Admiral, though still

ADMIRAL OF THE WHITE.

without instructions from home, prepared for active operations, and being joined by Commodore Hotham with a reinforcement of five ships, and five thousand troops under the command of Generals Meadows, Prescott, and Sir H. Calder, they sailed on the 10th of December from Barbadoes to reduce the island of St. Lucia. Having reached the anchorage of the Cul du Sac on the 12th, half the troops were landed immediately, and their proceedings were conducted with such promptitude that the whole force was on shore the following morning. The cordial zeal which the commanders thus displayed found its immediate reward, for the troops were scarcely landed when the French fleet of twelve ships of the line, under the Comte D'Estaing, with nine thousand troops on board, appeared in the offing, for the purpose not only of relieving the garrison of St. Lucia, but to destroy at one blow the whole of the British disposable force in the West Indies, which was then assembled at this point. It being now late in the day, M. D'Estaing, conscious of the superiority of his force, resolved to defer his attack till the following morning. This delay was highly important to the English forces, who having at their first landing carried all the defences of the Carenage, the whole of the troops were enabled to intrench themselves and prepare for the attack of the large force which M. D'Estaing had brought against them. The Admiral on his part, who on the first appearance of the hostile fleet had placed his ships with great judgement to oppose their attempt to enter the Cul de Sac, employed the interval in furnishing every supply and co-operation which could be given to his colleagues on shore. The transports were warped into the bay: he anchored his five line of battle ships in close line across the entrance, bringing the whole of their broadsides to bear upon the enemy on their approach. The Isis of fifty guns, being the smallest ship, was placed to windward at one extremity of the line, inclining into the bay, while the gallant Admiral himself, in the Prince of Wales of seventy-four guns, took the post of honour next the enemy. The frigates flanked the passage between the Isis and the shore, to prevent any of their opponents

HONOURABLE SAMUEL BARRINGTON,

from forcing a way past them. Thus prepared they awaited the advance of the French Admiral, who with ten sail of the line bore down to the attack about noon on the following day, pouring in a heavy cannonade, but with little injury to the British line, which returned his fire with such powerful effect, that after a short trial of his strength the French Admiral drew off his squadron and lay-to in the offing, employed in repairing their damages. At half past four he bore down a second time to the attack. His fire was still un-availing. Barrington's floating line of battery was impregnable; no French ship ventured the attempt to break it. The steady fire of the British ships, now accustomed to their aim, made every shot tell, and M. D'Estaing, heartily chagrined at the failure of this second effort, drew off his ships in considerable disorder after a warm and determined attack. The following day the French appeared by their movements to be meditating a renewal of the action, but at length having anchored off Gros islet, they landed a large body of their troops during the night, and made a desperate attack on the position of Brigadier General Meadows, at the Carenage, whose division rivalling the intrepid spirit of their allies afloat, repulsed the French in three successive assaults with great bravery, and pursuing their advantage, put them to the rout with the loss of upwards of a thousand men. Meanwhile the English Admiral erected batteries on shore, and concentrated his force to repel any further attempt from the French ships; but M. D'Estaing having now abandoned all hope of success either by land or sea, withdrew to Martinique, and the French Governor of St. Lucia thus deprived of his expected succour, surrendered the island to the British commanders.

The disappointment of the French Admiral upon the failure of these repeated attempts to annihilate the whole British force by a single coup, may be estimated not only by the immediate loss of the island, thus leaving our squadron to act on the offensive against their other possessions, but by the ruin of the whole British commerce in those seas had he succeeded. So certain was the expectation of his success, that numerous privateers, both French and

ADMIRAL OF THE WHITE.

American, had joined his fleet and hovered upon his wake in hopes of sharing the plunder of the defenceless English traders.

Admiral Byron having arrived with several fresh ships from America he as the senior officer assumed the chief command, and Mr. Barrington joined him off St. Lucia in January, 1779, removing his flag into the *Isis*; but on the reappearance of M. D'Estaing, who was now considerably reinforced, he rehoisted his flag on board the *Achilles* with the hope of sharing in a general action.

The French Rear Admiral La Motte Piquet having joined M. D'Estaing, his fleet now amounted to thirty ships with which he proceeded to the reduction of Granada. On receiving intelligence of this, Admiral Byron with twenty-one sail of the line pursued him thither, but with his usual ill fortune, baffled by contrary winds and every sort of embarrassment, of which false intelligence was of all the most vexatious, he at length got sight of him off Granada, just as that Island had surrendered. D'Estaing instantly got his fleet under weigh and made all sail from him, anxiously avoiding an action which the English Admiral, knowing the value of a decisive engagement, as eagerly sought. The pursuit was vain: his headmost ships alone got a breeze which soon carried them close up with the French rear, with which they were soon hotly engaged, while the unfortunate Byron lay becalmed with the rest of his fleet. He strove every nerve to come to the support of his van. The enemy carried off the breeze, but made no effort to take with them our crippled ships, which having borne the brunt of the engagement, were so disabled, that nothing saved them but the anxiety of the French Admiral to avoid a general action. The *Achilles* was one of the ships thus engaged; she lost seventy-two men killed and wounded, and among the latter was the brave Admiral himself, though slightly, and the ship had suffered so much damage that shortly after, with Admiral Byron's consent, he proceeded to England.

Early in the year 1780, Admiral Barrington again hoisted his flag, as second in command of the Channel fleet; and, on the death of Sir Charles Hardy soon after, the Earl of Sandwich offered him the

HONOURABLE SAMUEL BARRINGTON,

chief command, which however he thought fit to decline, although he continued to serve as second under Admiral Geary, who was appointed in his stead. In the autumn of that year, ill health having compelled Admiral Geary to resign, the offer was repeated by the Earl, and again declined by Barrington, who thereupon struck his flag, and the Fleet was immediately confided to Admiral Darby, the third in command.

The spirit which appeared to govern the mind of the Admiral in thus refusing a high and honourable command, was so much at variance with the loyal principles which he had steadily professed throughout his public services, that we as well as others who highly esteemed his character, have always regarded his conduct on this occasion with regret. Among several of his letters with which we have been favoured by the present Viscount, the following, addressed to his brother, states the reasons which he assigned to Lord Sandwich for declining the command. And we gladly give it insertion in justice to the Admiral's own account of the conference.

My dear Brother,

London, May 21, 1780.

Enclosed I send you a conversation between Lord Sandwich and me yesterday, he having sent for me to take the command, which I have refused. I wish my opinion had weight, but I fear by his Lordship's answer he will prevent it if possible. The conversation is too long for me to copy. You may send it to the Bishop, but both of you be secret. I go to Portsmouth to-morrow.

Your's ever affectionately,

The Viscount Barrington.

SAMUEL BARRINGTON.

“After waiting at his house about an hour Lord Sandwich arrived. I told him it would ill become me to deceive His Majesty after the high opinion he had pleased to entertain of me; that I had often told him that few people knew themselves, but that I knew myself most thoroughly, and that I was by no means equal to so arduous a task; that I well knew the honour attending the command of the Grand Fleet, as likewise the profits arising from it, and I would plainly

ADMIRAL OF THE WHITE.

confess to his Lordship, that for a man of my rank in life, my fortune was but small; that his answer would be my wants were few; that the service of my King and Country was the greatest object of my life, myself the least. He used many persuasive arguments with me to accept the command, assuring me that he would make it as agreeable as possible, telling me that I should not find the difficulty of foreign service, and for the first time seemed to feel for my sufferings when in the West Indies, which I told him again were such, that had not Mr. Byron taken the command, I was certain I never should have seen England again. That whatever flattering things his Lordship might please to say, yet he could not feel for me; I must feel for myself, and I should look upon myself as a traitor to undertake what I was unequal to; that my great anxiety of mind with such a charge would never admit of any rest, and would kill me in a fortnight. He said I ought to sacrifice something to my country; I replied I had been doing so ever since I had been in the service, that I had often done so against the enemy at the risk of my life, that I was ready to do so again, but after what I had said I was sure that my country would not be so unjust to an honest and faithful servant as to desire me to tear out my own entrails. I then begged leave to offer an opinion to his Lordship on this subject, though I feared it would by no means be agreeable to him, however it was my duty as an honest servant of the Public to wish he would look entirely to his King and Country, and to bring forth the man that could serve it best; that he must forget all that had passed, and all party, and call upon Admiral Keppel, who I had long served under, and whose naval abilities I had long experienced. That he was not only a pleasant man to serve under, but his decisions on all occasions of the utmost importance, were excellent, quick, and clear. That in all our service together there never was a No between us. That with him I could serve my Country indeed, and I flattered myself that with such a second who had long lived in the most intimate footing of friendship with him, he might open his mind and take off a great deal of burthen from his own shoulders."

HONOURABLE SAMUEL BARRINGTON,

We must observe upon this letter, that nearly two years had then elapsed since the dispute between Keppel and Palliser produced a most disgraceful schism in the Royal Navy, which was still maintained with unabated asperity. Admiral Barrington was a warm friend and partizan of Lord Keppel, and as such, appears to have desired nothing so much as to serve under his flag in the Channel fleet, yet while pressing this very unacceptable proposal upon Lord Sandwich he seems to have had scarce a hope of its adoption. The conciliatory spirit of the Earl was unequivocally shewn by the renewal of the proposal to Barrington himself, in the month of September following, and ought we think to have overcome his repugnance to the appointment. It should ever be remembered that an officer is the servant of his KING. His best exertions are due to his COUNTRY. When called to serve, he is not to balance his opinion of the minister (through whom that call is made) with his own prejudices and partialities. And if ever he is disposed to hesitate, let him reflect upon the gallant Benbow's reply to his Royal Master William the Third: "When your Majesty wants my services, I have no *right* to chuse."

Upon the appointment of Lord Keppel to preside at the Admiralty in 1782, his friend Admiral Barrington was immediately recalled into service, and hoisted his flag on board the *Britannia*, under Lord Howe. Being detached soon after with twelve ships of the line to intercept two small squadrons at Brest, destined for the East and West Indies, he had the good fortune to fall in with the first of these, and the *Pegase* of seventy-four guns and the *Actionnaire* of sixty-four guns, with ten of their convoy, were taken in the chase. On returning from this service, he rejoined Lord Howe and proceeded with the fleet to the relief of Gibraltar. In the slight encounter with the combined fleets of France and Spain, the *Britannia* lost twenty of her men. On the expected rupture with the Court of Spain in 1790, he hoisted his flag for the last time on board the *Royal George*, but the differences being soon adjusted it was never afterwards unfurled. In 1794, he was advanced to be Admiral of the White. In

ADMIRAL OF THE WHITE.

1799, he succeeded Earl Howe as General of Marines, but this distinction he had not enjoyed twelve months when he died at Bath in the month of August, 1800. His remains are interred in the church of Shrivenham, Berks, where the flag of the St. Florentine is suspended over his tomb.

Few men have enjoyed a larger share of popularity in the Royal Navy, or have been surrounded with a circle of more attached friends than Admiral Barrington. His house was the rendezvous of the most distinguished of his brother officers, to whom, as a bachelor, his ample income afforded a liberal hospitality, while he still made a large reserve for those private bounties which passed silently into the hands of many who never knew the person of their benefactor. Our youthful memory, familiar with the worthy Admiral's domestic habits, places him still before us with an air and manner in which the good breeding of his family was happily blended with the characteristic bluntness of a sea officer. He wore the Cumberland cocked hat, and laced waistcoat of the olden time. His features, admirably recorded by the historic pencil of Reynolds, are shewn in the annexed engraving from one of the finest portraits that ever came from Sir Joshua's hand. This was presented to the Gallery by his brother, Bishop Barrington, whose liberality in this instance was but an emanation from that constitutional generosity which circulated with unabated vigour for almost a century, and as it flowed from the heart, was not bounded even by the princely revenues of the See of Durham.



Engraved by W. Mott

CUTHBERT LORD COLLINGWOOD.

VICE ADMIRAL OF THE RED.

PAINTED BY HENRY HOWARD, R.A.

PRESENTED TO GREENWICH HOSPITAL BY HIS FAMILY

ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD.

EDUCATION, without which genius slumbers and energy is vain, has been more unequally bestowed on naval men than on those perhaps of any other liberal profession. It is an old maxim, confirmed by the experience of our best modern commanders, that unless a youth enters the Royal Navy at an early age he very rarely attains the peculiar qualifications which are necessary to unite the skilful seaman with the accomplished officer. Those who have been detained on shore to receive all the advantages of a public education have not often risen to eminence, and this seems to prove that the preference thus given to learning was injurious to the professional knowledge which they thus tardily sought. To remedy the opposite evils of defective education on the one hand, and of practical seamanship on the other, the Naval Academy of Portsmouth was founded; and although more sanguine expectations were at first formed than its limited influence probably warranted, there can be no doubt that many accomplished young officers have been gained to the service through that Institution, which at least raised the standard of examination in nautical mathematics, as a necessary qualification for a commission. But whatever may be the advantages which *any such* establishment can furnish, they must always be considered as only introductory to that general fund of useful knowledge which these and other aspirants for naval honours must still gain for themselves by private study *after they get to sea*. While they neglect no department of maritime science, their view must be extended to a far wider horizon, if they expect to rise to high reputation in the Navy; and the example of the distinguished officer whose name stands at the head of this memoir, will encourage them to imitate that sedulous improvement of his own unassisted abilities, which constitutes indeed the essence of *education*.

ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD.

In the ordinary use of this word, Lord Collingwood may be said to have been uneducated; for he was taken from school while yet a child, to grapple with the rougher lessons of seamanship on its own element; so that he had to perform almost the whole work of self-instruction after he attained to manhood, and though he laboured diligently in the intermediate years to secure such information as opportunity offered amidst the harassing occupations of a peculiarly active service, the orthography of his letters written even when he had attained the rank of Captain, shews how much yet remained to be done, and how completely his persevering industry enabled him to overcome these defects, and gain an admirable style for himself. The writer of this memoir in early life had opportunities of witnessing the zeal with which this indefatigable man applied himself, previously to the war of 1793, to the acquisition of general knowledge. He gathered with unwearied industry from books, from conversation, and from personal observation, every species of information which bore upon his own profession. By reading the best English authors, and studying their modes of expression, he not only enriched his mind with other mens' wisdom, but familiarized his pen with their phraseology, and thus acquired that correctness and facility of composition which gave so much grace to his ordinary letters, and excited at once the surprise and admiration of his correspondents. The volume of his letters, lately published by his son-in-law, not only affords very gratifying specimens of this epistolary talent, but further shews the sound judgement and enlightened views with which a familiar acquaintance with the political interests of his own country, enabled him to watch the wayward policy of other nations.

But we must hasten to our subject; and if honourable descent may justly add to our estimation of a brave officer, he of whom we are now to speak might claim high kindred among his ancestors; for his great grandfather was the son of Ralph Collingwood of Ditchbourne, Northumberland, who married with the neice of Anthony Earl of Kent, seventh in descent from Joan Plantagenet, who was

ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD.

grand-daughter of King Edward the first, and wife to Edward the Black Prince. This Ralph Collingwood lost his estate in Durham by his loyalty to King Charles the first; and in after time his descendant, George Collingwood of Eslington, having taken arms in the cause of the exiled family, was made prisoner while fighting by the side of the Lord Derwentwater, and shared his fate on the scaffold in 1715.

In the old ballad of "Derwentwater's last Good Night," the Earl is made to address his fellow sufferer in the following stanza :

" And fare thee well, George Collingwood !

" Since fate has put us down,

" If thou and I have lost our lives,

" King James has lost his crown !"

Greenwich Hospital owes much to that gallant Earl, who was won by the tears of his lady, and the artifices of his confessor, to embark in the rebellion against his own better judgement. His ample estates, now yielding £40,000. per annum, being forfeited to the Crown, became the rich dower of this noble Institution.

The junior branch of the family, from which Lord Collingwood sprung, was reduced to very narrow circumstances. His father settled in Newcastle-on-Tyne, and by his marriage with Milcah, daughter of Reginald Dobson of Barwess, Westmorland, had three sons and as many daughters; of whom Cuthbert, the eldest son, was born on the 26th of September, 1750. He was put for education to the free school of that town, and the present Lord Eldon well remembers Cuddy Collingwood as a pretty little gentle boy, first becoming his school-fellow there. How long he remained is not known, but at the early age of eleven he was sent to sea with his maternal uncle, the late Admiral Richard Brathwaite, who then commanded the Shannon. No youngster we believe ever exchanged the tenderness of a mother's protection (and what tenderness more pure and constant ?) for the rough usage of a cockpit, without heart-felt sorrow. Collingwood used to relate of himself, that soon after he joined the ship, the first lieutenant found him weeping over his

ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD.

forlorn condition, and addressed him in terms of such unexpected kindness, that in the simplicity of his heart he led the good natured officer to his chest, and offered him a share of the cake which maternal fondness had added to his humble outfit. Captain Brathwaite's kindness of heart, of which we had many years after personal knowledge, smoothed the rugged duties of the young sailor, who served several years under his command. He was next placed with the late Admiral Roddam, who bore a high reputation as a sea officer. In 1774 he sailed with Admiral Graves for Boston, where he was employed on shore in conveying supplies to the King's troops, and received his first commission as lieutenant on the day of their defeat at Bunker's hill. In 1776 he proceeded to Jamaica as lieutenant of the *Hornet* sloop: there he had the good fortune to meet Horatio Nelson (with whom he was already acquainted), then lieutenant of the *Lowestoffe* frigate, commanded by Captain Locker; and it was owing to the high opinion which that excellent officer had formed of Nelson, that on his promotion soon after to command the *Badger* sloop of war, Collingwood was received as his successor into the *Lowestoffe*. There the merits of the latter became so well known and acknowledged, that his subsequent promotion proceeded almost as quickly as that of his illustrious friend, who in 1779 being made post into the *Hinchinbrooke*, Collingwood succeeded to the command of the *Badger*, and finally attained the rank of Post Captain by following him into that frigate when Nelson was preferred to a larger ship in 1780. A rash and ill contrived expedition to the Spanish Main had been undertaken in the spring of that year, by which it was designed to pass into the Pacific Ocean by the rivers San Juan and the lakes of Nicaragua and Leon. The navigation was rendered dangerous by numerous rocks and rapids, and the climate so deadly, that Nelson, already tainted with the prevailing fever, was compelled to return to England for recovery. Collingwood's more vigorous constitution enabled him to resist repeated attacks of that fatal distemper which in four months destroyed one hundred and eighty of the two hundred men who composed his

ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD.

crew: almost all the troops perished; and the whole of the seamen having died on board the transports, several of them foundered at their anchors. From this dismal scene Captain Collingwood was relieved in the autumn of that year; and, being appointed to the *Pelican* of twenty-four guns, she was soon after wrecked on the *Morant Keys*, he and his crew providentially saving themselves on a low, sandy island, where they subsisted with the utmost difficulty until a frigate was sent to their relief.

His next appointment was to the *Sampson*, of sixty-four guns; which being paid off at the Peace of 1783, he was commissioned to the *Mediator* frigate, and served in her until 1786 in the West Indies: his friend Nelson, in command of the *Boreas*, being employed on the same station; his brother, Captain Wilfred Collingwood, at this time commanded the *Rattler* sloop: and these three active officers supported each other in seizing the American vessels, which, in defiance of the treaty, and in connivance with the English planters, carried on an illicit trade with our colonists. In one of Nelson's letters to his friend Captain Locker, written in March, 1785, he describes these proceedings at length, and the threats of arrest and prosecution with which they were visited: these, however, they successfully resisted, though unsupported by the local Government. The anxiety and labour which they had to encounter proved fatal to Collingwood's brother, whose death was announced to him by Nelson with an eloquence of friendship quite worthy of his affectionate heart.

Having once more returned to his native land, Collingwood devoted himself with the utmost diligence to the cultivation of his mind, occupying himself with those peaceful avocations, of which habitual reading, and judicious observation and enquiry, proved the most important to his future fame.

On the prospect of hostilities with Spain in 1790, he was sent again to the West Indies, in command of the *Mermaid*; but being restored to his home in the following year, he shortly after married Sarah, the daughter of John Erasmus Blackett, Esq. of Newcastle.

ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD.

He fixed his abode at Morpeth; but this quiet retreat did not long remain undisturbed by the fatal war-note of the French Revolution; and upon the declaration of hostilities in 1793, he was appointed Captain of the *Barfleur*, of ninety-eight guns, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Bowyer, as one of the Channel fleet, under the command of Lord Howe; and in 1794, shared in the subsequent action with the French off Ushant. The *Barfleur* was one of the ships prominently engaged on the 29th of May; and, on the 1st of June, the firing had scarcely commenced, when Admiral Bowyer lost his leg, and was caught in the arms of his Captain; the first Lieutenant was wounded by the same shot; "when (as Collingwood states in one of his letters) I thought I was in a fair way of being left on deck by myself. . . . Soon after, the men called from the fore-castle that their antagonist was sinking, and gave three cheers: she was on her broadside, and dismasted, but in an instant was clouded with smoke," [and did not sink.] He adds, "all the ships in our neighbourhood were dismasted, and are taken, except the French Admiral, who was driven out of the line by Lord Howe, and saved himself by flight."

To his infinite surprize and mortification, Collingwood found himself omitted in the distribution of rewards. His Admiral was created a Baronet; and the following letter from him, gave a becoming testimony to his Captain's conduct.

"My dear Sir,

Cowes, 11th October, 1794.

I write you this letter that I may not lose the satisfaction I always feel, in doing justice to the merits of a friend of yours, which I hardly do, in saying that I do not know a more brave, capable, or a better officer in all respects, than Captain Collingwood. I think him a very fine character; and I told Lord Chatham when he was at Portsmouth, that if ever he had to look for a first Captain to a Commander-in-chief, I hoped he would remember that I pledged myself he could not find a better than our friend Collingwood.

Your's &c.

To Admiral Roddam."

GEORGE BOWYER.

ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD.

From the *Barfleur* he removed to the *Hector*, and thence to the *Excellent*, of seventy-four guns, in which ship he proceeded to the Mediterranean; where, after a long and wearisome blockade of Toulon, the progress of political events led to the battle off St. Vincent on the 14th of February, 1797. The *Excellent* got early into action with *El Salvador del Mondo*, of one hundred and twelve guns. “When we began [said Collingwood in a letter to his wife] we were not further from her than the length of our garden; her colours soon came down, and her fire ceased; I hailed, and asked if they had struck; and understanding by signs made by a man near the colours that they had, I left her and engaged the next ship, the *San Isidro*, of seventy-four guns, so close alongside, that a man might jump from one to the other. Our fire carried all before it, and in ten minutes she hauled down her colours; but I had been deceived once, and I made this fellow hoist English colours before I left him, and the Admiral, on my signal, ordered the *Lively* to take possession of her.”

The Captain, of seventy-four guns, bearing the broad pendant of Commodore Nelson, was at that time much pressed by the fire of these and other ships; and the *Excellent* having afforded him this important relief, passed on to engage the *Santissima Trinidad*, of one hundred and thirty-two guns, which was at the same time heavily cannonaded by several others of the British line, from which she escaped with great difficulty.

After the action was over, Nelson, who had shifted into the *Irresistible*, in the warmth of his heart sent Collingwood the following letter.

“My dearest Friend,

Irresistible, 15th February, 1797.

‘A friend in need is a friend indeed’ was never more truly verified than by your most noble and gallant conduct yesterday, in sparing the Captain from further loss,—and I beg, both as a public officer and a friend, you will accept my most sincere thanks. I have not failed by letter to the Admiral to represent the eminent services

ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD.

of the Excellent. Tell me how you are, and what are your disasters. I cannot tell you much of the Captain's, except by note from Captain Miller at two this morning;—about sixty killed and wounded. We shall meet at Lagos: but I could not come near you, without assuring you how sensible I am of your assistance in nearly a critical situation.

Believe me ever your most affectionate

HORATIO NELSON.

To Captain Collingwood."

To the surprize of every one, Sir John Jervis, in his public despatch, made no mention of the distinguished conduct either of Nelson or Collingwood; and this was but imperfectly compensated by the following paragraph of his private letter to Earl Spencer, who then presided at the Admiralty: "Commodore Nelson contributed very much to the honour of the day, as did Captain Collingwood." When the despatches were acknowledged from home, the Admiral (then created Earl of St. Vincent) communicated to Collingwood that he was to receive a medal in common with the other Captains who were engaged in the action; upon which he replied, with great feeling and firmness, "I cannot accept it, while that for the 1st of June, 1794, is withheld. I was then improperly passed over; and to receive such a distinction now, would be to acknowledge the propriety of that injustice." To this the Earl replied, "that is precisely the answer which I expected to receive from you." The two medals were afterwards sent to him together, with a handsome note from Lord Spencer, which entirely relieved his mind on the subject.

After the mutiny in the fleet at Spithead was appeased, the same insubordinate spirit broke forth among the ships at Cadiz; but it was at once checked by very strong measures adopted by Lord St. Vincent, who afterwards sent some of the intractable seamen to learn obedience on board the Excellent, saying, "Collingwood well knows how to bring them to order." He could not endure the word mutiny: when one of his officers spoke of certain conduct as mutinous, he exclaimed, "what! mutiny in *my* ship? then it must be

ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD.

my fault, or the fault of my officers, and must be gravely enquired into." His constant policy was, if possible, to prevent the necessity of resorting to a court martial, or even punishment, by his own authority; and though he had too much of the wisdom of experience to undervalue the importance of supporting discipline, he would resort to almost any expedients, even such as were ludicrous, to evade the use of the lash on board his ship.

The selection of Sir Horatio Nelson in May, 1798, to command the detachment which followed the French expedition to Egypt, gave so much umbrage to his senior flag officers in the fleet, that great discontent was produced, and the intercourse of the ships was restrained for a considerable time by order of the Earl of St. Vincent. Even Collingwood heavily complained of this; and when congratulating his happier colleagues who shared in the Battle of the Nile, deeply lamented that he was not of their number: though it could not reasonably be expected that the Admiral would part with all his best officers from Cadiz. The repairs of the *Excellent* not long after required her to return to England; and at the close of that year she reached Spithead, and Collingwood enjoyed a few weeks repose with his family. Being promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral, he hoisted his flag in the *Triumph*, and joined the Mediterranean fleet, then under Lord Keith, the Earl of St. Vincent being confined by illness at Gibraltar. While in Mahon, they missed an opportunity of intercepting the French fleet, which, uniting with the Spanish force at Cartagena, now amounted to forty sail of the line, and thence proceeded through the Straits of Gibraltar, followed, though too late, by the British fleet, which had the mortification to arrive off Brest the day after the French had safely anchored there. Having shifted his flag to the *Barfleur*, Admiral Collingwood was now employed in a long and anxious blockade of that port, until the close of 1800, when, after much hesitation and delay, he encouraged his wife to travel to Plymouth, where she arrived on the very day he received orders to put to sea. Such was his inflexible sense of duty, that their meeting would have failed after all, but for his friend Nelson's

ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD.

interposition. Collingwood put to sea at dawn next morning; and adverting to this in a letter to her father written soon after, he said, "it was a blessing to me to see her, and my sweet child; it composed my mind, which before was greatly agitated."

He continued to cruize off Brest until the Treaty of Amiens was concluded; and in February, 1802, being at length released from public service, he once more rejoined his family, and devoted himself to his little garden and plantations on the beautiful banks of the Wansbeck.

That short and feverish Truce afforded him but a limited respite from the arduous duties of his profession. The renewal of hostilities in May, 1803, called him once more from his family, little thinking that they then parted for the last time. Having hoisted his flag in the *Venerable*, of seventy-four guns, he joined the fleet off Brest, under his old friend Admiral Cornwallis, who, on his approach, said, "here comes Collingwood, the last to leave, and the first to rejoin me." The blockade was now resumed more strictly than ever. Collingwood wore out his strength by incessant night watching, so anxious was he lest the enemy should pass him unobserved. In April, 1805, Admiral Cornwallis being relieved by Lord Gardner in the chief command, Collingwood was soon after released from this long and painful duty, to co-operate in more active and important services, while watching the port of Cadiz, and the expected movements of the French and Spanish fleets.

The aspect of affairs at this time portended great events. The vigorous efforts made by Napoleon to concentrate an immense force by sea and land, was viewed with no common anxiety by the British Government, and the utmost vigilance was necessary at this crisis. The sudden departure of the French fleet under M. Villeneuve to the West Indies, closely pursued by Lord Nelson, and his safe return into port, without being intercepted during that unexampled chase, only served to quicken the activity of the British blockading squadrons. Cadiz, in the mean time, was watched by Admiral Collingwood, when his friend Nelson suddenly arrived at Gibraltar, and sent him

ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD.

notice that he would confer with him in person in a few days ; but such became his anxiety to get to England with his fleet, in readiness for any event which might occur, that they passed each other during contrary winds, to the evident dissatisfaction of Collingwood, with whom he could only exchange letters, expressing his regret that he “ must postpone taking him by the hand again till October, when, if the Admiralty pleased, and his health permitted, he should resume the command.”

Collingwood remained upon his irksome and fatiguing station, at one time watching, with three ships only, no less than thirty-six of the enemy at Cadiz, who chased him almost through the Straits of Gibraltar ; and, upon their turning back, followed them with the keenness of a blood-hound to their own port. At length Nelson wrote to him on the 7th of September, saying, “ he should be with him in a few days, and hoped he would continue second in command ; informing him also, that he was to have the Royal Sovereign to bear his flag.” On the 28th of that month he arrived, and took a station sixteen or eighteen leagues west of Cadiz, lest the enemy should be informed of his approach ; he also took the precaution to send forward the *Euryalus* to apprise him of this, and prevent any salute or hoisting of colours. At their first interview he communicated to Collingwood all his Admiralty instructions without reserve, and afterwards sent him the key of his private box, desiring him to “ telegraph on all occasions without ceremony : we are one, and, I hope, ever shall be.” On the 9th of October he writes him the following letter, full of cordiality and confidence.

“ I send you Captain Blackwood’s letter ; and, as I hope the *Weazle* has joined, he will have five frigates and a brig : they surely cannot escape us. I wish we could get a fine day. I send you my plan of attack, as far as a man dare venture to guess at the very uncertain position the enemy may be found in :—but, my dear friend, it is to place you perfectly at ease respecting my intentions, and to give full scope to your judgement for carrying them into

ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD.

effect. *We can, my dear Collingwood, have no little jealousies : we have only one great object in view—that of annihilating our enemies, and getting a glorious peace for our country. No man has more confidence in another than I have in you : and no man will render your services more justice than your very old friend,*

NELSON and BRONTE.”

This plan of attack had Collingwood's perfect concurrence ; it was his settled opinion that a great number of ships in one line was a positive disadvantage, both in loss of time and application of force, and he had intended to repeat it, when on an occasion, long subsequent to Trafalgar, he confidently expected a general action with the enemy.

The eventful morning of the 21st of October at length arrived : M. Villeneuve awaited the attack of Lord Nelson, having formed the combined fleet in a crescent to receive them. The British, as is well known, bore down in two parallel lines, the one led by Nelson himself in the *Victory*, the other by Collingwood in the *Royal Sovereign*. The Commander-in-chief now made his last memorable telegraph : Collingwood, seeing the flags going up, observed somewhat hastily, “ I wish Nelson would make no more signals ; we all know what we have to do ;” but when he read the beautiful sentence “ England expects every man will do his duty,” he was charmed, and immediately communicated it to his crew. Seeing the *Victory* was setting studding-sails, Collingwood did the same ; and as the *Royal Sovereign* outsailed the other ships of his line, he was in action a quarter of an hour before the *Belle Isle*, then a mile astern, could come to his support. Nelson had his eye on him ; and, turning to Hardy, he said, “ see how that noble fellow, Collingwood, takes his ship into action ; how I envy him :” while he, at the same moment, unconscious of the compliment, observed to his officers, “ what would Nelson give to be here ?” Seeing *le Fougueux* clung close to the stern of the *Santa Anna*, of one hundred and twelve guns, bearing the flag of Admiral Alava, which he had marked for

ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD.

his antagonist, Collingwood desired his brave old Captain, Rotherham, to steer for her bowsprit: the French Captain, seeing this, backed his sails, and thus afforded a passage for the Royal Sovereign, who gave her whole broadside close into the Santa Anna as she passed under her stern, by which four hundred men were killed and wounded; and having hauled up alongside, received the Spaniard's tremendous fire, which made the Sovereign heel two streaks out of water in return for Collingwood's salute. The Royal Sovereign had to sustain the fire of three or four of the enemy, till it was taken off by the British ships which now came up, when the rival Admirals were left to single combat; and after two hours hard fighting, Alava having fallen (as was then supposed mortally wounded), the Santa Anna struck her colours, just before the main and mizen-mast of the Royal Sovereign came down, after losing forty-seven killed, and ninety-four wounded, and being so disabled, as no longer to obey her helm.

Meanwhile the Victory had suffered still more; and being exposed to the fire of a crowd of ships, it was not till after Captain Hardy's second interview with Lord Nelson, as he lay wounded in the cockpit, about half-past three, that he could send Lieutenant Hill to inform Admiral Collingwood of the event; and when his Lordship expired, an hour after, he went himself on board the Royal Sovereign to acquaint the Admiral in person. We are the more particular in mentioning these facts from the best authority, because, (owing doubtless to an inadvertence) in Collingwood's letters, he stated that "Lord Nelson was wounded about the middle of the action, and sent an officer to me *immediately* with his last farewell, and *soon after* expired:" whereas he was wounded at half-past one, and expired at half-past four. This error gave rise to an impression that Admiral Collingwood exercised the chief command from the time Nelson fell, though when Lieutenant Hill got alongside the Royal Sovereign, the last guns of Admiral Dumanoir, retreating after the defeat, were firing upon the Victory herself, as she lay disabled at the close of that eventful day. The command having now devolved on

ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD.

Admiral Collingwood, he removed his flag to the *Euryalus*, which took the disabled *Royal Sovereign* in tow, being then near the shoals of Trafalgar. At this time half our ships were greatly disabled, and most of their prizes dismasted: towards midnight the wind encreased, and great fears were entertained for the whole. The following day Admiral Collingwood issued his public thanks to the fleet, and an order for a general thanksgiving on board the ships. A series of blowing weather ensued; several of the prizes were lost, and great difficulty was found in preserving some of the British. The French Admiral, Kerguelen, came out with five ships from Cadiz, and covered his frigates while they recaptured the *Santa Anna*, and two others; but he withdrew on the English Admiral collecting part of his force to meet him; who despairing of bringing off the *Santissima Trinidad*, now ordered her and some others to be scuttled, to the great mortification of the captors. Of the nineteen ships which had been taken, the result was as follows:

1 burned; 6 wrecked or foundered;
4 recaptured; 4 destroyed;
4 sent to England as prizes.

The Admiral being much encumbered with the wounded of the enemy, judiciously proposed to the Marquis of Solana (the Captain-General of Andalusia) to land them on parole till exchanged; and he, with a generosity worthy of the best times of Spain, offered the use of his hospitals to our wounded countrymen, if their Admiral would trust them under his care. This was handsomely declined.

When the *Santa Anna* struck, Admiral Alava lay wounded, and unconscious of what passed, being, as supposed, in a dying state. The officer who took possession brought back the sword of Riguelme, the first Captain, and that of the next in command: by some blunder one of these was imagined to be that of Alava, who remained on board the *Santa Anna* when she was recaptured, and carried safe into Cadiz, where he unexpectedly recovered. On hearing this, Collingwood demanded him as his prisoner; and though, on explaining

ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD.

the facts, that claim appears to have been quite inadmissible, our Admiral seems still to have retained his mistaken opinion.

Collingwood had some narrow escapes in the battle. He was "wounded in the leg, and had several hard thumps," as he wrote to his wife six months afterwards; but on this, and every other personal point, excepting his leading the lee division, his public despatch observed a very judicious silence.

It is somewhat remarkable, that, on the very day of Nelson's arrival, M. Villeneuve received his Imperial master's orders to put to sea, and sweep the Mediterranean of the British trade, land at Naples the four thousand troops under General Contamin embarked on board the ships, and then proceed to Toulon; but very shortly after sent Admiral Rosilly to supersede him, who reached Cadiz four days after their defeat. Villeneuve, who was a skilful officer, fought the battle with great gallantry; and the French and Spanish ships, which were intermingled in the line of battle, exhibited the utmost harmony of mutual support. When the *Bucentaur*, bearing his flag, oppressed with numbers, finally struck to the Conqueror, of seventy-four guns, Lieutenant Atherley of the Marines, with only five men, boarded and took possession: Villeneuve and General Contamin immediately presented their swords, which the young officer with much delicacy declined to receive, intimating that his Captain (Pelléw) was the proper officer to accept them; so, taking these officers into his little boat, he put off to go on board his ship, which meanwhile having passed on a-head, he finally deposited them on board the *Mars*. When Napoleon, amidst his triumphs in Austria, learnt the fate of the combined fleet, his unjust wrath against Villeneuve was boundless: "*Je saurois bien apprendre mes amiraux français à vaincre!*" said he, alluding to the fate of our Byng. From this speech the unfortunate Villeneuve foreboded his own; and while awaiting the Emperor's orders for his future destination, after landing on his parole at Morlaix, he was found dead in his bed, stabbed in many places, probably by his own hand, 22d of April, 1806. The four ships of the line which had escaped from Trafalgar

ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD.

with M. Dumanoir were soon after intercepted by Sir Richard Strachan, with an equal force of the line and three frigates ; and, after a smart action, were all carried safe to England.

The British nation was not slow in acknowledging the services of those who fought at Trafalgar : besides the earldom, and large pecuniary grants made to the family of the lamented Nelson, his brave colleague was raised to the dignity of Baron Collingwood of Caldburne and Hethpoole, Northumberland, to which was annexed a pension of £2000. of £1000. to his Lady (if she survived him), and of £500. each to his two daughters. On receiving the tidings of these distinctions, Collingwood's inherent love of fame induced him to urge with great earnestness that his title might be entailed on the posterity of his daughters. This was not granted ; nor could he justly complain, as their pensions were doubtless bestowed to exclude any claim to the Peerage. Yet the vexation his Lordship felt on this refusal so entirely overbore all feeling of value for these pensions, that a letter to Mr. Blackett contains the following exclamations, the charity of which we entirely disapprove, as well as the proud spirit by which it was suggested. " I am not a Jew, whose God is gold ; nor a Swiss, whose services are to be weighed against so much money : I have motives for my conduct, which I would not give in exchange for a hundred pensions."

After the necessary repairs of his ships, and the sending of the four prizes to England, Lord Collingwood continued to cruize off Cadiz during the remainder of the year ; the Admiralty, just to his merits, having conferred on him the same extensive command which Lord Nelson had previously borne. Great as were the important advantages of the victory of Trafalgar, the uninterrupted successes of the French Emperor's arms on the Continent had more than compensated the loss of that fleet. The naval force of France was still very powerful, her resources very great ; and Napoleon determined to husband that strength, and augment it, until an opportunity was afforded to him once more to strike his great blow upon the English shores. Such we now know, from the publications of his

ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD.

own ministers, was his fixed resolution ; and the rapid increase of his marine, from the defeat at Trafalgar to his abdication at Fontainebleau, shewed how earnestly he had prosecuted that favourite object.

In watching the French ports, and those of their allies and neutrals, there was enough to engage the unremitting attention of a mind, at once so zealous and so anxious, as that of Lord Collingwood. To watch the ports of France and Spain, and Italy, divided his fleet as much as it disturbed his mind. Sicily especially perplexed him, owing to the secret machinations of the Queen, that restless intriguer, who, while she was corresponding with Napoleon, was for ever soliciting the protection of the Admiral and his fleet, totally unmindful of the obligations which she and her family already owed to his predecessor, Nelson. The political feeling towards us is not improved since their restoration to Naples, where we write this paragraph ; and Sicily, in any future war in the Mediterranean, will always be a point of solicitude to a British Admiral. Lord Collingwood was also much mortified, though not responsible for the success of the measure, by the complete failure of the threatened bombardment of Constantinople by the squadron of Admiral Sir John Duckworth in 1807. It now became evident to his followers that his health was suffering from close application to writing, and the incessant anxiety of his mind relative to public affairs. Perhaps no officer of his time had ever kept the sea with more inflexible zeal ; he had passed one period of twenty-two months without ever dropping anchor ; and towards the close of 1808, he himself began to own that his strength was declining. On the 3d of July, 1809, he was gratified by the spontaneous appointment of Major-General of Marines, on the decease of Lord Gardner. He rallied for a while on receiving this new honour, but soon relapsed ; and those about him foresaw his end approaching. On arriving at Minorca, his valuable friend Captain Hallowell (now Sir Benjamin Carew), accompanied him to a residence on shore, hoping that, by horse exercise, his strength might be recruited ; but he was now too far gone for such exertion ; and at length, on the

ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD.

3d of March, he was prevailed on to resign his command to Rear-Admiral Martin ; and being conveyed on board his ship, the *Ville de Paris*, sailed immediately for England. On learning that he was once more at sea, his spirits revived, and he said to Captain Thomas, “ then I may yet live to meet the French once more.” But, on the following day, he finally gave way, and tranquilly expired in the evening of the 7th of March, 1810, in his sixtieth year. Soon after the ship reached England his remains were privately interred in the crypt of St. Paul’s cathedral, near the beautiful sarcophagus designed for Cardinal Wolsey, in which Lord Nelson’s body was deposited five years before.

These two early friends, thus united in their sepulture, had been thrown together at various periods of their public life in a very remarkable manner : on every such occasion their mutual esteem produced a heartiness of cooperation which was highly honourable and advantageous to themselves, as well as to the cause in which they served. Though Collingwood was of a spirit less chivalrous than Nelson, his thirst for glory was equally insatiable, but hidden (perhaps for a time even from himself) beneath the peculiar sobriety of his character and deportment. Nelson took the lead of him, and preserved it to the last ; and it is evident that his splendid successes were not unenvied by his less fortunate brother in arms. It would be expecting too much of human nature had it been otherwise. The very closeness of their first association, and the nearness of their relative rank in after life, must have often led Collingwood, in the fretfulness of disappointed prospects, to compare his illustrious friend, driving along his triumphant career to distinction through a succession of dazzling exploits, to himself, who by a course of tedious and painful services, in a subordinate station, though conscious of thereby eminently serving his country, was as yet uncheered by the blazon of public honours. We may trace something of this feeling in his published correspondence, and we see its effects upon Lord Nelson’s generous disposition, by the pains he took to conciliate him, even on the last great achievement of his life.

ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD.

Lord Collingwood was a man of calm, deliberate judgement ; he applied all his faculties to whatever occupied his mind, which he had carefully trained to great powers of application. He was accustomed to think much, and speak little : his letters carry internal evidence of having been carefully meditated before they were written, and his phraseology bears the marks of being very scrupulously chosen.

One of this cast of character, who, as a naval commander, lives much to himself, and paces the deck by day and by night, will form many wise maxims and principles of action, which will give a marked character to his conduct and conversation, and, in all practical matters in which he has to exercise his discretion or authority, he will give ample proofs of the value of this mental discipline. The same man, however, if removed from his family by protracted service abroad, will often divert his thoughts to those images of home which are more endeared to him by the peaceful, affectionate character in which they are presented to his memory, in contrast with the heartless or turbulent scenes around him : his wife, his children, his garden—will arise to his mind with all the freshness of first impressions, purified and invigorated by the warm sympathy with which he welcomes the beautiful picture that his imagination colours from the traces which memory supplies ; often as he recalls the scene its charms remain unfaded. During this lapse of years, age appears to have planted no wrinkle on the cheek of his faithful partner : the smiles of infancy are but expanded in the maturer features of his children, and his garden is clothed with perennial verdure.

In Lord Collingwood's private letters (the most pleasing in the collection) we see the workings of this agreeable fallacy : amidst the repinings of hope deferred, and the irritations of thwarted policy, his heart yearns for his family fire-side : he persuades himself, that if he were among them, he should be blessed for life, and that the glories of another Trafalgar would be as nothing, compared with the fond endearments of his family. But an attentive perusal of the whole volume of his correspondence will shew that all this was "*mentis gratissimus error*." Though at such moments he saw it not, the love

ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD.

of fame really predominated over the love of home. Had the trial been made (that trial indeed never came), he would soon again have sighed for his flag, and for the Mediterranean; that quick temper, the defects of which he acknowledges in one of his letters to his father-in-law (and which too often broke the harmony of his flag ship), would not have yielded to the soothing of conjugal affection, nor the endearments of his children; and, assuredly, he would have sprung with joy upon another summons from the Admiralty, and hastened once more to the solitude of his cabin, the bitter-sweets of his despatch box, and all the excitements of stormy seas and subtle enemies.

Lord Mulgrave has been reproached for hastening the Admiral's death, by delaying his return to England. That he more than once requested to be superseded is certain; and that, more than once, he virtually revoked that request at his Lordship's solicitation, is equally certain. It was a high compliment, which he sensibly felt, and well deserved, that the King's ministers should express their great reluctance to lose the value of his long experience and able services on that most important station; but had he not felt "the ruling passion e'en in death," (the love of supreme command, fostered by the hope of another Trafalgar *without superior or rival*), he might at once have resigned his command on his own responsibility, as he did at length when too late, and have proceeded home without waiting the arrival of a successor from England. We well know an officer of high rank, to whom it was proposed to go out as second, with an assurance that he should succeed to the chief command on joining Lord Collingwood; but the offer was declined, upon a conviction that on his arrival his Lordship would have been unwilling to resign it.

Necessary habits of very rigid economy in his youth produced their usual fruits of parsimony in age; though this disposition often gave way to warm feelings of benevolence. The same principle which confined his wardrobe to narrow limits, and his table to "modest fare," produced the most rigorous economy of the public stores, and like other right maxims pushed too far, not unfrequently

ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD.

defeated its object. Two amusing proofs of this habitual feeling may be quoted from the work before us; the one, when he expostulated with the poor boatswain of the *Excellent* (just before he fell) upon having forgotten to unbend the new foretop-sail, in the action off St. Vincent; the other, when he made Lieutenant Clavell help him to roll up, *for future use*, the studding-sail, which fell about their ears just as they were breaking the line at Trafalgar. But when this system of excessive economy operated on a large scale, it proved that, with the best intentions, the Admiral carried it to a length which was not only prejudicial, but even hazardous to the safety of his ships. It mattered little to the public if the Commander-in-chief had a taste for walking his quarter-deck in a rusty hat or a threadbare uniform, so long as they knew that these covered a wise head and a gallant heart: but when an enemy's fleet was to be watched in heavy gales off Toulon or Cadiz, it was a serious risque to our ships, if this service was to be performed with patched sails, and half-worn rigging.

We must again repeat that Lord Collingwood, like a multitude of other able men, appears to have applied his whole faculties to whatever he undertook. His mind was thus trained to great steadiness of decision, upon which he brought to bear those ample stores of knowledge, which he had gathered for the one great object of placing himself at the head of his profession. We highly respect his honour, his probity, his wisdom, his firmness of character. We give him the fullest credit also for sincere regard for the comfort of his faithful wife, and for the improvement of his daughters, during that long separation from them, which he so eloquently regretted; but which prevented all disturbance of that constant flow of affection towards them which he thus warmly expressed. His code of education, indeed, to our fancy is crude and imperfect; and we should have been truly glad, if, instead of his urgency that they should learn geometry, he had pressed upon them, with a fervency suited to its paramount importance, the far more valuable and attractive study of the sacred Scriptures. He has left us no

ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD.

sufficient evidence as to the nature and extent to which he pursued such studies himself; but had that volume been the sole standard of his conduct, and the intimate companion of his hours of solitude, of sickness and despondency, a more faithful scrutiny of his own motives would have afforded us a dying declaration of faith infinitely more acceptable than that which we regretted to read upon our first perusal of his interesting memoirs, and which, while that volume now lies before us, we contemplate with still deeper concern.



engraved by H. T. Wood

WILLIAM LOCKER ESQ^E

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

PAINTED BY G. STUART

PRESENTED TO GREENWICH HOSPITAL BY HIS FAMILY

WILLIAM LOCKER, ESQ.

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

THE memoir of a parent must ever be a work of peculiar delicacy. On the one hand, the desire to do justice to his merits without exceeding the limits of propriety, and on the other, the anxiety to disarm the suspicion of partiality, augment in no slight degree, the ordinary difficulties of biographical composition. For these reasons we now bespeak the special indulgence of our readers towards the following pages.

In a popular work which appeared many years ago, we gave to the public a slight memorial of our honoured father; and as that sketch was anonymous, it permitted a freedom and familiarity of thought and expression, which relieved us from much of that restraint by which we are now embarrassed. We therefore may be permitted to make free extracts from that article, in order to exhibit more readily the peculiar traits of his character.

The family of Locker (said to be of foreign extraction) was seated for several generations at Bromley in Middlesex, where they possessed considerable property, until it was forfeited by their devotion to King Charles the First during the great rebellion. But their political attachment to the House of Stuart, was cherished, perhaps increased by their severe losses; and this partiality to tory politics, passed down to their posterity with unabated fervour. So late as the last generation, the family chronicle records the birth of a son (at a period when the hopes of the jacobites were revived) who was baptized by the name of Charles Edward, in honour of him who was then candidate for the throne.

Stephen Locker the grandfather, and John Locker the father of the person of whose life we are now to give some account, were

WILLIAM LOCKER, ESQ.

Barristers at Law, and successively held the station of Commissioner of Bankrupts, and also that of Clerk to two of the City Companies, an office which in those days was usually filled by Barristers. The progress of our metropolitan improvements has laid low Leather-sellers' Hall and the official house in which they resided in Great St. Helens. In that ancient edifice William Locker was born in February 1730-1.

His father, John Locker, though he attained to no forensic distinction, was a man of great probity and eminent learning. Having been brought up at Merchant Taylor's School (then in high repute) he completed his education at Merton College, Oxford, and finally entered as a student for the Bar, at Gray's Inn, where it was his fortune to occupy the chambers in which once resided the illustrious Francis Bacon. It is no wonder that inspired by the "Genius loci," he should form an enthusiastic admiration of the father of English Philosophy, whose profound learning, and almost prophetic sagacity seem to have penetrated with a telescopic eye, many of the most important discoveries of succeeding ages. He has been, perhaps justly, pronounced the ablest man that England has yet produced.

The zeal and delight with which Mr. Locker studied Lord Bacon's writings, gave a tone to his future life, and led his mind to the acquisition of that enlarged and extensive erudition which riveted him to his library, and perhaps tended to check his ambition in the particular line of his profession. In maturer years he employed a large portion of his time in preparing a splendid edition of Lord Bacon's works, which was almost ready for the press, when death, who mocks at man's designs, intercepted his further progress in 1760. His papers, however, passed into the hands of Dr. Birch and Mr. Mallet, by whom the work was at length given to the public in 1765, the labours of Mr. Locker being amply acknowledged in the preface. During an extensive tour in early life with his fellow-collegian Mr. Twisleton, through the continent of Europe, Mr. Locker had added to his classical acquirements most of the modern languages, and

LIEUT. GOVERNOR OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

many years afterwards, he was indebted to his own benevolence for a colloquial acquaintance with the modern Greek, by taking home to his house a poor Greek sailor, who had accosted him one evening having lost his way in the streets of London. Mr. Locker possessed a large and accurate knowledge of antiquities, in the pursuit of which he was much encouraged by his intimacy with the eccentric Dr. Rawlinson, who passed most of his evenings at his house. They were among the first Members of the Society of Antiquaries of London, incorporated in the year 1751. When Dr. Johnson was employed on his great national work, the English Dictionary, which has permanently connected his name with the literature of his country, Mr. Locker, with the liberality of a scholar, communicated to him a collection of words made by the celebrated Mr. Addison. To this Johnson has referred in the following sentence which we quote from his life of Addison :—" It is related that Addison had once a design to make an English Dictionary, and that he considered Dr. Tillotson as the writer of the highest authority. There was formerly lent to me by Mr. Locker, clerk of the Leatherseller's Company, who was eminent for curiosity and literature, a collection of examples selected from Tillotson's works, as Locker said, by Addison. It came too late to be of use, so I inspected it but slightly, and remember it indistinctly. I thought the passages too short."

Mr. Locker, married Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Edward Stillingfleet, M. D. eldest son of the celebrated Bishop of Worcester, by Andrea his first wife. The families were previously related, probably Dr. Stillingfleet had married his first cousin. He was bred at St. John's College Cambridge, studied medicine, became Gresham Professor of Physic, and practised it at Lynn in Norfolk, for some years before he entered into holy orders. He forfeited the favour of his father by three offences :—by his expensive habits, by marrying without his consent, and adopting (probably from his wife) tory politics. The Bishop, nevertheless, paid his debts, and presented him to the valuable living of Newington Butts, which he afterwards exchanged for those of Wood Norton and Swanton, Norfolk. He was a man of talents and learning.

WILLIAM LOCKER, ESQ.

Mr. Locker by his marriage had nine children, of whom three only survived their parents, viz. John, the late incumbent of St. Lawrence, Exeter, and of Kenton, Devon; William, the subject of this memoir, and Mary, who died in advanced age, unmarried, at Castle Hedingham, Essex, where in our infant years we were greatly indebted to her care, and now gratefully acknowledge it. The two sons were educated under Mr. Locker's eye, the one at the Charter House, (afterwards finishing his studies at the University of Glasgow), the other at Merchant Taylor's School. But the family estate being lost, neither the profits of law nor literature enabled their father to make any adequate provision for his family. In August 1759, he had the grievous misfortune to lose his wife, to whom he had ever been fondly attached. She inherited much of her distinguished grandfather's powerful understanding, united with a tenderness of maternal affection, which endeared her memory to her children, who loved to trace back to her, the blessing of those early seeds of piety which seldom fail to spring up in after life, if sown in good ground. Mr. Locker, broken in health and still more broken in heart, survived her only till the 29th of May, 1760, when at the age of 67, he was gathered to the same tomb in St. Helen's Church where he had so recently deposited her remains. A memoir of him will be found in Chalmers's Biographical Dictionary, and another in Nichols's Literary Anecdotes of the 18th century.

After their decease, their family were so much indebted to Mrs. Locker's valuable brother, Benjamin Stillingfleet, that it would be unjust, even in this short memoir, to omit some notice of that truly benevolent and accomplished man, of whom a life, with a selection from his various works, was published by the Rev. Archdeacon Coxe in 1811. Mr. Stillingfleet was a philosopher, a poet and a christian. Though possessing a very scanty income, he never could prevail on himself to enter into any profession, the pursuits of science and literature, and the exercise of an ever-active philanthropy, affording him constant occupation. Having graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, he was sometime after disappointed of a Fellowship

LIEUT. GOVERNOR OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

there, which the celebrated Dr. Bentley, then master, procured for his own son, observing that "Stillingfleet was too fine a gentleman to be buried in a college." The compliment was but a flimsy veil to the injustice, long felt by Mr. Stillingfleet, and was an ungrateful return for the patronage of the Bishop, to whom he had been chaplain, and tutor to his son. After this disappointment he directed the studies of his cousin William Windham of Felbrig, who though much his junior at College, became his most attached and constant friend. They passed several years together in Italy and other parts of Europe, during which they formed many valuable friendships, with Mr. Price of Foxley, Mr. Neville (afterwards Lord Braybrooke), and other English gentlemen, whose society became the great source of Mr. Stillingfleet's enjoyment in after life. Mr. Windham possessed brilliant abilities, and being highly accomplished, his society was generally sought, but a strange passion for boxing divided his time between the school of Broughton, and the saloons of the highest circles. His early death in 1761, left the inheritance of an ample fortune and eminent talents to the late Right Honourable William Windham, his only son, whom he placed by his will under the guardianship of Mr. Stillingfleet, to whom he bequeathed a considerable legacy as a further proof of his attachment. Mr. Stillingfleet died a bachelor, in 1771, at his lodgings in Piccadilly, and was buried in the church of St. James, where a monument has been raised to commemorate his worth. Among other endowments he possessed the art of conversation in a very attractive degree, and on this subject he published a Poem. The suavity and grace of his manners made his society particularly acceptable to the gentler sex. He much frequented the company of Mrs. Montagu, Miss Talbot, Mrs. Eliz. Carter, and a few other celebrated ladies of that day, much esteemed for their cultivated talents. On these occasions Mr. Stillingfleet always appeared in a full suit of dark brown, a wig of ample curls, gilt sword and buckles, and stockings of a blueish grey, by which latter item of his dress, this knot of learned ladies usually recognized him; until at length the wits gave them the designation

WILLIAM LOCKER, ESQ.

of "the Bas-bleu Club," and thence it slid into a cant phrase for *all* learned ladies. Our venerable friend Mrs. Hannah More in her youth published a spirited and amusing poem under this title.

We now resume the more immediate subject of our memoir. William Locker continued at Merchant Taylor's school till nearly the age of fifteen, when he was seized, like many other boys, with a strong passion for the sea, thinking the Royal Navy would afford him a more interesting warfare than that which he was daily waging in the *Iliad* and the *Æneid*, and although his father, as a scholar, doubtless considered this no favourable augury of his boy William's good taste or proficiency, yet, with the affection of a kind parent, he yielded to his wishes, and in 1746 he was received on board the *Kent* of 70 guns, just launched and placed under the command of Captain Charles Windham, a connection of the *Stillingfleets*, and an officer of high reputation. It may be mentioned that the English Navy at that period had no established uniform, but in default of this, many of the "crack-captains" who loved to distinguish their ships by the smartness of their appearance, adopted fancy uniforms for their respective ships, and on this occasion young Locker was speedily equipped in a suit of grey faced with scarlet, and trimmed with silver, as the distinguishing dress of His Majesty's ship *Kent*. In that same year, however, the Admirals, and other principal naval officers, presented a memorial to the King, representing that though England was so eminent in naval renown she was the only maritime power in Europe that had not a naval uniform. At length appeared in 1748, an Order in Council appointing a uniform dress of blue faced with white to be thenceforward worn by all the officers of the fleet. The Duke of Bedford at that time presided at the Admiralty, and we well remember in our youth hearing from the lips of the late Admiral Forbes, that this choice was a compliment paid by His Majesty to the Duchess of Bedford, whom he had seen and admired, a few days before, riding in Hyde Park wearing a habit of that description.

William Locker had not long enjoyed the glory of his grey and

LIEUT. GOVERNOR OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

silver, and the more important advantage of Captain Windham's protection, when the unexpected death of that gallant officer compelled him to seek service under another commander. The earliest of his letters to his father is dated April 1748, on board the *Drake* sloop of war in the West Indies, commanded by Captain Kirk, who was actively engaged against the French privateers among the islands, and afterwards on the coast of Honduras. After this the young midshipman appears to have been removed to the *Cornwall* bearing the flag of Admiral Knowles, until Capt. Kirk was promoted to the *Elizabeth*, in which he took his young friend again with him, until the cessation of hostilities, when he came to England in that ship, having seen a great deal of active service, and acquired the regard of his commander by his zealous and exemplary conduct. On his return to his father's roof he had the happiness of putting into his mother's lap the amount of his prize money, at a moment when their straitened circumstances greatly enhanced the value of this act of filial piety.

During the ensuing peace it was vain for him to look for employment in the Navy, as most of the fleet were laid up, but our young sailor, having resolved never to burthen his father by remaining as an idler at his fireside, made two or three voyages as mate in the service of the East India Company, in the course of which he visited most of the ports of India, China, and the Eastern seas. It is remarkable that forty years afterwards, when he became Lieutenant Governor of Greenwich Hospital, he found in that honourable retreat, two veteran Lieutenants who were common sailors on board the *Indiamen* in which he had served, and who had in the meanwhile raised themselves by their good conduct to that rank. To the period of his Indian service Mr. Locker always attributed the acquirement of that practical seamanship, which mainly contributed to his advancement when he re-entered the Royal Navy. It was then his opinion, afterwards fully confirmed by his maturer judgment, that when employment is not attainable in the King's service, not only is it no degradation to an officer to seek it in respectable

WILLIAM LOCKER, ESQ.

trading ships, but that he who despairing of a commission leads an inactive life on shore rapidly loses that vigour and elasticity of mind, which an enterprising man will anxiously keep alive by any occupation connected with his profession, and thereby render himself a better claimant for promotion when the King's service recalls him to his proper station. Nor was the resolution which he had thus formed without its early reward, for on the renewal of hostilities with France in 1756, his character and qualifications attracted the notice of Sir Edward Hawke, who took him under his protection, and became an invaluable friend and patron, for to that distinguished officer Mr. Locker was indebted for every step of his promotion, as well as for all the reputation as an officer to which that honourable association introduced him. He served under his flag as master's mate and acting lieutenant, and when Sir Edward was appointed to supersede Mr. Byng in the Mediterranean command, he was one of the officers whom he selected to accompany him in the *Antelope*, and upon arriving at Gibraltar he shortly after promoted him to the rank of Lieutenant of the *Experiment*, of twenty guns; Captain (afterwards Sir John) Strachan, who had been his fellow-passenger in the *Antelope*, being at the same time appointed to the command of that ship, which was stationed to intercept the enemy's trade on the coast of France. In this service they were so active and successful, that the merchants of Marseilles, finding themselves neglected by their own cruizers, resolved to equip five large privateers for their own protection. Of these, the heaviest ship was *le Telemaque* (previously an *Indiaman*), mounting twenty guns, with a crew of four hundred and sixty men, and being the first ship ready, she put to sea immediately under the command of their Commadore, M. Beupart de Contrepoint, for the express purpose of making prize of the *Experiment*. On the 19th of June, 1757, they fell in with her off Alicant, and both parties being eager for the contest the action began with mutual spirit, and was maintained for a considerable time until the Frenchman, relying upon his numbers, bore down with a determination to lay them on board, his

LIEUT. GOVERNOR OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

bowsprit and rigging being crowded with men. But his antagonist, perceiving his object, by a counter-mancœuvre received her on the starboard chesstree, so that they could only enter their men from the forecastle ; as they approached, the quick destructive fire of the *Experiment*, swept away a great number of their opponents. When they came alongside, the contest was short and desperate. The French were repulsed with great slaughter, most of those who got on board being instantly killed, and the rest left wounded upon their decks. Captain Strachan, now observing that the crew of the *Telemaque* appeared in great confusion, their officers being unable to rally them, directed Lieutenant Locker to lead the boarders to attack them in return. The order was promptly obeyed, and the assault was made with such vigour and spirit that they carried the enemy's ship in a few minutes, such of the Frenchmen as were not killed or wounded in the conflict being driven down between decks. Their colours were presently hauled down, but the men quartered in the tops of the *Telemaque* still continued to fire down upon their invaders, until their own wounded captain was brought upon deck to forbid them, when these obstinate fellows surrendered. When all was over the carnage appeared wonderful, the number killed alone on board the *Telemaque* falling little short of the amount of the whole English crew. Captain Strachan's return is as follows :

Experiment, killed 14 wounded 34

Telemaque 125 110.

He states that he had sent three hundred and forty-three prisoners to Alicant. His public letter addressed to Admiral Osborn at Gibraltar owing to some cause unexplained, appears never to have reached the Admiralty, and thus they who had fought so gallantly were disappointed of their well merited reward. Captain Strachan deeply resented this neglect, and always spoke warmly of the injustice done to himself and his crew. As his official despatch has been already published by Charnock and other naval historians, we shall insert Mr. Locker's sailor-like letter to his father upon this occasion.

WILLIAM LOCKER, ESQ.

Experiment, New Mole, Gibraltar,
7th August, 1757.

“ My dear honoured Father,

We are just arrived from a cruize, and have brought in with us a French privateer, of twenty guns and four hundred and sixty men, which we took ten leagues to the eastward of Alicant, after an hour and a half engagement, close aboard. We have fourteen men killed, and twenty-seven wounded. I have often experienced the goodness of Providence, but never saw any thing like this; for we had but one hundred and forty men and boys when we began. They had an equal advantage, and much greater indeed, for she was much loftier: but after clapping us aboard most of them were afraid to enter, and those who did were killed. Our great guns, which we kept constantly plying, loaded with round and grape, killed such numbers, that most of them left their quarters, and Captain Strachan, observing that the officers endeavoured to rally their men, thought it a proper time to board, and ordered me to take the men and enter her; which they no sooner saw, than they all, or best part of them, got off the deck as fast as they could. We had only two or three men wounded in boarding: I never saw such destruction as we had made: I believe we killed above one hundred, and wounded one hundred and sixty; I, thank God, escaped without any wounds, except my shins much cut by the dead men's arms, and falling over the dead, for the deck was full of dead and wounded. Most of our people are taken ill with their great fatigue. We had, aboard the prize, two hundred and forty-seven prisoners for seven days, and thirty-four Englishmen besides myself to guard them, and work the ship. I have been very ill, but am now much recovered. We are fitting out for sea again, and shall sail to-morrow for Malaga with a convoy. My duty to my uncle, and tell him I should have written, but have not had a moment's time; and to my brother John. I hope by this time he hath got something better. My duty to my mother, and tell her I always remember her, and hope we shall live to meet much happier than ever we were—&c. WILLIAM LOCKER.

To John Locker, Esq. Leathersellers Hall, London.”

LIEUT. GOVERNOR OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

Soon after this gallant affair, Captain Strachan was seized with a severe illness; upon which Captain Jervis (afterwards Earl of St. Vincent) was appointed to the temporary command of the *Experiment*, which laid the foundation of that intimate friendship which subsisted between him and Mr. Locker to the close of his life. During the short period Captain Jervis commanded this ship, they had a smart action with a *xebeck* under Moorish colours, which at length got away from them, but not until his lieutenant had amply confirmed the high opinion he had formed of him, and which cemented the regard which his previous conduct had already won. Captain Strachan being now restored to health, received the command of the *Sapphire* frigate, and thereupon shewed his attachment to the officers and crew of his old ship by procuring them to be all removed into the *Sapphire*; soon after which they proceeded to England, and thence were despatched with other ships into the North Seas in search of that celebrated adventurer Thurot, who, nevertheless, eluded their pursuit. The *Sapphire* was then ordered to join the flag of Sir Edward Hawke, who was anxiously watching the movements of the great French armament at Brest, Rochefort, and other ports. By some notes now lying before us, made by Mr. Locker on board the *Sapphire* on the eventful 20th of November, 1759, it appears that she had scarcely anchored an hour in Quiberon Bay, when they descried a large fleet approaching them, which they at first conjectured to be the British, but proved to be that of the French under Mareschal Conflans, pursued by Sir Edward, of whose bold and decided victory, obtained in a gale of wind, on a lee shore, at the close of a dark November day, all seamen speak with admiration, and which Mr. Locker, as a spectator, always considered an achievement which very few men would have had nerve to hazard.

In the following year Mr. Locker was appointed one of the lieutenants of the *Ramillies*, of ninety-eight guns, and proceeded to join her at Plymouth. She put to sea on the afternoon of his arrival, with four other three-deckers, under Admiral Boscawen; but as his

commission had not yet been received from the Admiralty, he was not permitted to go on board. This gave him great vexation at the time; yet thus was his life providentially preserved when all his companions perished. On the following day the squadron encountered a dreadful gale, by which they were dispersed and compelled to put back. The *Ramillies* steering for Plymouth in hazy weather, her officers mistook the Bolt head for the Ram head; and thus, instead of entering the Sound, they found themselves, when close to the land, in Bigberry Bay. On discovering their error, the Master ordered the best bower anchor to be let go: it hung; and, as not a moment was to be lost, for they were rapidly drifting on a lee shore, the small bower was ordered to be cut loose from the bows. Both cables run out together; the masts were cut away, and the ship brought up: but the two cables had now crossed, and by the violent friction parted, and in a few minutes this noble ship drove upon the rocks, and was totally destroyed; out of a crew of seven hundred and thirty-four persons twenty-six only were saved, including Mr. Falconer, then a midshipman, afterwards the well-known author of the *Marine Dictionary*, and of the poem of the *Shipwreck*, founded on another such incident. He seems to have been born to such disasters; for sometime after he was lost in the *Aurora* frigate off the Cape of Good Hope, with every soul on board. Mr. Locker used to relate many particulars respecting the loss of the *Ramillies*: he had a favourite friend among her lieutenants, and, when the weather moderated, he rowed into the fatal bay to endeavour to find his body; but such had been the fury of the surge, that all distinction of features was lost, among the many hundreds that floated about him: the sea and the rocks had rent away almost every part of their clothing, and he hastened out of this scene of horror, which long after dwelt upon his mind. The position of the ship prevented any aid being given from the shore, from which the rocky cliff rises abruptly to a great height. The Captain of Marines was seen in a state of complete insanity, pacing the poop, singing and declaiming by turns. A more touching incident occurred to the unfortunate

LIEUT. GOVERNOR OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

boatswain, who was observed, with his little boy in his arms, anxiously looking for some safe spot between the rocks to receive him : after long hesitation, at length he threw the child, leaped after him, and both were instantly dashed to pieces ! The few who were saved were hauled up the face of the perpendicular cliff, by persons who lowered down ropes to them from above ; one of them, a fine young man, had already secured the rope, when a heavy timber from the wreck smashed his leg against the rock, leaving the limb hanging only by a few of the ligaments : as they anxiously watched the poor fellow from aloft, they saw him deliberately take out his knife, open it with his teeth, cut his mangled leg adrift, and then waving to them to hoist, was safely hauled up ; the stump was tightly bound with a shirt, and soon after amputated. The man did well, and was afterwards made cook of the Royal George by Sir Edward Hawke.

For some time Mr. Locker was supposed to have perished in the Ramillies. We here insert a letter to him from his father, which shews the interest which his patron took in his fate.

“ My dear Son,

13th March, 1760.

I received this to-day from Mr. Beighton, who says, ‘ this morning I had a most friendly letter from Sir Edward Hawke, and send you a transcript of what relates to William. His son told me yesterday, that when he heard of the disaster of the Ramillies, amongst other lamentations, he said, poor Beighton has been soliciting for his friend Locker, and he, poor man, has shared the unhappy fate.’ Sir Edward’s words, in his letter to me to-day, are, ‘ I have been obliged to go three or four times to the Admiralty to get Locker fixed as one of the lieutenants of the Royal George, which I could not do before ; but I hope I have now got it done.’ Is not this kind indeed ? pray send directly to William. This is not our post night, so I send it to Windsor. I would not postpone this, to let you see how much I share in what is dear to you.—T. BEIGHTON.’ God be ever blessed for his mercies ! I went on Saturday se’nnight to Egham [Mr. Beighton’s vicarage], and on Sunday had another

WILLIAM LOCKER, ESQ.

touch of the palsy, which affected my speech, followed by fever ; but obliged to come on Tuesday last to a commission : the country, and better weather, would have done me good : however, I continue pretty well. I do not find ‘ The perfect Captain,’ a translation from the Duc de Rohan ; I am sure it was among your books : if you find it be so good to send it to me, as it is much wanted by Colonel Dalrymple, a friend of Mr. Beighton. Let me hear from you. We all join in good wishes. My hand was affected by the first stroke, and all one side ; but, I thank God ! I can write, and am a great deal better.

I am, my dear, your ever affectionate father,

JOHN LOCKER.

Lieut. Locker, with Lieut. Christian,
Southside-street, Plimouth.”

Mr. Locker was now fully compensated for the loss of his former commission, by rejoining the flag of Sir Edward Hawke, as fourth lieutenant of the Royal George, in which ship he continued to serve till 1762. This period he always regarded as the happiest of his services. He was now received into the personal friendship of his Admiral, and profiting by his advice and experience, he matured much of that professional knowledge which he had previously gained, and derived a still higher benefit from constantly witnessing his reproof of all impiety, his consideration for the happiness of his men, and the manly decision which he shewed whenever any thing important occurred ; nor was he less struck with the value of that dignity of deportment which, united with his other qualities, worked a rapid, though silent, reformation in the manners, if not the morals, of the whole fleet. Mr. Locker often declared (to quote from the work alluded to in the beginning of this memoir, the Plain Englishman,) that it was the example of that great man which first weaned him from the vulgar habits of a cockpit. He considered him as the founder of that more gentlemanly spirit, which has been since gradually gaining ground in the Navy. At the period when he first went to sea, a man of war was characterized by all the coarseness

LIEUT. GOVERNOR OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

so graphically described in the novels of Smollet. Tobacco and a checked shirt were associated with lace and a cockade; and the manners of a British Admiral partook of the language and demeanour of a boatswain's mate. [vol. iii. page 561.]

In 1762, Mr. Locker was promoted to the Roman Emperor, fire-ship, with the rank of Master and Commander; his messmate, Lieutenant Alan Gardner, being at the time preferred to the Raven, a vessel of the same description; and they were both attached to the fleet of Sir Peter Dennis, who was employed in watching the remaining force of the French, after all the losses they had experienced in the three preceding years. At the conclusion of the war, these ships being paid off, Captain Locker soon after received the command of the Nautilus, sloop of war, and was despatched to the coast of Africa, with instructions to surrender Goree to the French, together with the settlement of Senegal, in conformity to the treaty of Peace. From the latter he brought home Governor Worge as a passenger in his ship. The habits of this veteran must have been by nature eccentric, but doubtless waxed still further from the ordinary standard of good manners during his long association with his negro subjects, and the indulgence of those sensual habits into which, when out of sight of his fellow countrymen, a man not blessed with a religious spirit is almost sure to fall. The old Governor's favourite weapon in conversation was *the long bow*, in the use of which he was expert, intrepid, and unwearied. By long and various services in most parts of the world, and latterly in the wilds of Africa, this old soldier's memory was furnished with a vast store of strange incidents, which he narrated with such comic effect, and adorned with such superlative embellishments, as to stagger the seriousness of the gravest, and baffle the belief of the most credulous listener. His black boy, who stood close beside him, watched his eye as it voluptuously roved along the table, and brought him every dish that would pamper his insatiable appetite. Knowing his master's propensity to strong drink, he sometimes checked his perpetual demand for it, by placing his finger within his cheek and imitating the sound

WILLIAM LOCKER, ESQ.

of uncorking a bottle, with such skilful variations, as never failed to impose on the Governor, and renew the call "Give us a glass of that, boy," to the great amusement of the guests. Another member of his staff was a decayed aid-de-camp, with a patch over one eye, whose principal duty was to attest all the incredible things which his commander related. One evening, describing the intense heat of the climate, he observed that in Senegal they always played at cards up to the chin in a cold bath. All the company exchanged significant looks, but were silent, until the Purser ventured to ask how they contrived to keep their cards *dry*? The chronicler was "taken aback" (as sailors say), and cast an anxious look to his one-eyed *staff* for support, who, fertile in expedients, never failed him in distress, and immediately reminded him that they always played with *ivory* cards: "Aye, aye, to be sure," cried the Governor, "ivory they were:" this set the whole table in a roar, and his Excellency made good his retreat for that night, under cover of his household troops.

The Nautilus was next despatched to the West Indies, and thence to America, on which occasion Captain Locker had this letter from his worthy uncle.

London, 8th November, 1763.

I am just come from Lord Lyttelton, who promises to give you a letter to his brother (Governor of Carolina). It gives me no small pleasure to find, as I always have done, your love to your family, and your generosity of temper. But give me leave to say that no man can long be generous that is not an economist; therefore, I hope you will think of becoming so, as much as you can, with tolerable decency. While you are abroad, I will take care to make good the allowance you gave your sister; and if you are able, when you come home, you shall take her again under your care.

I am, &c.

BENJ. STILLINGFLEET.

The Nautilus, after some stay in the West Indies, proceeded to the coast of Florida, and other parts of the southern shore of North

LIEUT. GOVERNOR OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

America, to give protection to the new settlers in that quarter. In the prosecution of his further instructions, he sailed up the great river Mississippi, and explored an extensive region along its banks, whose inhabitants had never before seen the British flag so displayed. His kind and cheerful disposition ingratiated him with the several tribes of Indians whom they visited, and secured their amity towards the English nation, shewing them the value of such protection as benevolence, armed with power, never fails to secure. Upwards of three years were usefully and agreeably employed in this service. Upon his return to Europe he found his patron presiding as first Commissioner at the Admiralty: nor was it long before he received a last substantial proof of his steady friendship by a commission, for the *Mercury*, giving him the rank of Post Captain, on the 26th of May, 1768.

While in the West Indies, Captain Locker had formed an attachment to the only daughter of Admiral William Parry, Commander-in-chief at the Leeward Islands, and soon after his arrival in England he made a proposal of marriage; but having little beyond his pay, and the lady's fortune being in reversion, on the decease of her mother, then living, it was with mutual reluctance that the negotiation dropped. Upon this disappointment, which he keenly felt, he resolved to quit London, and take up his residence with his worthy brother, who had then recently obtained the vicarage of Kenton in Devonshire. Mr. Stillingfleet, ever watchful of his welfare, applauds his resolution in these sensible letters, viz.

Bath, 22d Sept. 1768.

I am sorry you are disappointed in your view of settling, as nothing would give me more pleasure than to see you well established, but as that cannot be at present, it gives me great satisfaction to find you are come to a resolution of retiring out of London, and if you can bear a solitary life, you will have infinitely more enjoyment at Kenton. You are in the right to make a trial of taking your man, as he has such an attachment to you, and you to

WILLIAM LOCKER, ESQ.

him. You have been used to bear hardships of all kinds. Nothing becomes a rational creature so much as conforming to circumstances, and the more so, as he gains no honour by it, but among a few serious-thinking people. Thousands may be found who will run the risque of their lives, for one who can sit down quietly in a country parish, after being used to a busy active life. But I fear, however inclined you may be to do so, you will not be long left there, for if we can believe any reports, this poor nation must be soon involved in a war, and then you will certainly be called upon,

BENJAMIN STILLINGFLEET.

Bath, Nov. 6, 1768.

I long much to know how retirement suits you, and sincerely wish you may be rewarded by content of mind for your manly and rational resolution. One satisfaction I am certain you must enjoy, that of contributing greatly to the comfort of your brother and sister. You have lived among savages, and though you did not civilize them, yet you must have learned in some degree to bear with their manners. You have been used to clear ground, and raise gardens in the wildest countries ; sure then you may be able to adorn and cultivate a less wild spot, and by that means reconcile the exiled to their comfortless situation, more than they have hitherto been. As to converting the barbarous inhabitants, you must leave that task to the Reverend Doctor, whose doctrine and example may perhaps in time have some effect. He should look on himself as a *missionary*, stationed there for that great purpose ; if he could bring himself to think in this way, he would appear in my eyes as a much greater character than any in lawn sleeves that I know. But this is chimerical now a days. Does your gun help to furnish the table ? There is something sensible and solid in that every one will allow. I was sincerely rejoiced to hear your servant got safe to Kenton, I doubt not he will be a useful hand in improving roads, gardens, &c. Out of compassion you must find work for him, or he will be miserable if I judge right. I have some thoughts of coming next summer, and

LIEUT. GOVERNOR OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

seeing how you go on : whatever I find wrong I shall lay to your charge ; but will there be a bed for me ? Looking over Frazier's voyage, I found an account of the manner of grinding maize among the Americans of Chili, with a print of the machine they use for that purpose, which exactly answers that you presented to the museum.

BENJAMIN STILLINGFLEET.

Accident has put into our hands a very just character of this worthy vicar of Kenton, who afterwards obtained also the small rectory of St. Lawrence, Exeter. It is contained in a stray leaf of a volume of polemical divinity, of which and its author, we are alike ignorant. The paper was found on the table of an inn, by an excellent clergyman lately deceased, who being attracted by the name kindly brought it to the author. "The Rev. Mr. Locker was a man whose memory I have reason to love and revere, from having to recognize him as my spiritual father, by whose fostering hand I was guided from my infant days to the gradual acquirement of those sound principles, which now that his body is laid in the tomb, it devolves on me, I trust in the same spirit by which he was actuated, to defend and support against the assaults of gainsayers." To this testimony we will only add that our good uncle, was of a nature so gentle and so beloved by his flock, that

"E'en children followed with endearing wiles,
And plucked his gown to share the good-man's smiles."

A second negotiation for Captain Locker's marriage failed in the next year, but the cause is explained with so much credit to both parties, in a letter from Miss Parry's mother, (who was an excellent and very sensible woman) that it would be unjust to withhold it from our readers.

Marlborough-street, 11th March, 1770.

Your letter of this morning increases my esteem for you, but at the same time increases my distress. I have often told you, that I love and honour you, I again repeat it, as also that nothing would more essentially contribute to my satisfaction than an alliance with

WILLIAM LOCKER, ESQ.

Captain Locker. But, alas! the fatal, the insurmountable objection! What then must I feel, who am the unhappy cause of preventing a union, that in every respect except one, afforded so pleasing a prospect. How terrible a reflection that my life is the only obstruction to the happiness of those I hold so dear! Your generosity now is great and good, and well agrees with your whole conduct. I could almost wish that you had never seen us, or at least, that you had seen us with less partiality. But as I am very sensible of the goodness of your understanding, and above all of your religion, I rely on *that* to reconcile you to an event I too well know is at present so painful, though I trust in God, time will remedy. I will not at present press you to come hither, but I cannot bear the thoughts of losing your friendship, but entreat you to look upon us as people who have your welfare much at heart, and be assured you will never, in this family, be held as a common acquaintance. The goodness of your own heart has induced you to inform us of the state of your affairs, but you may depend upon our honour, that secret will never be revealed. I flatter myself that no part of our conduct has given you cause of offence, and that you will do me the justice to believe, that I am most sincerely, dear Sir, your much obliged and faithful servant,

LUCY PARRY.

The writer of this letter was the daughter of Charles Brown, Esq. Commissioner of the Navy at Chatham, whose distinguished conduct when Commodore at the taking of Porto Bello, with Admiral Vernon in 1739, has been very justly acknowledged. It may be here mentioned that he led the squadron into Bocca Chica, having his broad pendant on board His Majesty's ship Hampton Court, which he placed close alongside the Iron Tower, the strongest part of the fortifications, and when the place surrendered, the Spanish Governor came off to his ship and presented his sword in token of submission. Brown very properly declined to receive it, saying, "he was but second in command," and accordingly took him in his

LIEUT. GOVERNOR OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

boat to Admiral Vernon, to whom this surrender was due. But the Spaniard was obstinate, and declared that had it not been for the insupportable fire of the Commodore he never would have yielded, upon which Mr. Vernon very handsomely turning to Brown presented the sword to him, which is now in the possession of the author of this memoir.

Captain Locker received Mrs. Parry's letter with a conviction that a repulse from a hand so gentle, was not to be interpreted as a dismissal, by one whose heart had been so long and steadily attached to the object of his affection. A few months only elapsed, before the treaty was happily concluded, as will appear from his uncle's letter, the last which has been preserved, for he died soon after.

August 20, 1770.

I received your's without a date, last post, and had before received the Admiral's letter to his sister, though I forgot to mention it. I am much pleased with his proceedings, and his proposal for you to live with him, which I think is the best thing can be done, if no objection occurs on your or Miss Parry's part. If getting a ship, and a wife (and so amiable a one) in the course of a few months, will not make you happy, I do not know what will. Your's,

BEN. STILLINGFLEET.

The Admiral's maiden sister Mrs. Christian Parry here mentioned must not be omitted in the family group. She was one of the best bred and most generous women in the world, and anxiously promoted the flourishing of every branch of her family, being the grand depository of its confidence and of its annals. It was at once her pride and her infirmity, to delight in looking back on olden times, when her Cambrian ancestors (for her father, General Parry was of Welch descent) possessed wealth and dignity. Well do we remember our boyish visits to her humble dwelling at Isleworth on the Thames, when at the word "genealogy" or any of its synonymes, she would spring from her chair, though on the brink of fourscore, and produce a pedigree as long as the carpet. Over this she loved

WILLIAM LOCKER, ESQ.

to declaim with all the science of a herald, while Welch princes and nobles (traced back into the regions of oblivion) passed in review before her, reminding us of that more splendid proof of such folly displayed by the illustrious House of Montmorenci, who had a picture representing the descent from the ark of Noah and his family, in the rear of whom appeared the progenitor of the Montmorenci, armed cap-a-pie, bearing a shield on which were blazoned all the quarterings of his family!

All obstacles being now removed Captain Locker was married soon after at Addington Church, Kent, in which parish Admiral Parry's house (St. Vincent's) was situated. Having assumed the command of the Thames frigate, he was constrained to take an early leave of his bride, whom he left under her father's care, and proceeded to Gibraltar, taking out General Cornwallis as Governor of that fortress. On his return, the Thames was principally employed in channel service, which induced him to fix his residence at Lyndhurst in the New Forest, that he might more readily visit his family when he came into port. At the expiration of his three years (the term of service during peace), he gave up the command of his frigate, and removed his residence to Wimborn, Dorsetshire, from whence in 1776, he went to reside in the parsonage house of East Malling, Kent, in the neighbourhood of Admiral Parry. He was now blessed with several children, and looked forward to the quiet enjoyment of his domestic happiness, when he was unexpectedly summoned again to his professional duties, upon the commencement of hostilities with the American Colonies, which were now in open revolt against their mother country. He accordingly received the command of the Lowestoffe frigate in the spring of 1777, and on offering his services to his venerable patron who had been recently raised to the peerage, he received the following letter, strongly expressing his political feelings on that event.

Sunbury, 3d. March, 1777.

I am favoured with your letter, and am glad that Lord Sandwich has given you the *Leostaffe*. I hope she will prove a fortunate ship

LIEUT. GOVERNOR OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

to you, and that you will take many of the rebels' privateers in her, as it now becomes the duty of every honest man to use his utmost endeavours to scourge that wicked people. I thank you for your obliging offer to take any young man for me that I want to send to sea, but I have nobody to trouble you with at present. I most heartily wish you good success in all your undertakings, and a good station, being, &c.

HAWKE.

The *Lowestoffe*, now ready for sea, was ordered to the West Indies, and, being well manned and officered, set sail for her appointed station. Horatio Nelson, then a lad of eighteen, received his first commission as her second lieutenant, and soon recommended himself to the notice of his Captain by the spirit and ability which he at once displayed in his profession. Captain Locker, who soon perceived the defects as well as the merits of his character, watched over him with a father's care, and well supplied to him the place of his distinguished uncle, Maurice Suckling, Comptroller of the Navy, under whom he had first embarked at sea, and from whom he received the first and most important part of his naval education while a midshipman. The kind confidence with which Nelson was treated by his new Captain won the affection of this warm hearted young favourite, who regarded him with respect as his commander, and with gratitude as his adviser and friend. Young as he then was, Capt. Locker's trust in him as an officer was never deceived. He was a volunteer on all occasions of service, and as a reward for this zeal and alacrity, he gave him the command of a schooner prize, which was converted into a tender, called "the little Lucy," that he might have opportunities of more active service, in which Nelson proved very successful. Having formed the highest expectations of his future eminence in the Navy, he warmly recommended him to Admiral Sir Peter Parker, who then held the chief command at Jamaica, who adopted his interest, took him into his flag ship, and shortly after promoted him to the command of the *Badger* sloop of war, giving Captain Locker in exchange as second Lieutenant of

WILLIAM LOCKER, ESQ.

the Lowestoffe, Cuthbert Collingwood, who by a remarkable chain of unforeseen events, subsequently became so closely associated with Nelson's great achievements. Collingwood, his senior in age, and less attractive in disposition, nevertheless soon obtained the esteem of his Captain, by his sound good sense, uniform attention to his duties, and the industry with which he constantly laboured to improve himself. These qualities secured the regard of Captain Locker, who, with a liberality not always found in a commanding officer, was always ready to part with a good officer whenever by so doing he could effectually serve him. Upon this principle, after sufficient trial of Collingwood's merits, he recommended him in such terms to his Commander-in-Chief, that Sir Peter took him also by the hand, and preferred him to every vacant step which Nelson's previous promotion opened to him.

While Captain Locker was actively and successfully employed against the enemies' cruisers, Admiral Parry died at Addington in April 1779. His excellent wife having gone to the grave before him, and as St. Vincent's with other lands near Chatham, (all long since sold alas !) now devolved to Mrs. Locker and her children, she took up her residence there. Meanwhile Captain Locker's health suffered so much in the West Indies, that as the only prospect of saving his life, he was compelled to resign the command of his frigate and proceed to England, where he arrived in the autumn, and was greeted upon his return with Lord Hawke's cordial expressions of interest for his recovery.

Sunbury, 20th October, 1779.

I am very sorry to hear that you was obliged to quit your ship on account of your being in an ill state of health, but hope from your taking great care of yourself, that the country air, and regular living will soon restore you again, which I sincerely wish as this is a time for all men of spirit to serve their country, for we want men in the service instead of boys. I most heartily wish you all imaginable success in all your undertakings, and am very truly with real regard, &c.

HAWKE.

LIEUT. GOVERNOR OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

In the bosom of his family in his quiet retreat at Addington, he was again happy, and was gradually recovering his health and strength, when a fatal and unexpected calamity descended upon him like a whirlwind, overwhelmed all his present happiness, and brought him once more to the border of the grave. This was the decease of his beloved wife, who in the premature birth of a seventh child, lost her life, in March 1780, at the early age of thirty-three.

“ Almost broken hearted under this heavy dispensation, I have often heard him say, that, but for our sakes he would gladly have been then released, and indeed he had every prospect of speedily following her. The violence of his grief so much augmented his malady that the physicians at one time despaired of his recovery. Under a firm reliance upon the goodness of God, the vigour of his constitution, by His blessing, carried him through all his sufferings. He was by nature of a cheerful disposition, but though his spirits recovered with his health, the remembrance of his incomparable wife, however mellowed by time, was impressed on his heart with the deepest affection. He never mentioned her name without a sigh, nor handled any trifle that had once been her's, without betraying the yearnings of a wounded spirit. He attached a sanctity to every thing allied to her memory ; her ornaments, her portrait, her letters, her sentiments, were objects of his constant regard. When he spoke of her, his tremulous voice proved the unabated interest with which he remembered their happy union. When alone, her image was continually present to his thoughts ; in his walks he delighted to hum the airs she was accustomed to play ; and I remember the vibration of an old guitar, which had been preserved as one of her reliques, immediately drew tears from his eyes while he described to us the skill with which she accompanied her own melody. From all I have heard of her, she must have been a woman of very superior merit ; with many personal charms, she was accomplished in a degree which rendered her society highly attractive. She had accompanied her father to the West Indies, where he held the chief command ; and during that period, she had abundant occasions of

WILLIAM LOCKER, ESQ.

showing the sweetness of her disposition, and the firmness of her resolution. He was an Admiral of the old "regime," and I believe it sometimes required all her skill to steer her light bark amidst the stormy seas she had to navigate."—[Plain Englishman, vol. iii. page 559.]

The war terminated before Captain Locker's health was sufficiently restored to resume his active duties at sea, and the nurture and education of five children who survived their mother, employed his mind in the manner which afforded him the best relief from that despondency into which solitary mourners are too apt to decline. But he could no longer endure the gloom which seemed now to overhang his residence at Addington. He removed first to West Malling, and, after a few years, to Kensington, in order to give facility to the education of his boys, and to maintain those professional connections which might be useful to them in their future progress, when they should, in their turn, have to grapple with the world. On the prospect of hostilities in 1787, Earl Howe, who then presided at the Admiralty, adopted measures for reforming the abuses which had been hitherto practised in the impressment of seamen, and prevailed upon some of the oldest and most trusty officers to go down to the principal stations for that purpose. Among these Captain Locker proceeded to Exeter, and on sending for the lieutenant hitherto charged with the providing men for the navy, a figure appeared before him which excited his amazement. Beneath a shabby uniform coat, this personage suspended a green apron, of most problematical appearance. It was enquired whether he really were the lieutenant of the impress service, upon which he produced his commission, frankly acknowledging that in addition to the honourable rank he held from the King, he exercised the craft and calling of a *sadler*, for the better maintenance of a copious progeny.

The armament for that time was abandoned; but in 1790, on the prospect of a rupture with Spain relative to the foolish dispute about Nootka Sound, he received the command of His Majesty's ship *Cambridge*, of eighty guns, bearing the flag of Admiral (afterwards:

LIEUT. GOVERNOR OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

Lord) Graves at Plymouth ; his present Majesty, then Duke of Clarence, at that time commanded the *Valiant*, of seventy-four guns, at the same port ; and, attracted by the frank and engaging manners, which were a faithful index of Captain Locker's character, His Royal Highness soon admitted him to his friendship, and distinguished him by frequent marks of respect and regard until the close of his life. The author having sent to His Royal Highness a copy of the little memoir of his father, published in 1823, to which frequent reference is made in the succeeding pages, he received the following gracious acknowledgement.

“ SIR,

Bushy House, 15th January, 1823.

Last night I received your's of the 13th instant, and its enclosure, which I have read with great satisfaction, and which only renders justice to your worthy and excellent father, whose memory must ever be dear to those who had the advantage, like myself, of knowing the late Lieutenant Governor Locker.

I remain, your's sincerely,

WILLIAM.

Edward Hawke Locker, Esq.”

The dispute with Spain being accommodated without an appeal to arms, the fleet was dismantled, and Captain Locker once more returned to private life, which afforded him leisure for those domestic pursuits, which a man of his active and well constituted mind embraced for the benefit of others, as well as for the love of that profession to which his life had been devoted. About this time he turned his attention more particularly to naval history, a subject which his intimacy with Admiral Forbes, then at the head of the Navy, much encouraged him to pursue. That valuable man, during a long series of years, was by infirmity confined to his chair ; yet he retained an extent of information, and an accuracy of memory regarding naval affairs, beyond any officer of his time. In Captain Locker's frequent visits to the Admiral, he gained a great mass of oral information which he applied to the correction and illustration of some

WILLIAM LOCKER, ESQ.

of the most important transactions recorded in our Naval histories. He also made a large collection of original documents (of great value to the historian) from those of his numerous friends, who by family connection, or otherwise, were possessed of such materials. In the rough draft of a letter (in his own writing, now before us) addressed to the Earl of Sandwich, to whom he owed many attentions while his Lordship was first Lord of the Admiralty, he encloses the original narrative of Sir Richard Haddock relating the particulars of his illustrious ancestor's destruction on board the *Royal James*; and after informing his correspondent of the rich collection of naval documents then in his hands, he states his intention of giving them to the public, and that he was already in treaty with an editor for the work. At that period he had almost prevailed upon our friend Mr. Lodge, Norroy King of Arms (who at this time stands unrivalled as a biographer) to undertake a Naval History of England, founded upon these and other valuable materials in our public libraries, and in private collections. It was then, and still is to be regretted that he finally abandoned the design. More mortifying is it that under this disappointment Captain Locker was induced to place his own valuable collection in the hands of the late Mr. Charnock, who wrought them into his well known voluminous work entitled "*Biographia Navalis*." For though that active and indefatigable man was a scholar and a gentleman, endowed with considerable talents and acquirements, and, we may add, with one of the most kind and generous hearts, he was very ill qualified for the performance, being a slovenly writer, and so careless in the investigation of facts, as well as in the arrangement of his materials, that he gained little credit by this laborious performance which greatly disappointed the public expectation. But poor Charnock, whom we intimately knew, wrote under the constant pressure of pecuniary difficulties, and was distracted with an infinity of schemes to overcome them. He was born with an eccentric genius, which prompted a most versatile disposition;—commercial speculations, classical antiquities, farming physiology, marine architecture, (on the history of which he published

LIEUT. GOVERNOR OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

three huge quartos) and an endless variety of subordinate pursuits possessed him by turns, and sometimes altogether. At one time he contracted to supply gun flints to the Emperor of Russia. At another, he imported lycopodium from Germany, to furnish artificial lightning to our Play-Houses. During all these schemes, the *Biographia Navalis* still dragged on through its heavy stages from year to year; while at the same time he edited the *Naval Chronicle*, wrote political pamphlets which nobody read, and dramas which no theatre could perform. Well do we remember the martyrdom of listening many long hours to his own rehearsal of "Egbert," a Tragedy in Manuscript, while the elated author "stans pede in uno" amidst our family circle, vociferated and gesticulated all the parts with strenuous lungs and most ludicrous voice and action, delivering the female speeches in a squeaking falsetto, and mouthing out in deeper tones those of his Saxon hero.

The great imprudence with which all Charnock's multifarious schemes were conducted, involved him in inextricable difficulties. Yet, while harassed and perplexed by those demands which kept him upon a perpetual *hunt* after money, he, like old Samuel Johnson in his need, shared his purse and his table with guests still more needy, and often lent to another the sum which he had sought half the town over to borrow for himself. His debts at length drove him to a jail, from which his curmudgeon father, (we use the epithet in its true meaning, "*cœur mechant*,") refused to relieve him, though possessing ample means, and left him to perish, we fear from want of common necessities of life, which were at length furnished by friends, ignorant of his real condition, till too late to save him. No sooner was he dead than his unnatural father, to gratify his own family pride, made him a pompous funeral at a cost sufficient to have set him free while living! It is remarkable also that a few weeks after, by the death of his mother, (who had long separated herself from her unfeeling husband) an estate would have devolved to her unfortunate son, which might have rendered him wholly independent.

WILLIAM LOCKER, ESQ.

Two other objects engaged Captain Locker's attention about the same period. The first was the revival of a fund for the relief of distressed naval officers, their widows and children, in which he warmly co-operated with his friends Admiral Barrington and Admiral Edwards. With them he was associated as treasurer when the Society was established, and thenceforward gave it his constant support during the rest of his life. This excellent Institution still flourishes, with increased revenues, under the name of the Naval Charitable Society.

The other was an Institution formed also in 1791, for the improvement of Naval Architecture, of which he became a zealous supporter, hoping that it might thus secure important advantages in the construction of our ships of war; but the failure of its finances, which were soon exhausted in experiments upon rival theories, ruined the scheme, and it gradually withered away.

The progress of the French revolution now impelled their frantic rulers to denounce war upon England. Our Government long foreseeing this crisis had wisely prepared to meet it, and having immediately issued a counter declaration of hostilities against France, they put into commission the ships which had been for some time silently preparing in the several ports, and appointed officers to the principal commands. Previous to this, Admiral Dalrymple having retired from the command at Sheerness in December 1792, Captain Locker received a commission as Commodore to hoist his broad pendant on board his His Majesty's ship *Sandwich* at the Nore, the most active preparations being then making to hasten the ships to sea which were fitting in the Thames and Medway. But the infirmities which in comparative repose had been controlled, or partially subdued, now returned upon him in a more serious form. The wound which he had received in boarding the *Telemaque* thirty six years before, (unfelt at the time, but often afterwards re-opened) now laid him up again, and after much calm deliberation, he wrote to the Earl of Chatham, from whom he had received the appointment, requesting that a more active officer might be sent to relieve him in his command. The

LIEUT. GOVERNOR OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

Admiralty complied with his proposal, and the station of Lieutenant Governor of Greenwich Hospital having just then become vacant, the Commodore exchanged to that honourable retirement, where he spent the remaining years of his life.

But although withdrawn from the field of action, he kept his eye upon the combatants. He was too good a patriot, and too fond of his profession, not to take a deep interest in the progress of that tremendous contest. The year after his retirement he was cheered by the tidings of Lord Howe's Victory, where his former messmate, Lord Gardner, gained his coronet. And three years after, the brilliant action off St. Vincent conferred an earldom on his old Captain, Sir John Jervis, who, on that occasion, wrote to him this gratifying note :

MY DEAR LOCKER,

Victory, Lagos Bay, 14th Feb. 1797.

I know you will be desirous of a line from me, and though I have not time to give you any thing like detail, I cannot resist telling you that your *élève* Commodore Nelson received the swords of the Commanders of a first rate and eighty gun ship of the enemy on their respective quarter decks. As you will probably see Mrs. Parker, give my love to her although unknown, and say the junction of her husband (afterwards Sir William Parker) with the squadron under his command, I must ever consider the happiest event of my life. Say every thing kind to your young men, and be assured I am ever truly yours

Lieut. Governor Locker,
Greenwich Hospital.

JOHN JERVIS.

The gallant Commodore himself sent him his own narrative of that great exploit, (of which he forwarded another copy to the Duke of Clarence), which was soon after published. In the following month of July Sir Horatio returned to England, having lost his arm at Teneriffe. This gave his old Captain frequent opportunities of intercourse with him; and for the last time. Nelson, after great suffering, being at length cured of his wound, early in 1798 resumed

WILLIAM LOCKER, ESQ.

his station in the Mediterranean, where he embarked on “a Sea of Glory,” which was bounded only by his life. The autumn of that year brought the tidings of his great triumph at the Nile, which came like a cordial to revive his old friend’s drooping health which was now rapidly declining. The following letter written in the midst of all the public cares, and private uneasiness of Nelson’s mind at that time, will shew that however defective in his fidelity elsewhere, this attachment, which he so warmly expresses to the friend of his youth, had suffered no sensible abatement :

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Palermo, 9th Feb. 1799.

I well know your own goodness of heart will make all due allowances for my present situation, and that truly I have not the time or power to answer all the letters I receive, at the moment. But you, my old friend, after twenty-seven years acquaintance, know that nothing can alter the attachment and gratitude to you. I have been your scholar. It is you who taught me to board a French man of war by your conduct when in the Experiment. It is you who always said, “lay a Frenchman close, and you will beat him,” and my only merit in my profession is being a good scholar. Our friendship will never end but with my life, but you have always been too partial to me.—The Vesuvian Republic being fixed, I have now to look out for Sicily ; but revolutionary principles are so prevalent in the world, that no monarchical government is safe or sure of lasting ten years. Believe me ever your faithful and affectionate friend,

L^t. Governor Locker.

NELSON.

When in the following year his noble friend returned once more to England upon resigning his command in Sicily, Mr. Locker was very near his dissolution, yet the desire of seeing again the hero whom he still remembered with almost the affection of a parent, occupied his thoughts from time to time within the last days of his life. But this wish was not gratified : he never saw him again, and at length he sunk under repeated attacks of palsy, which put a

LIEUT. GOVERNOR OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

period to his valuable existence on the 26th December, 1800, in the seventieth year of his age. Lord Nelson's letter, when apprized of his death, is too honourable both to himself and his deceased friend, to be omitted in this place.

MY DEAR JOHN,

27th December, 1800.

From my heart do I condole with you on the great and irreparable loss we have all sustained in the death of your dear worthy father—a man whom to know was to love, and those who had only heard of him, honoured. The greatest “earthly” consolation to us his friends that remain, is that he has left a character for honour and honesty which none can surpass, and very, very few attain. That the posterity of the righteous will prosper, we are taught to believe, and on no occasion can it be more truly verified than from my dear much lamented friend, and that it may be realized in you, your sisters and brothers, is the fervent prayer of,

My dear John, your afflicted friend,

John Locker, Esq.

NELSON.

On the day appointed for the funeral he came down to Greenwich Hospital to follow the remains of his venerated friend to his tomb at Addington, where they were laid beside those of his long-lamented wife, and though on that occasion his sons were deeply engaged with their own sorrow, they could not be insensible of the unequivocal proofs of graceful affection which his lordship then exhibited over the remains of his early friend and patron.

Mr. Locker's professional career was not distinguished by any of those great achievements which are the portion of a very small number among the host of candidates for martial renown. After all the anxiety with which the best qualified officer seeks distinction, he still may never find the opportunity to gain it; nor, if he is a wise man, will he complain of others, perhaps inferior to him in merit, who seize the golden opportunity, and bear off those high professional honours which the Sovereign necessarily reserves for victors in important battles. A Wellington, or a Nelson, does not

WILLIAM LOCKER, ESQ.

appear once in an age, and therefore men of high principles and sound judgement will not be for ever panting after impossibilities. The shaft that is levelled too low will soon take the ground. While that which is raised too high will spend its strength in the air, and fall short of the mark it might have reached at a juster elevation. This may not be an unprofitable suggestion to any young candidate for reputation. If he deal honestly with his self-knowledge, he will discover the true extent of his own powers, and what they may be reasonably expected to accomplish. Let him take his aim accordingly, and he will rarely fail of his just reward.

Mr. Locker always considered himself what the *world* calls a *fortunate* man in his profession. Yet few have passed through a more active and laborious course of service; his promotion, though ultimately successful, was tardy in progress, for he was twenty-two years in constant employment before he attained the rank of Post Captain, and twenty-five years more ere he acquired even the temporary rank of Commodore, and was then compelled by his infirmities to retire from the Service almost within reach of his flag. Yet no man was ever more content, more grateful, or more attached to the Royal Navy.

“A reputation so well earned was rewarded not only with preferment, but by the esteem and affection both of officers and men. The sailors respected him for his skill and gallantry, and loved him for his humanity: virtues in which he emulated the bright example of his patron. In the selection of his earlier naval friends he had shewn great discernment, for they became some of the most distinguished officers in the service. When in his turn he became a patron, his example as a commander drew around him a number of young officers whose brilliant career richly repaid the obligations they received from him. Several of them who rose to honour, presented him with their portraits. These were hung round his room, and he indulged a pardonable pride in shewing to his visitors these memorials of his “Younkers,” relating some honourable trait of each of them in succession. My father was no ordinary character: one

LIEUT. GOVERNOR OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

of the most remarkable features of his mind was simplicity. He was the most natural person I ever knew, and this gave a very agreeable tone to all he said and did. I verily believe he hated nothing in the world except *hypocrisy*. He was blessed with a sound understanding, an intrepid spirit, and a benevolent heart. From his father he derived a taste for literature, which though thwarted by the rough duties of a sea life, was never quenched, and afterwards revived under the culture of more gentle associations on shore. He had been taken from a public school too early to secure a classical education, but such was the diligence with which he afterwards repaired this defect, that few men of his profession could be found so well acquainted with books and their authors. In the retirement of his later years, he was enabled to cultivate this taste with every advantage, and numbered among his familiar friends some of the most considerable persons of his own time. Saturday was his appointed day for receiving such visitors ; on these occasions we were allowed to be present, and looked forward to it with delight, for we thus gained valuable instruction as well as amusement. He lost no opportunity of affording us information. All departments of literature had attractions for him, and without the science of a proficient, he had a genuine love of knowledge wherever it was to be found. He was a great reader ; I think Shakespear (as an amusement), was his favourite book ; and he read his plays with a native eloquence and feeling that sometimes drew tears from our eyes, and still oftener from his own. The principles of my father's character were perhaps better understood by viewing him in the retirement of domestic life than in his professional relations ; for it is only in private that the more delicate traits of disposition are to be observed. There is a certain exterior worn by most men in their intercourse with the world (we do not mean an artificial character), which produces a general resemblance ; but this is thrown aside upon re-entering their home, and the nicer peculiarities of character hidden from the public eye are disclosed, without reserve, in the freedom of a family circle. Thus it was with my

WILLIAM LOCKER, ESQ.

father. The playfulness of his disposition never appeared to such advantage as at his own fireside, and though the warmth of his benevolence diffused itself wherever he appeared, it glowed with peculiar brightness at home. He was no party man; he often congratulated himself that he was abroad when the disgraceful schism divided the navy between Keppel and Palliser. He had friends on both sides, and lost none. Though cordially attached to Church and King, he was neither a bigot in religion nor in politics; he had great reluctance to controversy, and enjoyed the friendship of men of real worth of all parties. His father indeed was a staunch jacobite, and he thus inherited Tory principles. He used to relate that when a boy, he was often sent with presents to the poor highlanders confined in the Tower, after the rebellion of 1745; one of these honest fellows, who deserved a better fate, gave him his leathern belt as a keepsake a few days before his execution, and in treasuring up this simple relique, he fostered the political opinions with which it was associated. With all this partiality, he reprobated the heartless ingratitude of Prince Charles to those who supported his pretensions; and among the honourable traits which marked the character of King George the third, he particularly admired his tenderness towards the last of the Stuarts.

“The remembrance of any considerable act of kindness became a part of my father’s constitution, it cost him no effort to retain it in his memory; he never seemed to feel the *weight* of an obligation, and it arose to his mind whenever he had an opportunity of requiting it. The child, the friend, nay, the dog, of any one to whom he was obliged, was sure to receive some acknowledgement. I cannot forget a visit to the tomb of Lord Hawke, in the village of Swathe-ling, Hants, which called up all his gratitude at the distance of twenty years. A rough old admiral who accompanied us felt the same grateful sentiments, yet struggled hard to hide his emotion; but my father gave free course to his feelings, while the tears stole down their rugged cheeks in sympathy.

“Good breeding is said to be the daughter of good nature. There

LIEUT. GOVERNOR OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

was an unaffected cordiality in my father's hospitality, a frank familiarity towards an old friend, a respect and tenderness to women of all ranks and ages and complexions, which marked the generous spirit of an English gentleman of the old school. Towards young persons he had none of the chillness and austerity of age; he treated them on equal terms, and they learned many a valuable lesson from his conversation, while they fancied themselves only amused. He had an excellent library, which before his death was half exhausted in presents to his youthful friends. Of this, some years ago, I had a very gratifying proof on visiting a Spanish gentleman in the island of Majorca, who unexpectedly opened to me a little cabinet filled with the best English authors, which my father had presented to him while a student in London.

“The fireside on a winter evening was a scene highly picturesque, and worthy the pencil of Wilkie. The veteran sat in his easy chair, surrounded by his children; a few grey hairs peeped from beneath his hat, worn somewhat awry, that gave an arch turn to the head which it seldom quitted. The anchor button, and scarlet waistcoat trimmed with gold, marked the fashion of former times; before him lay his book, and by its side a weak beverage, prepared by the careful hand of a daughter, who devoted herself to him with a tenderness peculiarly delightful to the infirmities of age. The benevolent features of the old Commodore were slightly obscured by the incense of a cigarre (the last remnant of a cockpit education), which spread its fragrance in long wreaths of smoke around himself and the whole apartment. His cane, containing a near-sighted glass in its head, rested beside his chair, and a footstool supported his wounded leg, beyond which lay his old faithful Newfoundland dog stretched upon the hearth. Portraits of King Charles the first and Van Tromp (indicating the characteristic turn of his mind), appeared above the chimney-piece, and a multitude of prints of British heroes covered the rest of the wainscot. A knot of antique swords and Indian weapons crowned the old fashioned pediment of the door, and a cloth curtain was extended across the room to fence off the cold

air, to which the constitution of an old sailor is particularly sensitive. Such was the picture.

“The servants who revered his peculiarities, served him with earnest affection : even his horse confided in his good nature as much as the rest of his establishment, for when he was of opinion that the morning ride was sufficiently extended, he commonly faced about without consulting his master, and as my father usually rode in gambadoes, not the most convenient for contending with a self-willed steed, he generally yielded to his caprice. The chief personage in his confidence, in the household, was *old Boswell*, the self invested minister of the extraordinaries of the family, who looked upon the footman as a jackanapes, and on the female servants as quite incapable of understanding “his Honour.” Boswell had been in his day a smart young seaman, and formerly rowed the stroke oar in the Captain’s barge. After many a hard gale, and long separation, the association was renewed in old age, and to a by-stander had more the familiarity of ancient friendship, than of the relation of master and servant. “Has your Honour any further commands,” said Boswell, as he used to enter the parlour in the evening, while throwing his body into an angle he made his reverence, and shut the door with his opposite extremity at the same time. “No, Boswell, I think not, unless indeed you are disposed for a glass of grog before you go.” “As your Honour pleases,” was the established reply. A sign from my father soon produced the favourite mixture, at the approach of which the old sailor was observed to slide a quid into his cuff, and prepare for action. “Does your Honour remember when we were up the Mississippi in the Nautilus?” “Aye, my old friend, I shall never forget it—’twas a happy trip, the poor Indians won all our hearts.” “Ah ! but your Honour, there was worse company than they in the woods there ; mayhap you remember the great black snake that clung round the serjeant of marines, and had well nigh throttled him.” “I do, I do, and the poor fellow was obliged to beat its head to pieces against his own body. I remember it, as though it happened but yesterday.” “And the rattlesnake too,”

LIEUT. GOVERNOR OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

quoth Boswell, "that your honour killed with your cane, five and forty foot!" "Avast, Boswell," cried my father, "mind your reckoning there, 'twas but twelve you rogue, and that's long enough in all conscience." These scenes were highly diverting to our familiar friends, and are remembered with interest by those of them who still survive.

"If benevolence was the striking feature of my father's disposition, religion was the anchor of his hope, the star by which he steered, in order to reach "the haven where he would be." There was an habitual energy in his private devotions which proved the firm hold that Christianity had obtained over his mind. Whether in reading or in conversation, at the name of God he instantly uncovered his head by a spontaneous movement of pious feeling; nothing but illness kept him from church, his example there was a silent reproof to the idle and the indifferent. I see him still, in imagination, kneeling unconscious of all about him, absorbed in earnest prayer, and though his features were concealed, the agitation of his venerable head indicated the fervour of his supplications; the recollection has often quickened my own indolence. Such was the man whose memory is endeared to all who knew his worth, affording to us a beautiful example of a true old English officer." [Plain Englishman, vol. iii. p. 563.]

Like all men of true piety he gratefully ascribed to God every blessing he received, every mercy he experienced. He felt that the Almighty ruler of the Universe watched also with equal care over the minutest action of his life, and he was forward to acknowledge the special hand of his Providence extended over him on many remarkable occasions. Of one of these he always spoke with great solemnity, as it bore the strongest evidence of that gracious interposition, which the divine wisdom sometimes sees fit to make more immediately visible to his creatures, and which on this occasion, saved him and the crew of the *Lowestoffe* from imminent destruction. They were going through the windward passage between Cuba and Hispaniola; his officers were spending the evening with

WILLIAM LOCKER, ESQ.

him, but instead of his customary cheerfulness, his mind was overcast by an unaccountable anxiety for the safety of the ship. They strove in vain to remove this gloom, they referred to their position in the chart, and proved (as they thought) by the observations of that day, that there could be no danger; they reminded him that the frigate was running rapidly with a fair wind through the mid-channel, that they were far from the land on both sides, the weather fine, and a bright moon shining over an unclouded sky. It was all in vain, still he remained restless and unsatisfied. His officers who till now greatly respected his judgement, thought him crazy, but being their commander, neither their reasoning nor their rallying prevailed, and they retired for the night leaving him still anxiously walking his quarter-deck. Again he called up the master and re-examined the chart, and to "make assurance double sure" he ordered men to the mast head, and to the bowsprit-end, to keep a strict lookout. But when all seemed so secure, and he alone uneasy, at midnight a dismal cry was heard from the bowsprit "breakers a-head." Captain Locker instantly ordered the helm hard a-starboard, and as the ship went round, her keel grazed over a reef of rocks, till then unknown, upon which they were directly steering, and must have been inevitably lost! "They that occupy their business in great waters, see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep!"

The portrait, here engraved, was formerly in the possession of the Earl of St. Vincent, who, some years before his death, presented it to the author, and it has been by him placed in the Naval Gallery in the name of his family, and in obedience to the unanimous vote of the Directors of Greenwich Hospital, on the formation of this National Collection in 1825. Thirty years before that period, the Lieut. Governor himself had vainly suggested the same proposition, which has at length been accomplished at a more auspicious era.

Perhaps it may be objected that our memoir is not an individual portrait, but a *family picture*; and it must be confessed that we have yielded to the temptation. But as we have given due prominence to the principal figure, we trust those which are subordinate

LIEUT. GOVERNOR OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

will not be viewed without interest, while they materially contribute to give effect to the character of him with whom they are so nearly associated.

We have introduced the present article thus early, from a venial anxiety to secure it a place in a work so peculiarly connected with the officer here recorded. It would, more properly have *concluded* the publication, had we not doubted the completion of our entire plan, owing to the failure of the author's health, which has compelled him to seek its restoration in a temporary residence (Rome) far distant from those sources of information which would have much facilitated his labours. The writing of these sheets has been the principal solace of a sick chamber, and has afforded him the satisfaction of feeling that whatever may now happen, he has been permitted to offer this very inadequate tribute to the memory of such a father.



Engraved by W. A. Le Bout

THE HARRY GRACE À DIEU, 1520.

PAINTED BY DOMINICK SERRES, R.A.

PRESENTED TO GREENWICH HOSPITAL BY SHUTE, BISHOP OF DURHAM.

KING HENRY VIII. SAILING FOR CALAIS

IN THE HARRY GRACE À DIEU.

MAY 30, 1520.

WHEN the succession to the imperial throne of Germany was claimed by the rival Sovereigns of France and Spain, Francis the first, anxious to secure the friendship of the young King of England, invited Henry the eighth to a conference on the frontiers of the small territory surrounding Calais, which still pertained to the English crown. Meanwhile Charles, equally desirous of his alliance, on passing from Spain to his possessions in the Low Countries, landed at Dover to pay Henry an unexpected visit in his own dominions, a compliment not cast away upon this joyous monarch, nor on Wolsey his aspiring minister, whom he soon won to his interest by flattering his hopes of the future Pontificate. This purpose being accomplished, Charles resumed his voyage on the 30th of May, 1520, on which day Henry, with his Queen and Court, embarked for Calais on board the Harry Grace à Dieu, then the largest and most magnificent ship in the world.

This is not the place to detain our readers with the oft-told tale of the meeting of the two Sovereigns in the Champ de drap d'Or between Guisnes and Ardres—the splendour of the ceremonial, the dazzling beauties of the rival Courts—the pastimes, the jousts, the tourneys which were then exhibited. The accomplished monarchs excelled all their knights in these hazardous exercises, and bore away the palm from every antagonist with a grace and courtesy which charmed the spectators of this extraordinary scene. But we would rather draw the attention of our readers to the progress of naval architecture in this country, as a subject of curious research to all who feel, as we do, a high degree of interest for these “mighty bulwarks of our sea-girt isle.”

KING HENRY VIII. SAILING FOR CALAIS

The building of the *Harry Grace à Dieu* may be considered as the commencement of the æra for constructing ships for the Royal Navy of England. This ship, which was a remarkable structure for those times, was built at Erith by command of King Henry the seventh; but was not launched until the year 1515, in the ensuing reign. Artillery had been introduced on board ships of war towards the close of the 15th century, and were so placed as to fire over the gunwale; but Descharges, a French builder at Brest, in 1500 contrived port-holes, to allow guns to be fixed below the deck. Probably this was the first English ship which extended that advantage to two decks, and enabled her to carry, as we learn from Charnock, one hundred and thirty-two pieces of ordnance, of which however only thirteen were nine pounders and upward. She was of the burthen of one thousand tons, and measured in length one hundred and sixty-seven feet, in breadth forty-eight feet. This ship remained in existence till the year 1553, when she was burned by accident at Woolwich.

Henry the eighth took much interest in naval affairs. He caused many ships to be built expressly for his royal service; for which purpose he founded a dock-yard at Woolwich,—soon after a second at Deptford, and lastly, a third at Portsmouth. He appointed a commissioner to controul the establishments so formed.

Queen Elizabeth abated nothing of her royal father's zeal for the naval defence of her realm; and was much encouraged by the able advice and judgment of Dudley, who afterwards styled himself Duke of Northumberland, and of Sir Walter Raleigh, who being a man of very considerable learning and science, as well as an able navigator, effected many important improvements. The capstan and chain-pump were introduced in that reign; and among other inventions, stay-sails and studding sails were then first employed.

King James the first, inheriting the same regard for the navy, found in the celebrated Phineas Pett (an able mathematician of Cambridge) a naval architect who applied the true principles of science to this important department. He constructed the *Royal Prince*, of one

IN THE HARRY GRACE À DIEU.

thousand four hundred tons burthen, carrying sixty-four guns upon two decks, which James presented to his accomplished son Henry Prince of Wales, who died too soon to realize the fond hope of the nation. The construction of this vessel greatly advanced the art of ship building, by correcting many errors of the old system of carpentry, arising from the want of mathematical knowledge.

In the subsequent reign Pett found in King Charles the first a still more enlightened and liberal patron of art. The King, who highly esteemed his navy as the great bulwark of national defence, and who was jealous of his supremacy in the Narrow Seas, which the Dutch were disposed to question, commanded him to construct a second ship of still larger dimensions, to which he gave the name of “Sovereign of the Seas,” as a pledge to his subjects that he would maintain this title. She mounted one hundred guns, and appears to have been the first ship constructed with three regular tiers of ports. This vessel was a great effort of skill at that period; and an inspection of the beautiful model of her which has been lately made at Chatham (from the original drawings of Phineas Pett) will shew, that in her form and proportions she was equal to the draughts of the most scientific of the modern French engineers. This noble ship which had survived many of the most obstinate engagements with the enemy, was at length destroyed by an accidental fire at Chatham in 1696. A picture of her may be seen in our Gallery, which was recently presented by Mr. Hooper, the valuable Secretary of the Institution. It is remarkable that the construction of this ship lost Charles his crown; for the royal exchequer being unable to supply the necessary funds for the purpose, His Majesty resorted to the fatal levy of the *ship money*, which provoked his Parliament to that desperate opposition to the regal authority, which finally brought him to the scaffold.

The long and bloody wars which were maintained with the States of Holland, greatly tended to increase the strength and numbers of the English navy during the usurpation of Cromwell, and the subsequent reigns of Charles and James the second; but while the

KING HENRY VIII. SAILING FOR CALAIS

nautical spirit and skill of the officers and seamen were greatly increased by these frequent encounters with a brave and powerful enemy, the art of ship building retrograded, from the want of scientific engineers; in consequence of which the more enlightened views of Phineas Pett were abandoned, the English builders being content to imitate the clumsy models of the Dutch. The Royal Charles of 110 brass guns, was built in 1668, by old Shish the King's chief engineer, whom Evelyn describes as "hardly able to read." Yet Charles the second loved his navy and established a fourth dock-yard at Sheerness, in 1670. James his successor also introduced many improvements, though little as to the construction of the ships. France meanwhile was rapidly advancing in her marine. Men of distinguished science were engaged in her service in constructing ships of war, which greatly excelled those of England and Holland, both in beauty of form and in velocity of movement.

At the Revolution, King William came over strongly prepossessed in favour of his Dutch models, and had no taste for imitating the improvements of the French; but though a soldier by choice, and devoted to the glory of the field, he gave two substantial proofs of regard for the English navy: first, by establishing a fifth dock-yard at Plymouth; and, secondly, by appropriating "the King's house" at Greenwich to the uses of an hospital for seamen: though the merit of the latter gift we believe is due to Queen Mary, who, as an Englishwoman, felt a cordial regard for her sailors.

On the accession of the House of Hanover the English fleet was still found to be greatly inferior in structure to that of France, whose engineers, carefully educated for this service, were men of science, and therefore excelled the builders in our English dock-yards. The experience of the two last wars had proved the very superior sailing of the French and Spanish ships, which continually baffled the ablest of our naval commanders, who under this great disadvantage sought in vain to bring the enemy to action, and thus disappointed our countrymen of the victory on many occasions when almost within their reach. The names of Byron, Rodney, Hughes,

IN THE HARRY GRACE À DIEU.

and others of our best officers, will recall to our readers many partial encounters in which they suffered the severest mortification from this cause alone; nor was it until the improvement of our fleet, by the introduction of the best French models, and the capture of some of their finest ships, that the superior prowess and seamanship of our naval officers in the war of the French Revolution were displayed and acknowledged in every quarter of the globe.

One great improvement of the speed of our ships had indeed been adopted in 1783 by the application of copper sheathing to all classes of the navy. The experiment was previously made and rejected in 1759; and so far back as 1670, sheets of lead fastened with copper nails, had been in like manner employed and abandoned after a considerable trial, in consequence of the rapid oxydation of the fastenings by the contact of the two metals, thus greatly endangering the ships by a cause then little suspected, which was left to the future discovery of the late Sir Humphrey Davy.

The want of men of science in the station of ship builders at length became so apparent in this country, that in the year 1791 several distinguished persons formed an association to promote the knowledge of Naval Architecture. This society however soon found that what was the proper duty of the Government could not be effected by a set of private gentlemen, and after wasting much time and money in curious experiments upon the "resistance of fluids," the scheme was abandoned.

The war of 1793 proved the best remedy for the defect. The numerous engagements with the enemy's fleets, which occurred during the first years of the contest, threw into our possession some of the finest ships of France and Spain. These served as examples to our shipwrights, and made us ashamed of the prejudices and ignorance which had so long disgraced our naval establishments. Earl Spencer called into employment men of eminent learning and abilities, who applied the principles of mathematical science to this great department of our national mechanics; and while the finest models of the French and Spanish arsenals were incorporated into our navy,

KING HENRY VIII. SAILING FOR CALAIS

such as the *Commerce de Marseilles*, the *San Josef*, and others, the superior scale of these noble ships which had been captured from the enemy, threw out of the service the old fashioned ships of ninety, sixty-four, fifty, and forty-four guns, which were now evidently unfit to cope with such opponents.

The institution of the College of Naval Architecture at Portsmouth in 1808, was a tardy imitation of that system of scientific instruction in that department in which the French engineers had been so long educated. This institution has already produced many young men of superior acquirements who have given very sufficient proof of the advantages thus derived ; and no one can peruse the Baron Dupin's able and interesting " Essay on the Naval Force of Great Britain," and his " Report of the progress of the French Marine since the Peace," printed in 1820, without feeling the necessity of affording every encouragement to men of science and ability in ship building, as well as in the military branch of this honourable profession. The character of our establishments has been much raised by the successful emulation of men of talent in the profession. About the same time the Commissioners of the Navy formed a very curious and valuable collection of models, now deposited at Somerset House, exhibiting an illustrative series of the progressive improvements in ship-building. This beautiful Museum we have very lately visited, and to Mr. Knowles, under whose charge it is more immediately placed, we are indebted for much interesting information on the subject, in answer to the inquiries which such an inspection naturally suggested. This valuable repository has been enriched by many important contributions from His Majesty, the present Duke of Northumberland, Mr. Holdsworth, and other liberal donors ; but for the first foundation of this national collection of models the public is principally indebted we believe to Sir Robert Seppings, who, as one of the Surveyors of the Navy, has largely contributed to the advancement of naval architecture, by the many scientific improvements which he has introduced in the construction of our ships of war. Nor does it lessen the merit of these services that the

IN THE HARRY GRACE À DIEU.

germ of his plan of diagonal braces was anticipated by the old French engineers Bouguet and Du Hamel, and reproduced by their countryman Chaucot in 1755. It is also said that Sir Robert's plan of a round stern was previously conceived by the French Admiral Willamez in 1814, and that a heavy frigate on this principle was built at Brest in 1821.

To what extent the increasing dimensions of warlike ships may be carried is indeed a subject of very interesting speculation. In this respect the French, who had hitherto advanced before us, are now outstripped by the Americans, who have lately constructed ships of such dimensions as exceed even the conception of our old English builders. We are told that they have now a ship called the *Ohio*, which mounts upon two decks 102 guns, (42 and 32-pounders); and we read of another ship named the *Pennsylvania*, a three-decker, which measures in length 220 feet, in breadth 56 feet, and carries 134 guns, of like calibre. The French also are stated to have a first-rate on the stocks of even larger dimensions, measuring no less than 232 feet in length. To cope with such ships it is become necessary that we should construct others of corresponding force. For this object three ships are now nearly completed in our dock-yards, viz. the *Nile*, the *Rodney*, and the *London*, in length equal to the *Caledonia*, our largest three-decker. They are constructed to carry 92 guns (32-pounders) on two decks alone. A sanguine expectation is entertained that these gigantic ships will combine other advantages with a force nearly equal to our first-rates; but there are not wanting those who apprehend their extreme length will render them less manageable as sea-boats, and that as floating batteries their broadside will not equal the concentrated force of a lofty three-decker when at close quarters with an enemy.

There is still another mode of construction to be noticed before we conclude this brief sketch of the progress of our naval architecture. Although the application of the steam-engine to propel vessels through the water was first invented in England, some time before it was adopted by the United States of America, no adequate advantage had been made of it in this country till after Messrs.

KING HENRY VIII. SAILING FOR CALAIS.

Livingston, Fulton, and other enterprising Americans, had introduced steam vessels in the great rivers and lakes of that vast Continent, where they have been constructed of dimensions exceeding any which have yet appeared in England. One of these, called the North Carolina, has been lately built by Messrs. Stevens, on the Hudson River, in form resembling the bowl of a spoon; she measures one hundred and seventy-eight feet in length, and runs a distance of one hundred and fifty-five miles between New York and Albany in the space of fourteen hours! The rapidly increasing number of steam vessels there, as well as in England, has by reciprocity created an increased demand: the facility and cheapness of locomotion producing a general disposition in the people to avail themselves of the opportunity of visiting places far removed from their own home. Hitherto steam vessels have been principally used for the conveyance of passengers and goods. Of late years they have been attached to dock-yards, for the purpose of assisting men of war in and out of harbour. This will create another great change in a point most important to the tranquillity of nations. We no sooner saw this wonderful elastic fluid applied to the movements of floating bodies, than we felt persuaded that at no great distance of time the power would be directed to the purposes of maritime warfare, and we urged our naval friends to make the study of this formidable engine, as applicable to the evolutions of ships and fleets, an object of their most earnest consideration. There is indeed no limit to the imagination when we contemplate the possible extent to which steam power may be applied, a power greater than any hitherto discovered, and capable as far as we at present see of changing the whole character and intercourse of nations, and affecting the whole frame of civil institutions.

The picture from which our engraving is made was taken from a very curious old painting at Windsor Castle, with the permission of His Majesty King George the Third, and was presented to the Hospital by the Honourable Shute Barrington, late Bishop of Durham, in the year 1826.



W. P. Rogers delin.

Engraved by J. C. Allen

THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA, 1588.

PAINTED BY F. J. DE LORTIERBOURG, R. A.

PRESENTED TO GREENWICH HOSPITAL BY THE LORD EARNBOROUGH, G. C. B.

DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

1588.

THE most heroic achievement in the reign of Elizabeth was the destruction of the Spanish Armada. More than thirty years before she had incurred the implacable hatred of Philip the second, when she refused him her hand as the successor of her sister Mary, and he at length determined to recover his influence and to re-establish the religion of the Church of Rome in her dominions by force of arms. The English Navy at that period could furnish no more than seventeen ships, but great were the resources of the maiden Queen, in the firmness of her own character, the wisdom of her councillors, and the affections of her people. Being early apprized of the designs of the enemy, extraordinary exertions were made for her defence by land and sea. London and other cities contributed large supplies of money, troops, and ships; and many of the chief nobility and gentry equipped vessels of war at their own cost, and embarked their persons and their fortunes in a contest so glorious. The fleet thus raised was entrusted to the command of the Lord Howard of Effingham, seconded by Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, Raleigh, and other men of renown, whose names are still had in remembrance by British seamen, and will ever live in the gratitude of their country.

But distinguished as were these brave officers, England had a far mightier Protector whose arm has so often since been stretched over this nation. Heaven seemed visibly to fight for the cause of Elizabeth, which was in truth the cause of the Reformation. The Armada, presumptuously called "invincible," had scarcely quitted the Tagus, under the command of the Duke de Medina Sidonia and his gallant Vice Admiral Recalde, when the whole fleet was dispersed

DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

by a furious storm, in which several ships were wrecked and the rest driven back to their coast. After an interval of many weeks, employed in collecting and refitting the scattered ships, they once more set sail, and on the 20th of July were descried by the Lord Howard steering towards the English shore in form of a crescent, their fleet consisting of a hundred and thirty great ships, besides an immense convoy, covering a space of seven miles. With thirty ships alone he advanced to meet them, and made the attack with such prudence and resolution, that while the Spaniards, encumbered by their own numbers, were thrown into great disorder, the English sustained the loss only of one ship, and pursuing their success, hung upon their rear, and gathered reinforcements as they closely followed them up Channel. The Prince of Parma having engaged to join the Armada with a strong body of troops from the Low Countries, the Spanish Admiral anchored off Calais to await his arrival. Howard seizing the opportunity, filled eight of his worst vessels with combustibles and sent them in among the enemy's ships, whose Captains to avoid the flames, immediately cut their cables and ran out to sea. So great was the panic that few returned, thus leaving their commander to maintain a very unequal combat with the increasing numbers of the English, who boarded, captured, and sunk several of their antagonists. A violent gale ensued. Those who had basely deserted their chief being closely pursued by the Lord Henry Seymour and others into the North sea, got entangled among the shoals; many were stranded, and their crews miserably perished on the coasts of Scotland and Ireland. The rest escaped by the passage north about. Of all this mighty host only fifty ships regained the coast of Spain; the remainder, with upwards of twenty thousand men on board, being lost, taken, or destroyed.

Although the picture from which our sketch is taken has not the merit of being executed at the period it commemorates, the fertile imagination and glowing pencil of Mr. de Louthembourg have produced a striking representation of the conflict. He has seized the incident of the burning of a Spanish galleasse, and the sinking of a row-boat,

DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

whose slaves, chained to the oar, are struggling for life, while a friar directs their view to the Cross, as they sink together to destruction. The Ark Royal bearing the standard of the Lord High Admiral of England, is seen advancing into the midst of the fight, and his smaller vessels are engaged hand to hand with their shattered opponents. The antiquated models of the warlike ships, and the highly picturesque costume of the sixteenth century, exhibit an interesting variety of form and colour, and the Painter has wrought up the tone of his picture with all the advantages which a combination of fire and smoke, and storm and tempest could produce. This accomplished Artist indulged even to a fault his striking talent for effect; but in depicting naval battles he has excelled all his predecessors in this country, in giving spirit and life to subjects confessedly difficult to render interesting except by the hand of a man of genius. The appearance of this and some other works from his pencil, created an æra in Marine Painting highly important to this department of Art.

For this splendid picture our Gallery is indebted to the liberality of Lord Farnborough, who being one of the Directors of Greenwich Hospital at the period when the collection was first projected, was not contented with proving, by this donation, his cordial desire to promote the honour of the Royal Navy, and the interest of that Art of which his Lordship has constantly shewn himself a judicious patron, but a still more important service was rendered to the Institution by his effectual mediation with our late accomplished Sovereign, who was graciously pleased to present to it thirty-seven of the most valuable pictures now in the Gallery.



Engraved by J. Le Page

VICTORY OFF USANT, JUNE 1ST 1794.

PAINTED BY P. J. DE LOUÏSBOURGHE, R.A.

PRESENTED TO GREENWICH HOSPITAL, BY HIS MAJESTY, KING GEORGE THE FOURTH.

LORD HOWE'S VICTORY

OFF USHANT, 1 JUNE, 1794.

FEW are they who are competent to explore the secret workings of *Revolution*—emphatic word! which sounds like an alarum in the ears of sober men, and is rarely welcomed by any except the ignorant, the ambitious, or the disaffected.

When the war of 1793 burst forth upon us from France, how small a number, even of educated persons in England, understood the complex causes from which it sprung, or anticipated the tremendous changes to which it would lead,—how few calculated its probable influence, even upon themselves. On the one hand, they perceived not the dangers from which the war would preserve them, nor on the other, the heavy burthens which it would entail upon themselves and their posterity.

“The People,” who love excitement, and *therefore* love war, hailed the declaration of hostilities with delight—not one in a hundred indeed knew why; it was enough that they felt sure that the French would be beaten. They gloried in the prospect of public rejoicings and bonfires, while those who were to be their champions in the contest disregarded the perils of the battle and the storm, looking forward to the honour and rewards which they expected to receive from their fellow countrymen.

At first indeed, there appeared to ordinary eyes, a strong probability that the struggle would be short and successful. The leaders of the French Revolution, by their treasons against the Altar and the Throne, had so outraged the best feelings of humanity throughout Europe, that wise and good men expected the curse of God would suddenly overtake these daring apostates, and that a simultaneous movement of the surrounding nations would crush this phalanx of madmen and murderers, who ruled the infatuated people

LORD HOWE'S VICTORY OFF USHANT.

of France. Austria, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, and Holland, professed a hearty desire to co-operate with us in resisting the progress of their unholy doctrines, and at least to drive back from their own frontiers the moral and political pestilence which ravaged France. But God's ways are not as man's ways—the guilt of other nations was to be punished by the temporary success of these infidel Republicans, and the overthrow of many of the most ancient and powerful States of Europe was given into the hands of these men, who were the unconscious instruments of God's wrath against those guilty nations, though less guilty than themselves.

History has already recorded in how short a space England was deprived of all her allies—how wide, how rapid, was the spread of revolutionary principles throughout Europe, and how weak were the bonds with which a sense of self-preservation had at first united them. History also has told us with what steadiness the British Government guided, with how much confidence the Parliament contributed, and with what valour her soldiers and sailors fought to preserve the time-honoured institutions of our free and happy land, amidst the wreck of other nations. The memory of this long and arduous contest against the deadly principles which threatened our highly favoured country never fails to impress us with devout gratitude to the gracious God, whose strength nerved the arm of our warriors in that tremendous crisis.

The declaration of hostilities against Great Britain, issued by the French National Convention, of the 1st of February, 1793, had been for some time foreseen and provided against by Mr. Pitt, and his able colleagues in the Ministry. The naval preparations were in great forwardness; our dock-yards had been carefully supplied with stores—the ships were in a rapid course of repair, and of one hundred and fifteen ships of the line, the greater part were in good condition. Nor had our restless enemies been neglectful of similar preparations for a naval war; at no time were their ships in higher condition, or their arsenals better furnished. They had eighty ships of the line, of which eighteen were three-deckers (of larger dimensions

LORD HOWE'S VICTORY OFF USHANT.

than ours), and the utmost activity prevailed, in all their ports, to equip and man them for immediate service.

Earl Howe, whose long services, and high rank in the royal navy, entitled him to the post of honour, was appointed to the chief command of the Channel Fleet, assembled for the immediate protection of the British shores. In the summer of that year he put to sea with sixteen ships of the line, an equal force of the enemy having already sailed from Brest. They came in sight of each other off that port on the ninth of July, but the French Admiral shewed no disposition to meet them; and the boisterous weather and slower sailing of the English ships effectually prevented Lord Howe from bringing them to action. No further rencontre occurred during that year. The winter months were occupied in port; but in the following spring, the avowal of the French rulers to "annihilate" the navy of England, called them forth again with more sanguine expectations of a battle.

This empty threat was generated, in the previous autumn, by the destruction of great part of the French fleet at Toulon by Lord Hood, which, while it crippled their means of offensive operations in the Mediterranean, set free a large body of seamen to complete the crews of the ships preparing at Brest and L'Orient. The French Convention at Paris despatched two of their members to quicken these preparations, and the enthusiasm of their seamen was excited by the most extravagant addresses, filled with gross defamation of the national character of the British navy. These were ordered to be publicly read to the crew of every ship in France by their respective commanders, together with a decree of the Convention, announcing death as the punishment of every officer whose ship should surrender to a British man-of-war (even though of double force) unless in the last extremity.

Lord Howe, being anxious to meet the Brest fleet on its first sailing out of port, put to sea on the 2nd of May, for the twofold purpose of protecting the East and West India fleets, as far as Cape Finisterre, and to intercept a large convoy expected from

LORD HOWE'S VICTORY OFF USHANT.

the French West Indies, with supplies of great importance at that juncture. Having detached Rear Admiral Montagu, with four ships of the line, to see the two English convoys into a safe latitude, the Earl continued to cruize between Ushant and Belle Isle, the expected track of the French homeward bound vessels. His force thus reduced, consisted of twenty-five ships of the line. The *Queen Charlotte*, of one hundred guns, bearing his flag. Meanwhile, the look-out squadron closely watched every movement at Brest, justly expecting that the French Admiral, on quitting his port, would steer in that direction, and risque an action to preserve them. Nor was this expectation vain, for on the 16th of May, Rear Admiral Villaret Joyeuse, who had been appointed to the chief command, put to sea with twenty-six ships of the line, and sixteen frigates, having on board his flag ship, citizen *Jean Bon St. André*, a member of the Convention, who was appointed to report (and probably to controul) his proceedings. In a fog, on the day following, they passed unperceived so close to the British fleet as to hear distinctly the sound of the bells and drums which were beaten on board our ships. On the same day they fell in with and captured a Dutch convoy, of which the greater part were retaken on the 17th by Lord Howe, who directed them to be burned, as sailors could not be spared to man them. On the 25th they fell in with *l'Audacieux*, of seventy-four guns, which got away after casting off an American prize, which, with two French corvettes, captured the same day, the Admiral destroyed in like manner, and immediately proceeded, on the intelligence thus obtained, in pursuit of M. Villaret.

At length, at six in the morning of the 28th of May, the Admiral got sight of the French fleet. At eight o'clock, Rear-Admiral Pasley in the *Bellerophon*, with the *Russell*, *Marlborough* and *Thunderer*, each of seventy-four guns, being the advanced squadron, was directed to reconnoitre them as they approached. At ten the French Admiral hauled to the wind, being then about ten miles distant. In the afternoon the *Bellerophon* had so much neared the enemy as to get within gun-shot, and gave the first broadside to the *Revolu-*

LORD HOWE'S VICTORY OFF USHANT.

tionnaire, of one hundred and ten guns. The *Bellerophon* is said to have had the remarkable fortune of being oftener in general actions than any other ship of the British line: as such she is still the great favourite among our sailors. On this occasion she gained just credit by her resolute attack upon a ship so greatly superior to her in force, which had just changed her position with a ship of seventy-four guns, in order to present a more formidable opponent to Admiral Pasley. Lord Hugh Seymour in the *Leviathan*, seeing his need of support, had now joined from the van, which enabled the *Bellerophon* to continue a severe action with the *Revolutionnaire* and others of the enemy's rear division until seven o'clock, when she was so much damaged as to make it necessary to bear up, and join the main body of our fleet. The *Revolutionnaire* having now lost her mizen-mast fell to leeward. In this state she was engaged by the *Leviathan* until the *Audacious* came up, when Lord Hugh Seymour passed on to engage the next ship in the French line, and finally fell into the rear of his own fleet. Captain (afterwards Sir William) Parker continued the unequal contest with the three-decker, placing the *Audacious* on her lee quarter, and pouring into her a very galling fire. The *Russell* also coming up fired into her until recalled by signal. Nevertheless the *Audacious* hovered close on the quarters of her huge antagonist, which was now so disabled as to become quite unmanageable, and fell athwart the bows of the *Audacious*, but she dexterously disentangled herself; upon which the *Revolutionnaire* put before the wind under her foretop-sail, and ran down to leeward. In this contest it is said she lost nearly four hundred men. The *Bellerophon*'s people, who were forward when she bore up, declared that her colours were struck, and this was made probable by her answering only with three guns to their last broadside. The loss of men on board the *Audacious* was comparatively trifling, but she was so crippled in masts and rigging, that with difficulty she crawled away from the enemy's fleet. At day-light next morning nine of their ships were still seen from her deck, but a fortunate breeze favoured her escape. While retreating she saw le *Revolu-*

LORD HOWE'S VICTORY OFF USHANT.

tionnaire lying, quite dismasted, at some distance, but she was soon after taken in tow by l'Audacieux (one of the French line), and by her conducted safe into Rochefort, and Captain Parker, feeling that the Audacious was no longer fit for action, bore up, and ran for Torbay.

The two fleets passed the night without further hostilities; and on the morning of the 29th were still but six miles asunder, the French appearing on the weather bow of our fleet. After some manœuvring, and a partial cannonade between them, at ten o'clock Lord Howe, hoping to compensate the disappointment of the day preceding, made the signal to his fleet "to pass through the enemy's line with permission to fire in passing." As they approached the French ships fired on them with little effect. This was returned with more vigour by our ships as they neared them, but still no serious impression was made on their line. At noon the Admiral directed the fleet to tack in succession, but this signal was not at all generally obeyed. The Cæsar of eighty guns (being the leading ship) wore, *instead* of tacking, and her example was followed by most of the ships a-head of the Queen Charlotte. The Cæsar did not cut through the enemy's line until she had passed the eighth ship of her own line. The Queen, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Gardner, who now led the British line, came next, and was soon closely engaged with the centre ship of the enemy. The Admiral's signal was still flying, but by this time the Queen was too much disabled to obey it. By three o'clock she had dropped down the enemy's line, and engaged every ship in succession, till she at length became quite unmanageable, and fell away to leeward. The Royal George, bearing Sir Alexander Hood's flag, was closely engaged with the enemy, and suffered severely. Admiral Graves in the Royal Sovereign, Rear-Admiral Bowyer in the Barfleur, with the Orion and Invincible, did considerable execution against the ships opposed to them, but still none of the French ships were compelled to strike their colours: four of them had furnaces for firing red hot shot, but our ships received little damage from them. Meanwhile Lord Howe,

LORD HOWE'S VICTORY OFF USHANT.

much mortified to see his great object of breaking through the enemy's line with his whole force thus frustrated, resolved without waiting for the other ships, to set them the example. The Queen Charlotte accordingly tacked at one o'clock, followed by the Bellerophon and Leviathan, and passing to leeward of the French Admiral, stretched along their line, the Earl receiving and returning the fire of each of their ships, till he reached the sixth from the rear, when he cut through astern of that ship, and leaving l'Indomptable and le Tyrrannicide in a disabled condition, to be picked up by any other ships which would follow him, he hauled on the larboard tack in pursuit of le Republicain of one hundred and ten guns, bearing a flag, but she reached the centre of her own fleet before she could be brought to action. M. Villaret with the van of his fleet now wore to save the two crippled ships above-mentioned, and Lord Howe having only the Bellerophon and Leviathan to support him, could not prevent the manœuvre. The Queen Charlotte then wore, and bore down to cover the Royal George, which being much damaged seemed to be the next object of the French Admiral, who perceiving this movement to support her, wore again to join his rearmost ships. The Earl wore also, preserving the weather-gage; and thus all firing ceased between the two fleets at five in the afternoon.

In this action, so promising in its commencement, so disappointing in its result, no capture was made, nor were half the ships on either side engaged. The Royal George, Queen, and Royal Sovereign suffered much, especially the Queen; but such was the zeal of her Admiral, that she was completely refitted in masts, rigging, &c. a new suit of sails bent, and the signal made before dark that she was again ready for action.

Villaret's evolution which saved his two disabled ships was highly creditable to his skill and gallantry; yet if fighting a battle in earnest was his purpose, it is difficult to understand why, with the advantage of the wind, he did not at once bear down and attack the British fleet. On the evening of the 29th the hostile fleets were ten

LORD HOWE'S VICTORY OFF USHANT.

miles distant from each other. The next day was involved in an impenetrable fog, which cleared on the following afternoon, and shewed the French ships still in sight. Lord Howe made towards them, formed his line (as did the French Admiral) about five miles apart, and on both sides a general action was confidently expected. But it was now six o'clock, and though the British Admiral had the option of engaging them, he determined to defer it till morning. The transactions of the 29th weighed heavily on his thoughts, and he doubtless considered that a night action was less likely to secure the co-operation of all his ships in the final blow which he now meditated against the enemy's fleet.

Having carefully stationed his frigates to watch their movements, his Lordship hauled to the wind, instructing all his ships to carry commanding sail through the night. Rear-Admiral Nieully in the *Sanspareil* of eighty guns, together with *le Trajan*, *Temeraire* and *Trente-un-Mai*, each of seventy-four guns, now joined Villaret, who took the opportunity of sending into port *l'Indomptable*, in charge of *le Mont Blanc* of the same force, which still left him with twenty-six ships of the line.

On the morning of the 1st of June the French fleet appeared on the lee bow, about five leagues distant, in good order, and probably *M. Villaret* might have avoided fighting, had not Lord Howe kept well to windward. By seven o'clock he had reached within four miles of them, when the Admiral made the signal that "it was his intention to attack the centre of the enemy's fleet, passing through their line, and engaging them from the leeward." He then ordered his fleet to heave-to for breakfast, a considerate measure, after so many days of labour and watchfulness. At eight, they again filled their sails, each ship being signalled "to engage the opponent facing her in the French line," which was formed in a line of battle a-head, with their broadsides towards their assailants, awaiting the attack.

Unluckily this order was qualified in the signal-book by an *explanation*, viz. "The different captains and commanders not being able to effect the specified intention in either case, are at liberty to act as circumstances require."

LORD HOWE'S VICTORY OFF USHANT.

This fatal *note* ruined Lord Howe's design, for too many availed themselves of the alternative (without the necessity) and thus defeated the simultaneous onset which the British chief determined against every ship in the French line.

In attempting afterwards to rectify their irregularity, his Lordship (who loved signals) made several in succession, which tended greatly to increase the perplexity. This shews the wisdom of Lord Nelson's frequent remark, that when once a commander-in-chief has brought his fleet into action, the captains want little further direction if they are disposed to do their duty; and if not, such is the smoke and confusion that the power of watching the conduct of each individual ship is very limited.

The Admiral, having made such a disposition of his three-deckers as to place them opposite their equals, at nine o'clock bore down upon the enemy's fleet in a line of battle abreast, having the signal for close action flying on board the *Queen Charlotte*, as well as the other flag ships of his fleet. He had reserved to himself, as might be expected, the contest with *le Montagne*, which bore the flag of *M. Villaret*. As they came down upon them, the French ships opened their fire, especially against the *Defence*, which, being somewhat in advance, was the first ship that broke through their line, and was therefore most severely handled. The English ships now opened their fire with powerful effect as they neared their opponents. Lord Howe first received the broadside of *le Vengeur*, which was not returned, but setting more sail he pushed abreast of *l'Achille*, whose fire he received and returned. Pressing on for the French Admiral, *le Jacobin* closed up, as if to prevent him from passing between them; but the Earl observing that ship still forging a-head, he ordered his master to luff round the stern of *le Montagne*, whose ensign swept the *Queen Charlotte's* bulwarks, as at the same instant she poured a deadly broadside into her stern, by which a hundred Frenchmen were laid low in an instant; and *Basire*, her first captain, having lost both thighs, presently expired. Being now alongside his rival, a bloody contest seemed inevitable,

LORD HOWE'S VICTORY OFF USHANT.

when a shot from l'Achille brought down the Queen Charlotte's foretop-mast, and wounded the maintop-mast, which stopped her way. M. Villaret perceiving this, instantly made sail a-head, without firing a shot in return, and was followed by le Jacobin, thus effectually disappointing the eager hopes of the Earl, who with all his endeavours had no other opportunity throughout the day to bring his rival to action. Le Juste and l'Achille now opened a cannonade upon the Queen Charlotte; but they were soon partially dismasted, and their fire ceased, l'Achille being much galled also by the Invincible. Several other French ships now made sail to join M. Villaret: le Juste, with only a fore-mast standing, pushed on to follow, and, being concealed by the smoke, passed so near the Queen Charlotte as to fire a raking broadside into her stern, and then pursued her course to join them.

It was now noon: ten or twelve British and French ships were nearly dismasted; and though none of the enemy appeared to have yet struck, the heat of the battle was already over. The Queen Charlotte had become almost ungovernable, when Lord Howe's attention was attracted by the critical situation of Rear-Admiral Gardner in the Queen. In bearing down into action that ship, being unable to fetch her proper opponent, had engaged le Scipion, whose colours were twice shot away, and re-hoisted at her mizen-mast head. Presently after her two other masts fell, but not until she had shot away the main-mast of the Queen, to which she at length struck, and was taken possession of after a most gallant defence. Just at this time M. Villaret advanced with twelve of his ships with the design of cutting off the Queen and her prize. Lord Howe thereupon called some of his fresh ships to him by signal. The Queen Charlotte slowly wore round, and with them stood towards the French Admiral, who perceiving his intention immediately abandoned the Queen, but bore off her hard-earned prize le Scipion, together with three others of his disabled ships which the captors had neglected to secure. At the same moment he was joined by le Terrible, of one hundred and ten guns, which carried

LORD HOWE'S VICTORY OFF USHANT.

the flag of Rear-Admiral Bouvet, who had gallantly fought his way through the British fleet.

Having accomplished this able manœuvre, all firing ceased between the main body of both fleets by three in the afternoon; and the six disabled ships which the French Admiral was unable to recover were boarded not long after by those which Lord Howe directed by signal to take possession of them; yet so hostile still was the feeling of their crews, that they re-opened their fire on them as they bore down for that purpose.

Captain John Harvey in the *Brunswick*, at the beginning of the action, had singled out *le Vengeur* for his antagonist; but presently falling on board her, his three anchors became fast hooked to her bows. In this state both ships dropped out of the line together. The English sailors being thus prevented from opening eight of their foremost ports blew them off, and then commenced a desperate combat, which was maintained with equal fury on both sides. While death was busy between decks, the French carronades loaded with langridge, aided by their musketry, made dreadful havoc on the upper decks: Captain Harvey fell mortally wounded, with many of his brave men beside him. At eleven o'clock *l'Achille*, with one mast standing, was discerned through the smoke approaching to share in the contest. Captain Henry Harvey immediately pushed up in the *Ramillies* to support his gallant brother, firing into *le Vengeur* as he passed on to intercept *l'Achille*, whose remaining mast soon after fell by a few well directed shot from the *Brunswick's* quarter. At two o'clock *le Vengeur* shot away the *Brunswick's* main-mast; soon after the mizen-mast fell also. *Le Vengeur* in return now lost her main-mast and fore-mast together, carrying with them the head of the mizen-mast: she had thrice set fire to the *Brunswick*, whose crew as quickly extinguished it. At three o'clock *l'Achille* struck to the *Ramillies*, and was taken possession of; and *le Vengeur's* officers seeing this, displayed an English jack over her quarter, in token of submission to the *Brunswick*. These ships now rolled so heavily, that at length *le Vengeur* tore away

LORD HOWE'S VICTORY OFF USHANT.

the three anchors from the Brunswick's bows, and drifted clear of her, shipping such heavy seas at every lurch (most of her lower deck ports being swept away) that the Brunswick's people expected her every instant to founder; and as all their boats were shot to pieces, they could neither assist her, nor take possession. Indeed their own condition apparently was little better, the Brunswick's lower deck being half full of water, twenty-three of her guns dismounted, her fore-mast only standing, the Captain and one hundred and fourteen of his men killed and wounded. In this shattered state fresh ships of the enemy were seen approaching, against which they could make no defence; whereupon the surviving officers resolved to put her before the wind, and run for Portsmouth, which they providentially reached in safety on the 12th of June.

After being thus abandoned, *le Vengeur* appears to have re-hoisted her colours, and set a small sail on the stump of her fore-mast. She was in a sinking condition; when about six P.M. the *Orion*, after taking her proper antagonist, *le Northumberland*, fell in with this ill-fated ship, and took quiet possession of her; but scarcely had she left her a quarter of an hour, when *le Vengeur* foundered with nearly half of her gallant defenders, the remainder being saved by the prompt exertions of the *Culloden* and *Alfred*. It is not true, as was then reported, that the *Vengeur*'s crew shouted *Vive la République* as they went down. "They had fought their ship like brave men, and surrendered like wise ones," three hours before this catastrophe; and the same tribute is justly due to the crews of all the French ships captured on that day.

M. Villaret stood away with his fleet for Brest, having the other four crippled ships under his protection. He left only a single frigate to watch the proceedings of the British Admiral during the night, and by six o'clock that evening they were out of sight of the *Queen Charlotte*; but they did not reach their anchorage in Bertheaume Bay until the 12th of June.

Earl Howe remained on the scene of action until five o'clock on the following morning, the night being occupied in making such

LORD HOWE'S VICTORY OFF USHANT.

repairs as were necessary on board the ships of his fleet, and fitting the Prizes to enable them to accompany him to Portsmouth, where they all happily arrived on the 13th of June. The Brunswick having preceded his Lordship by one day, all hearts were impatient to behold the fruits of his victory. These were as follow :—

le Sans Pareil.....	80 guns.
le Juste	80
l'Amérique	74
l'Impetueux	74
le Northumberland.....	74
l'Achille	74

The slaughter on board these six ships alone exceeded that of the whole English fleet, which amounted to only eleven hundred and forty-eight killed and wounded in the three days encounter.

The thanks of both Houses of Parliament were voted to Earl Howe and his victorious followers; and when the King soon after visited Portsmouth, His Majesty presented to him a splendid sword, on the quarter-deck of the Queen Charlotte. On the 2nd of June, 1797, the Order of the Garter was also conferred on him by his Sovereign. Admirals Sir Alexander Hood and Graves were raised to the Irish peerage; Rear-Admirals Bowyer, Gardner and Pasley, were preferred to the rank of Baronet; and medals were presented to those Admirals and Captains whose services in the late battle were considered most distinguished: public monuments being raised to Captains Montagu, Harvey and Hutt, who fell in the engagement.

From the summary account we have given of the principal circumstances which attended this long protracted engagement, our readers will perceive how very unequally it was fought on either side, and how little the termination fulfilled the anticipations of either party; several ships in each fleet having taken little or no share in the contest. The French exhibited many honourable instances of gallantry in defence of their ships, even under the great disadvantages which the superior seamanship of their opponents

LORD HOWE'S VICTORY OFF USHANT.

imposed on them : nor were their individual merits impaired by the invectives of citizen St. André, who denounced several of their captains as having “ disgraced their swords.” The gross falsehoods which he inserted in his Report to the National Convention served but to delude the French populace, by giving their defeat the grace of a victory. Had not M. Villaret been coupled with this wretched political colleague, the spirit of that able officer would probably have invited, rather than avoided, a closer engagement with Lord Howe, and produced a more sanguinary and decisive battle, by compelling every ship to take her share of the conflict.

On our part it is admitted, that the brave veteran who commanded the British fleet was not supported as his high reputation and personal example on that day so well deserved : several indeed by the promptitude and gallantry with which they seconded him, shewed what might have been effected, if that zealous unanimity, which is the sure herald of victory, had inspired every commanding officer in the fleet. When Lord Howe saw so little regard paid to the signals which he directed to be made from the flag ship (and it must be presumed they were all hoisted), severe indeed was his chagrin. This, added to the protracted fatigue and anxiety (which at his advanced age must have been doubly trying), probably reconciled him at the last to accept of a victory far short of his just expectations, and to be content to lead home six of the enemy's ships as the best trophy he was able to present to his country.

The Engraving, which is here submitted to our readers, is taken from the noble Picture by Mr. de Louthembourg, which was one of the last gifts to the Hospital by his late Majesty George the Fourth. It was executed soon after the battle. The artist has judiciously chosen the time when the expected contest between the rival Chiefs was suddenly interrupted by the loss of the Queen Charlotte's topmasts, and her consequent separation from le Montagne.

Owing to an error in Lord Howe's public letter, it was believed for some time that le Jacobin (her second astern) was sunk at the same moment : that ship however returned safe to Brest with

LORD HOWE'S VICTORY OFF USHANT.

M. Villaret. But the mistake has been perpetuated in the Picture before us, where she is represented as sinking; while an interesting group of English boats are in the act of saving her people. This gave the painter a highly important incident for the exercise of his talents, without materially violating truth, for such a scene actually occurred after the action was over, when half the crew of *le Vengeur* were thus saved, by the benevolent intrepidity of our English seamen.





Engraved by J. Leitch

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

DESIGNED BY GEORGE ADAMSON ESQ. A.R.A.

PRESENTED TO GREENWICH HOSPITAL BY THE DIRECTORS OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE,

AUGUST 1, 1798.

THE two important victories of St. Vincent and of Camperdown, obtained by the British fleet in the months of February and October 1797, were more than counterbalanced by the gigantic strides of the French Republican army. These successes disappointed the expectations of the English ministry by alienating or subduing those Powers who had hitherto shewn a disposition to resist the progress of revolution throughout Europe. The astonishing career of Napoleon Bonaparte at the head of his victorious troops, had already subjugated Switzerland and the north of Italy. The Papal states and the kingdom of Naples were threatened with invasion which the whole disposable force of Austria seemed unable to avert. Conjectures were already entertained as to the probable progress of the victors even into the countries of the East, and it was thought that the gates of Constantinople would not long withstand the assault of a French army. So early as the month of February, 1797, when Mantua fell into the hands of Bonaparte, he had addressed his followers, who still thirsted for further conquests, saying “ The tri-color flag now waves on the Adriatic, within one day’s sail of antient Macedonia. The powers of Italy are our allies. The English are expelled from their ports,—and *a more splendid achievement is yet in reserve.*”

In the following month of October the treaty of Campo Formio conceded to France all the conquests she had made, and Bonaparte hastened to Paris to make arrangements for this “ more splendid achievement.” Troops were collected, and several hundred vessels were equipped in the ports of Toulon, Marseilles, Genoa, and Civita Vecchia, the destination of which being still kept secret, filled every

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

Cabinet in Europe with anxiety, and created the greatest excitement in England.

Earl Spencer, who then presided at the Admiralty, despatched Sir Horatio Nelson (who had lately recovered from the loss of his arm) to join the fleet under Lord St. Vincent at Cadiz, and by him he was soon after sent with the Vanguard, Orion and Alexander, and two frigates to watch the enemy's movements at Toulon. Another despatch from the Admiralty dated the 2d of May, directed that a detachment of twelve ships of the line should be appointed for this service, accompanied by a private instruction from Earl Spencer, that Sir Horatio should be selected for this important duty. The Commander in Chief, in obedience to these orders from home, sent Captain Troubridge in the Culloden with nine other ships of seventy-four guns (the élite of his fleet) to reinforce Sir Horatio off Toulon. But in the meanwhile one of those tremendous gales with which we ourselves have been too familiar in the Gulph of Lyons, completely dismasted Nelson's own ship, and scattered his little squadron on the 22d of May, and but for the extraordinary exertions which were made to save her, the Vanguard must have foundered. In his letter to his excellent wife, written two days after, Nelson speaks of this disaster in terms which do honour to his heart. "I ought not to call what has happened by the cold name of *accident*. I believe firmly it was the Almighty's goodness to check my consummate vanity. I hope it has made me a better officer, as I feel that it has made me a better man. I kiss, with all humility the rod. Figure to yourself a vain man on Sunday evening at sun-set walking in his cabin, with a squadron about him who looked up to their chief to lead them to glory. Figure to yourself this proud conceited man when the sun rose on Monday morning, his ship dismasted, his squadron dispersed, and himself in such distress that the meanest frigate out of France would have been an unwelcome guest. But it has pleased God to bring us into a safe port in Sardinia. The exertions of Sir James Saumarez in the Orion and of Captain Ball in the Alexander have been wonderful."

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

The latter took the Vanguard in tow: both ships laboured so much in the heavy sea they experienced, that Nelson expected every instant that the foremast and bowsprit of the Alexander would go, and repeatedly urged Ball to cast him off, saying "the service could not afford to lose two such ships, and it was therefore better to abandon him to his fate, than for both to go down together." The Orion stood on ahead to look out for a pilot for them, and Ball persevering with noble resolution, at length brought his charge safe to an anchor at St. Peter's. It deserves to be mentioned that hitherto Nelson and Ball had no personal intimacy, for having met once in France during the peace, many years before, Nelson had taken a furious prejudice against him because he wore epaulets, then common in the French Navy, but not yet introduced into our service. The strong sense of obligation now dissolved in a moment this whimsical barrier, and this excellent man, and equally excellent officer, was ever after one of Nelson's most valued and most attached friends.

Having been refitted with extraordinary speed, Nelson and his colleagues resumed their station off Toulon, where he was joined on the 5th of June by Captain Hardy in the Mutine brig with Earl St. Vincent's despatches, and three days after by Captain Troubridge and his valuable reinforcement. Nelson now discovered that the disaster which he had so deeply regretted, was indeed a providential escape from the enemy, as well as from the elements, for the French expedition with Bonaparte and his troops on board, had sailed out of Toulon on the very day of the gale, and must have passed so near his little squadron, that had they not been dispersed they would have been infallibly captured.

He now lost not a moment in pursuing them. He made Corsica on the 12th, and passing Elba was rejoined by the Mutine which he had sent to gain intelligence at Civita Vecchia, without success. He next pushed for Naples, where he learnt that the French had reached Malta, and thence passing the Faro of Messina, he learnt that Malta had capitulated to Bonaparte on the 12th of June. He had hoped

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

to have caught them there, and had already planned an attack on them at anchor, but the next tidings announced that the expedition had left the island on the 18th. Believing that Egypt was their ultimate destination, Nelson at once resolved to steer for Alexandria. He saw the Pharos on the 29th, looked into both harbours, but not a French ship was to be seen, and the Turkish Governor was quite amazed when told he was to expect such unwelcome visitors.

This long and fruitless pursuit had not only exhausted Nelson's patience but his stock of water, to replenish which he now proceeded to Syracuse, where the necessary supplies for his squadron being speedily obtained, he recommenced his pursuit on the 25th of July, in the greatest anxiety of mind, and utterly at fault as to the probable course of the enemy. He determined however to seek for information in the Morea, and steered for Coron, where Troubridge heard that the French expedition had been seen a month before steering towards Candia, and next learnt that they proceeded thence to Egypt. By this oblique course they had avoided meeting Nelson's ships, and thus unimpeded reached Alexandria on the 1st of July. But no sooner did Bonaparte learn that an English squadron had been there to look for him, than he insisted upon being instantly landed with a large body of his troops the same afternoon, which was effected by Admiral Brueys with extraordinary expedition, and on the following day Alexandria was taken by assault with a most wanton massacre of the wretched inhabitants. On the 21st the French were attacked by a body of four thousand Mamelukes, who suffered a terrible slaughter, and on the 22nd Bonaparte entered Cairo without opposition.

Time and the elements had so reduced the depth of the harbour of Alexandria, that though Bonaparte on his first arrival vainly endeavoured to "bribe impossibilities" by offering ten thousand livres to any pilot who would conduct the ships of the line to an anchorage, it was soon found necessary to station them in the bay of Aboukir, outside the port of Alexandria, where the storeships, transports and other small vessels were hastily secured.

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

In the French Admiral's despatch of the 12th of July to the Minister of Marine (intercepted and afterwards published in England) he speculates on the motives which had induced the English squadron to quit Alexandria so precipitately saying " *Peut-être ne se trouvant pas en nombre superieur, ils n'auroient pas jugé apropos de se mesurer avec nous.*" The unfortunate Admiral however was soon set right in this matter, for at noon on the memorable 1st of August, Nelson once more was seen from the towers of Alexandria. At four the Zealous, which was in advance, made the signal for the enemy's fleet, and at five the squadron bore up for the attack. The joy produced on board our ships on seeing these signals was inexpressible. Sir Horatio, worn with anxiety and watching, had scarcely eaten or slept for several days, but as they advanced, he now ordered dinner to be served amidst the solemn preparations for battle, and when his officers rose from table to repair to their several stations, he exclaimed, " Before this time to-morrow I shall have gained a Peerage or Westminster Abbey."

During their long and harassing voyage he had freely discussed with his Captains every possible mode of attack according to the circumstances under which they might meet the enemy's fleet, so that they now were all thoroughly acquainted with his views. If found at anchor, his ships were to form as most convenient for mutual support, doubling upon a portion of their opponents in the first attack, to secure success, and then acting against the rest with the same certainty. " First gain the victory," said he " and then make the best use of it you can." The position in which he now found the French ships, satisfied Nelson that the French Admiral was an able and experienced officer. They were moored at no great distance from the shore, in a close line of battle, somewhat curved to suit the depth of water, the head-most ship lying close to a shoal on the N. W. and flanked by four frigates, several gun boats, and the batteries on the island of Aboukir. Nelson who observed their position with a seaman's eye, knew that where there was room for their headmost ship to swing clear of the shoal, one of his own ships

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

could anchor; but as none knew the depth of water in the bay, each of our ships “kept the lead going” as they advanced. It was half past six when the batteries on Aboukir, together with the headmost ships of the enemy’s line, opened a heavy fire into the bows of the English van within half gun-shot. Then for the first time both parties hoisted their colours,—but not a shot was fired in return; our seamen were aloft furling sails, while others were attending the braces, and preparing to anchor by the stern, as the Admiral had directed. Captain Foley in the *Goliath* had the honour to lead into action; hauling round *Le Guerrier*, the headmost of the enemy’s ships, he passed *within* their line, and followed by the *Zealous*, *Orion*, *Audacious*, and *Theseus*, anchored each abreast of the five first ships. The sun was just setting when they now opened their fire with tremendous effect. Next came Nelson himself in the *Vanguard*, who was the first to anchor *outside* the enemy’s line, alongside their third ship *Le Spartiate*, for in that short interval the two headmost ships were already disabled. He was followed in like manner by the *Minotaur*, *Bellerophon*, *Defence*, and *Majestic*, each of which singled out an opponent. The *Bellerophon*’s cable having run out, she did not bring up till alongside the French Admiral’s ship *L’Orient* of one hundred and twenty guns.

The *Culloden* having been retarded by a prize in tow, did not follow in the wake of the squadron, and standing too far out struck upon the shoal near the island of Aboukir, where, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of Captain Troubridge, assisted by the *Mutine*, and afterwards by the *Leander*, she remained during the whole action, and was not got afloat till the following morning. She served however as a beacon to the *Swiftsure* and *Alexander*, which having been detached, did not get into action till two hours after the rest, and guided alone by the fire from the ships, now bore down to the contest. The *Bellerophon*, being totally dismasted, and having lost near two hundred of her men, killed and wounded by the overpowering fire of *L’Orient*, just at this time cut her cable, and drifted to leeward. The two fresh ships instantly supplied her place, anchoring

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

on the bow and quarter of the French Admiral, and sweeping L'Orient's decks with dreadful effect. The Leander also having anchored athwart the bows of Le Franklin, bearing the flag of Admiral Blanquet, did great execution on board her, while on the other hand the Majestic was forced from her position by the united fire of Le Tonnant and L'Heureux, by which Captain Westcott and many of his crew were killed. Sir Horatio in the Vanguard had shewn his usual example to his colleagues, by the promptitude and vigour with which he assisted in silencing the fire of Le Spartiate, though the guns of that ship and of L'Aquilon, thrice cleared his seven foremost guns, and killed and wounded nearly one hundred of his men. Nelson himself in the heat of the action was severely wounded in the head, and fell into the arms of Captain Berry, who had him conveyed below, and presently after brought him the sword of the Captain of Le Spartiate. Though suffering much pain, he insisted on taking his turn with his fellow sufferers, and would not allow the surgeon to attend him. A piece of langridge had torn away a portion of the scalp, which falling over his only eye, for a time deprived him of all sight, and believing himself to be dying, he confided to his chaplain a farewell message to his faithful wife, and desired Captain Louis might be brought on board to receive his thanks for the able support he had received from the Minotaur, and presently after made an effort to write the first sentences of his public letter. The surgeon was now permitted to examine the Admiral's head, and to the great delight of his wounded companions at once pronounced it *not dangerous*. Some time after this Berry came down to him again to report that L'Orient was on fire, and the flames rapidly increasing. Assisted by his gallant friend, he instantly went upon deck, and after giving orders to send the only boat which could swim, to relieve the sufferers, the Admiral stood watching the awful scene with intense anxiety. Soon after ten o'clock, that noble ship blew up with a tremendous concussion, which shook every ship in both fleets to the keelson. Only seventy of her crew were saved, the rest with the "Chefs du Division"

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

Casa Bianca, Thevenard, and Du Petit Thouars perished in the explosion, or in the sea. Admiral Ganteaume, who happened to be on board L'Orient relates, that he contrived, *he scarce knew how*, to get into a small punt just before she blew up, and thus escaped unseen and unhurt to Alexandria. The brave Admiral Brueys fell some little time before this catastrophe. He had received three wounds while stationed on the poop, but could not be prevailed upon to go below; he then removed to the quarter-deck, where not long after a heavy shot cut him "almost in two." He desired to die where he fell, and expired a quarter of an hour after. Besides the loss of lives, the loss of property on board L'Orient was immense, for she was laden by Bonaparte with the rich plunder of Malta, valued at six hundred thousand pounds sterling. All firing ceased throughout the fleet at the moment of this awful explosion,—a deathlike silence ensued, which was interrupted, after an interval of several seconds, by the crash of the falling masts and other wreck of this devoted ship. After some pause the firing was renewed among the ships to leeward, and continued till the next morning, the greater part of the ships had previously surrendered. Le Timoleon was set on fire, and Le Tonnant having cut her cable drifted on shore, but by the exertions of Captain Miller, of the Theseus, she was afterwards secured. The Serieuse frigate had been sunk by a broadside from the Orion as she bore down into action. Estendlet, the infamous captain of the Artemise frigate, fired her guns into the Theseus, then struck his colours, and instantly run his ship on shore, and while our boat was going to take possession of her, the flames burst out which presently consumed her.

In the forenoon of the 2nd, Admiral Villeneuve, in Le Guillaume Tell, of eighty guns, with the Genereux, of seventy-four, and La Diane and La Justice, frigates, cut their cables and stood off to sea. They were immediately pursued by the Zealous, but being unsupported by any other ship, Nelson found it necessary to recall Hood from the chace. In this decisive battle the relative force was as follows :

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

French,—One ship of 120 guns, three of 80, eleven of 74, and four frigates. Total,—Guns 1196,—Men 11230.

English,—Twelve ships of 74 guns, one of 50, and one brig. Total,—Guns 1012,—Men 8068.

Of the French there were landed by cartel at Alexandria, including wounded men, 3105; perished in the battle, 5225. The English lost 218 men killed, and 677 wounded.

Having resolved to send Berry with his despatches, the Admiral now signed a commission appointing Captain Hardy to command the Vanguard, and preferred Captain Capel to the Mutine. On the day after the battle he issued a general memorandum to the squadron, expressing his thanks to the officers, seamen, and marines under his command, and appointed a solemn thanksgiving to Almighty God, to be offered on board the several ships of the fleet, on the same day. “This solemn act produced a great impression on the prisoners, both officers and men, some of whom remarked that it was no wonder we preserved such good discipline when the minds of our men were impressed with such sentiments at a moment of great apparent confusion.” This remark well deserves the attention of all officers in command, whether military or naval. It gave an involuntary, and *therefore* undoubted evidence, as to the great value of such public acts of devotional gratitude, seldom duly observed at any time, but at the present day strikingly neglected.

On the 3rd of August, the Captains met, on board the Orion, to sign an address of thanks to the Admiral, and to request his acceptance of a sword. On meeting his friend Troubridge on this occasion, Sir Horatio shook him warmly by the hand, saying, “let us rejoice that the ship which got ashore was commanded by an officer whose character is so thoroughly established in the service as your own.” A few days after Captain Hallowell and a few others of his friends made their Admiral a more remarkable offering of a coffin, which they caused to be formed from one of the masts of L'Orient, requesting he would accept it *for his own use*, whenever he might be summoned to his account. Sir Horatio received it with a melancholy

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

gratitude which made them almost repent of their gift. In that coffin now repose his remains in the vault of St. Paul's Cathedral. On the 5th of August, the *Leander*, with Captain Berry on board, sailed to join the flag of Lord St. Vincent; but within a fortnight, off the Island of Candia, they unluckily fell in with *Le Genereux*, which had just escaped unscathed from the Nile. A desperate action ensued, in which Captain Thompson and his crew made the most gallant exertions; but the enemy's very superior force was such, that after ninety-two officers and men had been killed and wounded on board the *Leander*, Thompson was compelled to strike, and he and his people were most brutally treated by Lejoille, the French captain, after they became prisoners of war. We subjoin Nelson's admirable despatch, of which a duplicate reached England overland by Captain Capel, whom the Admiral prudently sent by that route soon after the *Leander* sailed, at the same time forwarding the intelligence by a trusty officer to Bombay.

Vanguard, off the Mouth of the Nile,

MY LORD,

August 3, 1798.

Almighty God has blessed His Majesty's arms in the late battle, by a great victory over the fleet of the enemy, whom I attacked at sun-set on the 1st of August off the mouth of the Nile. The enemy were moored in a strong line of battle, for defending the entrance of the bay (of Shoals), flanked by numerous gun-boats, four frigates, and a battery of guns and mortars on an island in their van; but nothing could withstand the squadron your Lordship did me the honour to place under my command. Their high state of discipline is well known to you, and with the judgment of the Captains, together with their valour, and that of the Officers and men of every description, it was absolutely irresistible.

Could any thing from my pen add to the characters of the Captains, I would write it with pleasure; but that is impossible.

I have to regret the loss of Captain Westcott of the *Majestic*, who was killed early in the action; but the ship was continued to

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

be so well fought by her first lieutenant, Mr. Cuthbert, that I have given him an order to command her, till your Lordship's pleasure is known.

The ships of the enemy, all but their two rear ships, are nearly dismasted; and those two, with two frigates, I am sorry to say, made their escape: nor was it, I assure you, in my power to prevent them. Captain Hood most handsomely endeavoured to do it; but I had no ship in a condition to support the *Zealous*, and I was obliged to call her in.

The support and assistance I have received from Captain Berry cannot be sufficiently expressed. I was wounded in the head, and obliged to be carried off the deck, but the service suffered no loss by that event. Captain Berry was fully equal to the important service then going on, and to him I must beg leave to refer you for every information relative to this victory. He will present you with the flag of the second in command, that of the Commander in Chief being burnt in the *L'Orient*.

Herewith I transmit you lists of the killed and wounded, and the lines of battle of ourselves and the French.

I have the honour to be, &c.

HORATIO NELSON.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent,
Commander in Chief, &c. &c. &c. off Cadiz.

In writing these pages we have profited of the narrative published by Captain Berry, (though without his name,) after he arrived in England, and we sincerely lament that the gallant heart which dictated that modest relation has been very recently consigned to an honourable grave.

The victory of the Nile was of the highest importance to the British interests at that juncture. The dreams of plunder with which Bonaparte had deluded his followers were thus dispelled. It cut off their retreat from Egypt, where they were abandoned the year after by their heartless Chief. Early in 1801, a large body of troops

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

under Sir Ralph Abercromby landed at Alexandria from England, and Sir David Baird with 7000 men reached Suez from India. In two months the French were driven from all their positions, and thus wasted by pestilence, famine and the sword, this remnant of Bonaparte's forty thousand men were glad to capitulate under their atheist general Abdallah Menou, and the land was ridden of this plague of ruffians and infidels.

The Picture, which is but imperfectly represented by the sketch prefixed to this memoir, was presented to Greenwich Hospital by the Directors of the British Institution, who, with a munificence highly honourable to them, voted the sum of five hundred guineas each for the execution of this and three other pictures for the Naval Gallery, under a just expectation that such splendid patronage would secure to the collection, works which would do honour to the British School of Painting.



